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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and NEXT—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. R. G. Brown and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A BLACK QUARTET—One-acters by Ed Bullins, LeRoi Jones, Ben Caldwell, and Ronald Milner. Three out of four of the plays are militant, fierce, and rife with symbols; the fourth, and most interesting and touching, is Mr. Milner's "The Warning—A Theme for Linda," which is about people. With L. Errol Jaye, Minnie Gentry, and Vikki Summers. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonnie Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave. at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CONCEPT—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

FORTY CARATS—A bauble that has been set spinning at just the right speed and that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and other charmers. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GEESSE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougall St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GRAND KABUKI—A company of seventy male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in a two-week engagement of four plays. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 986-5356) and will run through Sunday, Sept. 21. The first program (CHUSHINGURA and KAGAMIJISHI) will play through Tuesday, Sept. 16. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinees Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

HADRIAN VII—A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen, in the title role, will be replaced, starting Monday, Sept. 8, by Barry Morse. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IN THE MATTER OF J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER—Heinar Kipphardt's fascinating mock-documentary account, sometimes true and sometimes false, of the famous hearing at which Professor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 13.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—

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in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon that is owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Ron O'Neal, Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE RECKONING—A play by Douglas Turner Ward, with Lester Rawlins and Mr. Ward.

Preview Wednesday, Sept. 3. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 4, at 7:15. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—THE BOYS IN THE BAND: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)...**THE GREAT WHITE HOPE**: An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by James Earl Jones. Yaphet Kotto will succeed Mr. Jones starting Monday, Sept. 8. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)...**PLAZA SUITE**: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

DAMES AT SEA—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE HOOFERS—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Raymond Kaalund, Sandman Sims, Rhythm Red, and Chuck Green. Go and see for yourself. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2080. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OKLAHOMA!—A revival by the Music Theatre of Lincoln Center of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Bruce Yarnell, Spiro Malas, and Margaret Hamilton. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 6.)

PROMENADE—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmine, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is very good. Lawrence Kornfield directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpy dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

CABARET: How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. With Melissa Hart. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

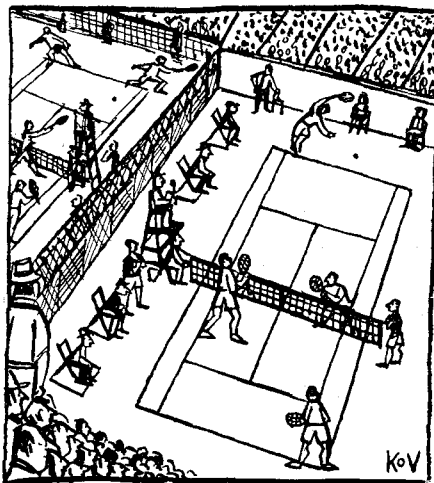
CURLEY MCDIMPLE: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS: Buck Mulligan wiped the razorblade neatly. Then, gazing over the handkerchief, he said:—The bard's noserag. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Jerry Jarrett filling in for Harry Goz, who will return on Monday, Sept. 8. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HELLO,



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DOLLY! With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAME: Ann Miller is Auntie. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Sept. 3, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

PROMISES, PROMISES: A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

YOUR OWN THING: As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—The twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of "Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Maree Langenbein. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 14.)

OUTDOORS

REBEKAH HARKNESS FOUNDATION DANCE FESTIVAL—A series of six free performances—**HARKNESS YOUTH DANCERS**. Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 8, and (primarily for children) Saturday, Sept. 6, at 4: "Theme of Youth," "Spring Waters," "Pas de Fiancée," "Percussion for 6," and "Fervor." Friday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Circle of Love," "Pas de Fiancée," "Nocturne," "Jazz Mission," and "Masque of the Red Death." **HARKNESS BALLET**. Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Sebastian," "Canto Indio," and "Time Out of Mind." Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6-7, at 8: "Night Song," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "After Eden," and "Feast of Ashes." (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

REPERTORY DANCE THEATRE—Five free performances by the resident modern-dance company of the University of Utah. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Tuesday

through Saturday, Sept. 9-13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. The New York Rock and Roll Ensemble plays music circa 1769-1969 (mostly the latter). On Wednesday, Sept. 10, singer Townes Van Zandt will arrive. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

LA BOHÈME, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Elvin Jones' drums resound through this indifferent spot from eight-thirty to four. Wilbur Jones is on bass and Joe Farrell is on reeds. Between sets, the Izenzon quintet performs. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Beginning at about ten, Zoot Sims' competent quartet is on the stand. Some other people will take over on Tuesday, Sept. 9. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Zutty Singleton, Joe Muranyi, George Stevenson, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More clatter. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vormal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at about nine (at about seven on Sunday), music by George Coleman's quintet, with singer Betty Carter. On Tuesday, Sept. 9, they will give way to Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about ten-thirty, the Dave Atkins trio and singer Marian Taylor do some high-powered things for drinking and dining. During the between-sets entertainment, a stroll around the block is recommended. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Downstairs: Carmen McRae, who is professional down to the last syllable, alternates with a trio called Young-Holt Unlimited. Shows at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Sundays; on Fridays shows begin at ten, and on Saturdays at nine-thirty. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Roland Kirk wanders, luxuriates, and excels on all sorts of reed instruments, including a few he invented. He is backed by Ron Burton on piano, Vernon Martin on bass, and Chris Jarvis on drums. Monday, Sept. 8, is reserved for Duke Pearson's sixteen-piece band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cook-



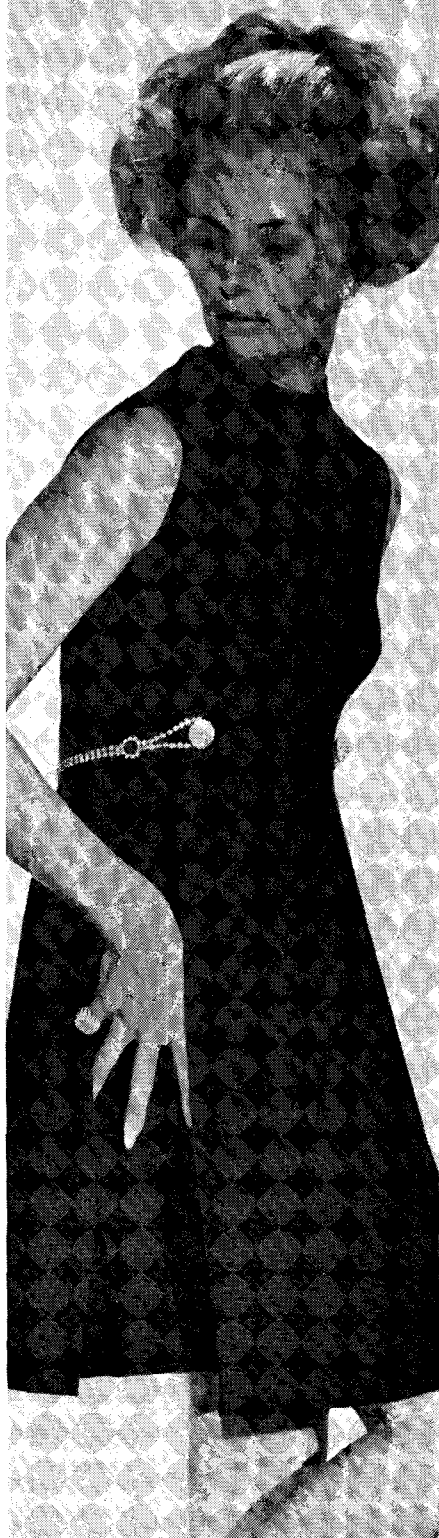
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ing in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2020)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A period piece whose creators have worked hard to make it seem French, historic, and popular. It manages to be a little of each. The dinners and suppers are worthy, and people dance to discs from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Sundays as well as Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Colosseum, and—on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6—Brute Force. Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 9, it will be the Raven's turn. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. Every so often, some people known as Holgate, Perkins, and Shaw put on a polished show. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Elephant's Memory. On Monday, Sept. 8, Brass Buttons will relieve the E's M. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The Café Pierre brings its dinner, supper, and in-between dances to a temporary halt after Tuesday, Sept. 9. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's carabinieri are on the bandstand, which they usually are until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin

bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Seventy-three until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty and Thursdays run from two until twelve. Closed Mondays. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Our best supply of inner space, viewed from the terrace of this country house, where a practically continuous stream of musicologists ply their trade (most enthusiastically, it is true) starting at seven-thirty every evening. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): On Monday, Sept. 8, Urbie Green's crew moves in; his trombone will be supplemented by aides on trumpet, piano, bass, and guitar. Other stuff, too, but the Greens are it. Six until two during the week, and one to eight on Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The hot-weather edition of "Free Fall," the miniature revue that bears the serpent's-tooth mark of Ronny Graham, goes about its funny business twice every night but Sunday.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians in their own United Nations, blending voices and instruments. Among the principal musicians are the oudist George Mgrdichian and the guitarist Angelo Sardis, from the late "Zorba;" one solemn damsel or another offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—On Thursday, Sept. 4, the Royal Box reopens, and every night but Sunday Mel Tormé will go fly a kite (his own supply voice) during dinner and supper, and, like B. Franklin, will collect electricity with it. The orchestra of Lee Evans will make everyone glad he came.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—*Amo, amas, amat* is all the Latin needed to understand the arias of Olga Guillot, herself a succinct lesson in the art of Latin singing. She is preceded in the blood-and-sand arena by the Emilia Rivas troupe of flamencans. Twice a night, and sometimes thrice. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado, who bemoans the fate of all Lusitanian lovers with flamencon fervor, is in the theatre-in-the-round Flamenco Room, where he shares the podium night after night with the guitar of Antonio Arenas.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Sept. 3, is the last night for Checkmates Ltd. and their long, long rock-and-soul homilies. On Thursday, Sept. 4, enter Jerry Vale, singer of songs of such simplicity that occasionally a Vale of Silence seems in order. No dark nights, ever. . . .

¶ The ground-floor bar is not only tropical but typical of what might be termed Las Vegas of night life on the Nevada desert. Music to suit by the Pacesetters, who take no nights off.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Open the cellar door and discover the considerable wind machine put together by Jimmy McPartland. When it is not cheerfully blowing through its fond-memory book, the Junior Mance trio takes a fast look at modern times. On Friday, Sept. 5, Wild Bill Davison and his Jazz Giants will replace the McPartlands, but the Mances stay on. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (PL 9-3000)—Snapdragons will be in bloom again on Wednesday, Sept. 3, at ten-fifteen, when Eartha Kitt comes onstage in the Persian Room. (Thenceforward, she will do her sonnets to hedonism at both dinner and supper.) The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte



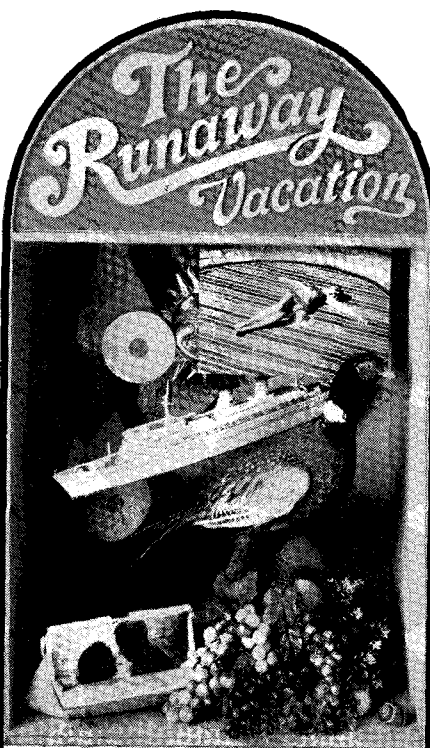


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January 3. 10 days. 4 ports. From \$340.
January 14. 7 days. 2 ports. From \$240.
January 17*. 13 days. 5 ports. From \$440.
January 30. 7 days. 2 ports. From \$240.
January 31*. 13 days. 4 ports. From \$440.
February 7*. 13 days. 5 ports. From \$455.
February 21. 10 days. 4 ports. From \$350.
March 6. 7 days. 2 ports. From \$240.
March 26*. 14 days. 5 ports. From \$505.
April 11. 7 days. 2 ports. From \$240.
April 17. 7 days. 2 ports. From \$240.
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June 26. 11 days. 4 ports. From \$375.
July 8. 7 days. 2 ports. From \$240.
July 16. 8 days. 2 ports. From \$270.

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Italian Line

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

will be returned to office the same evening. ... **IN PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, Hazel Scott's breezy threesome will draw to a close on Sunday, Sept. 7, and as of Tuesday, Sept. 9, Herbie Mann, on flute, will guide his flock aboard. As before, during intermissions, there will be dance music by Mousie Alexander's threesome. Dinner (and music) at eight-thirty; the music plays on and on, but there is no real supper. Closed Mondays. ... **THE SPACE AGE** could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. ... **THE MARCU** flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up, up, and (not too far) away. The living is easy, and so is the dance music. Margaret Whiting, who sings during dinner and supper, works under higher pressure. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette reopens on Thursday, Sept. 4, with Quintero's Latinos at their usual post on the bandstand and a newcomer to the palace guard (Carmen Cavallaro, a sweetness-and-light-cavalry pianist and poet) on the floor in the course of dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. ... **LA BOITE**, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, resumes the same night, again with Ernest Shoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The nineteenth hole of Louis Goldie Hawkins' country club, which, even though the city encroaches now upon it, stays the same all-for-one, one-for-all fraternity and sorority. Wayne Sanders is at the rejoicing piano from dinnertime on in. Closed Sundays. ...

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On Monday, Sept. 8, Bobby Short and his two musketeers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, begin a new season for connoisseurs of the sung word. Closed Sundays. ...

CHUCKS' COMPOSITE, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The campus of a junior college devoted to the lively arts. Chuck Wayne's triad is the dean. No music Sundays. ... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A Caribbean condominium, patrolled, except Sundays and Mondays, by one or two West Indian-givers of calypso callooh and callay. ...

LA CHANSONNETTE, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Reopens on Wednesday, Sept. 3. A small, small household, peopled mostly by the Lares and Penates families, who come every night to hear Rita Dimitri, the regional goddess, do her operetta ballads at nine-thirty during the week, and additionally at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Subdued dancing, too. Closed Sundays and Mondays. ...

CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Put a half dozen gypsies together and they coagulate into a Hungarian orchestra. This simple trick of magic is performed every night but Monday, to the accompaniment of singing and (this by the audience) dancing. ...

ASTI, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. ...

GRENADE, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Lynn Richards, who lays a firm hand on her piano and a firm voice on her lyrics, returns to the bar on Thursday, Sept. 4. Nine until two is her standard, and she takes Sundays off.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the

in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. ... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, where Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. ... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. ... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. ... **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, who knows all there is to know about Havana night life of another day, has the piano in the Rembrandt Room at his fingertips. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Saturdays or Sundays. ... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holiday that this place has been having ends on Wednesday, Sept. 3, when all troops, including the local itinerant musicians, are recalled to the colors in the forum. Closed Sundays thereafter. ... **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): The architecture is modern *ristorante* rather than Restoration, but the sound is the age-old one of strolling minstrel, tenor and guitar at the ready, who patrols from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays; no music Saturdays. ... **PROMENADE CAFÉ**, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): The open-air basement of Rockefeller Center has music, as well as provender, just about every minute from noon to midnight. Sundays are the sole exceptions. ... **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians in this calm Mitteleuropa restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GORKY, DE KOONING, AND NEWMAN—Paintings by these influential Americans; through Sept. 19. (Knoodler, 14 E. 57th St.)

E. MCKNIGHT KAUFFER (1890-1954)—Fifty-five posters dating from 1915 to 1943 by an American who did much of his work in London; through Friday, Sept. 12. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

WIFREDO LAM—Etchings, lithographs, and drawings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; starting Tuesday, Sept. 9. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Open Saturdays.)

CHARLES SALERNO—Craftsmanlike sculptures in marble and limestone; starting Tuesday, Sept. 9. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Sixteen paintings of the past two decades, from the Guggenheim Museum collection of Latin-American art, by Botero, Tamaya, Cuevas, Soto, Morales, Noé, and other artists well known in New York; through Friday, Sept. 12. (Closed mornings.) ... **WADDELL**, 15 E. 57th St.: Members of the gallery, including, among the Americans, Will Barnet and Howard Kanovitz, and, among the Europeans, Alain Jacquet and Nicola Schöffer; through Sept. 30.

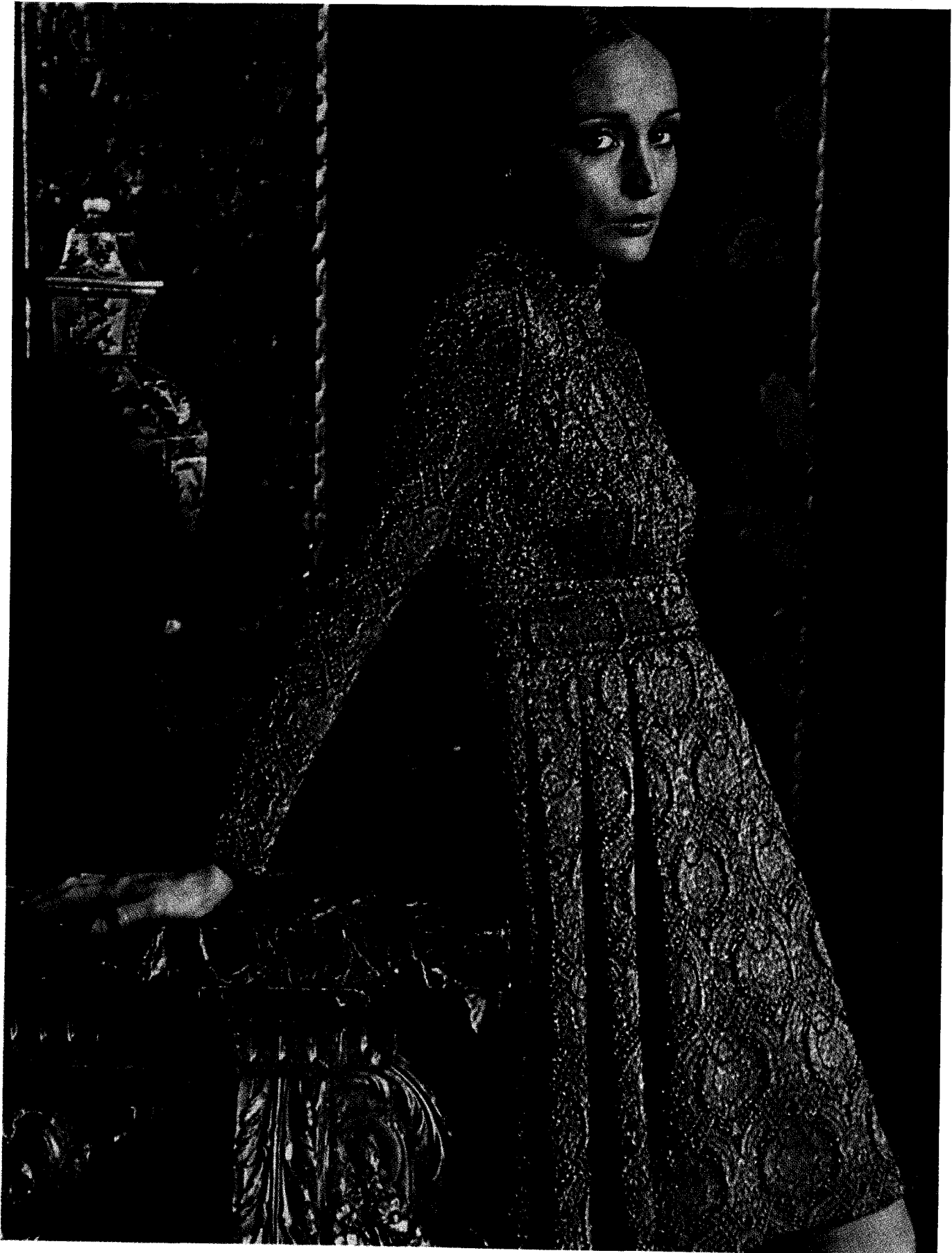
NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 14.

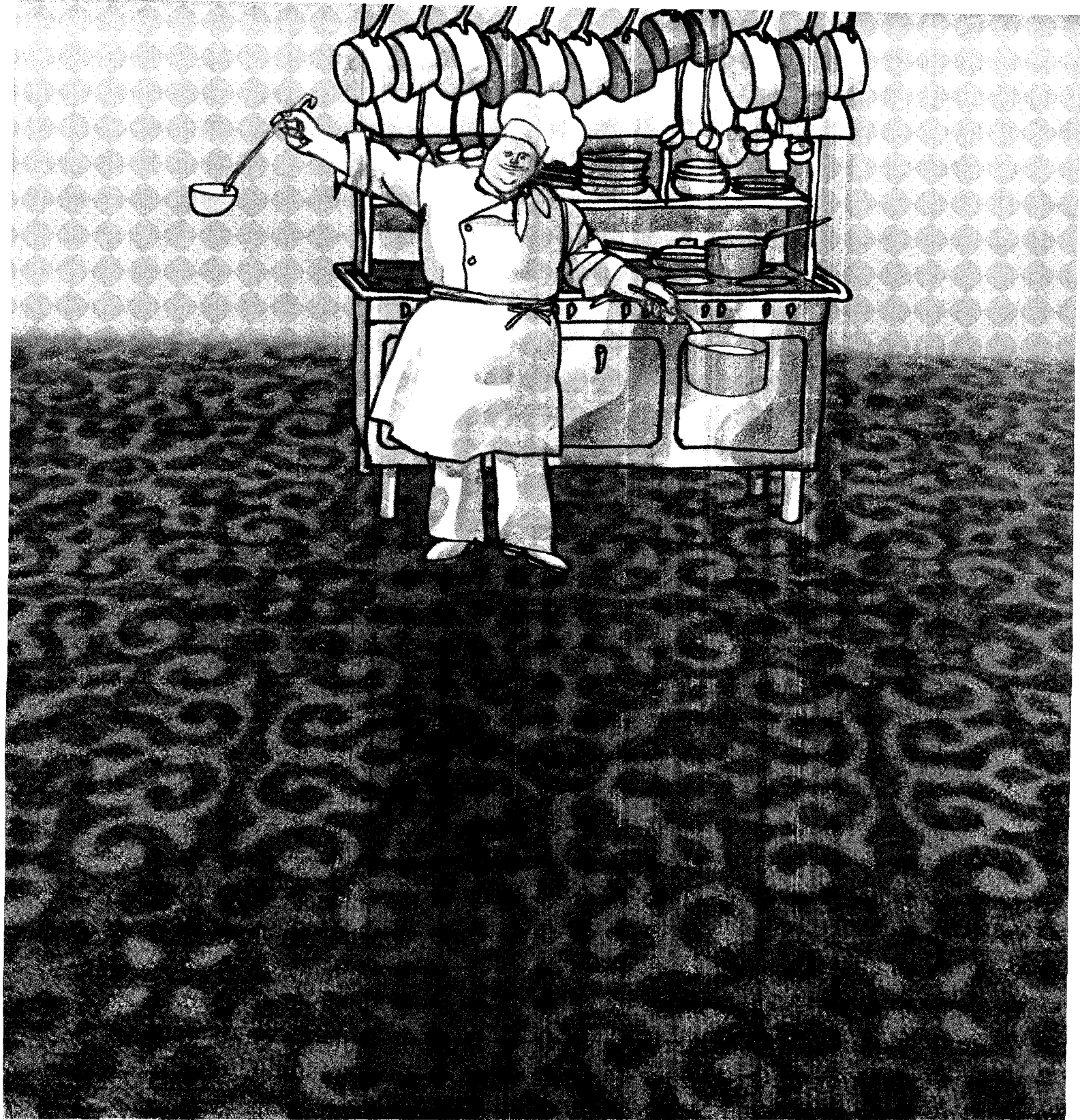
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A hundred and twenty painted Greek vases spanning three centuries, from the archaic period to the classical, from the Walter Ba-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

reiss collection; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—About a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures by the "first generation" of Abstract Expressionist and Action painters, who became prominent in the nineteen-forties and the early nineteen-fifties, selected from the Museum's collection, augmented by recent acquisitions and promised gifts; through Oct. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer exhibition of sculptures and works on paper, around a hundred and sixty pieces in all, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 14. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—About two hundred oils, sculptures, and watercolors reviewing American art since the beginning of the twentieth century, chosen from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred years of prints from portfolios, beginning with Blake's "The Book of Job," through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life offers a gargantuan model of a breaching blue whale, ingeniously affixed to the ceiling at a single impossible point. Around the walls are dioramas of—ah—ocean life. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Models of sets designed for the opera, ballet, and theatre by Ming Cho Lee; through Nov. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings relating to the theatre; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Costume prints of the court of Louis XIV; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Books printed in Venice between 1469 and 1501; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSIC

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 16—Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 7:45: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, Michele Molese, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Norman Treigle. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 12, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, Michele Molese, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Dominic Cossa, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Patricia Kern, Maralin Niska, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Three concerts inaugurating the new Alice Tully Hall, in Lincoln Center (362-1011). Thursday, Sept. 11, at 8: Hermann Prey, baritone; James Oliver Buswell IV and Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Pierre Fournier and Leslie Parnas, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 13, at 8:45: The Guarneri Quartet and the Messrs. Trampler and Parnas. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 14, at 8:45: The Messrs. Buswell and Fournier; John Browning, piano; Leonard Arner, oboe; Robert Marcellus, clarinet; John Barrows, horn; and Loren Glickman, bassoon.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5360. Thursday, Sept. 4, at 8.

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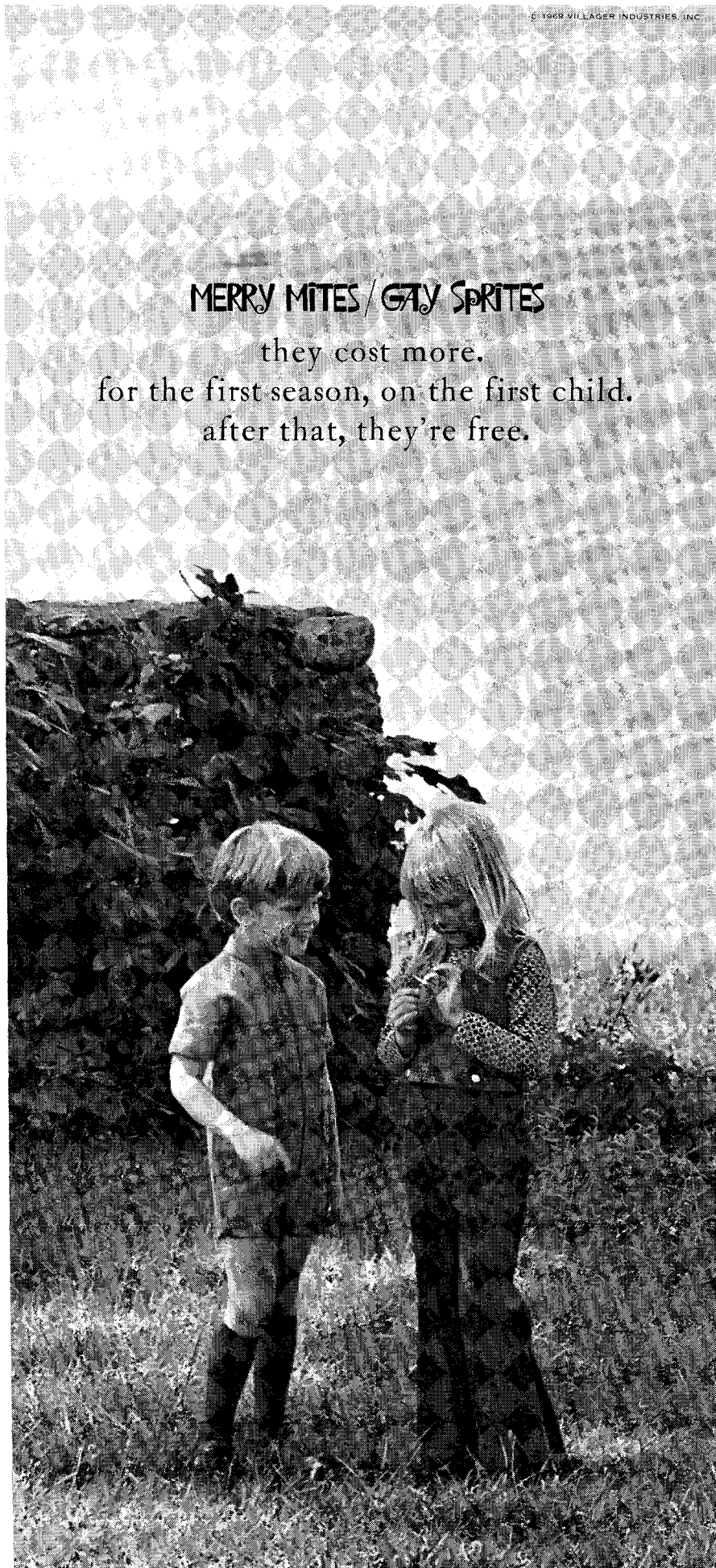
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

RAVI SHANKAR AND HIS COMPANY—Fillmore East. Sunday, Sept. 7, at 8.

TEN YEARS AFTER, FATS DOMINO, AND THE FLOCK—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 12-13, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 5, at 5:05 (two-night doubleheader); Saturday, Sept. 6, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 2:05. . . . **Mets vs. Chicago**, Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 8-9, at 8:05. . . . **Mets vs. Montreal**, Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 8:05, and Thursday, Sept. 11, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 12, at 5 (two-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 13, at 2.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sunday, Sept. 7.)

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 3-7.) . . . **Piping Rock Horse Show**. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 11-14.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 6, and Saturday, Sept. 13.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 6, and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 13. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 13. The United Nations Handicap. Wednesday, Sept. 10.

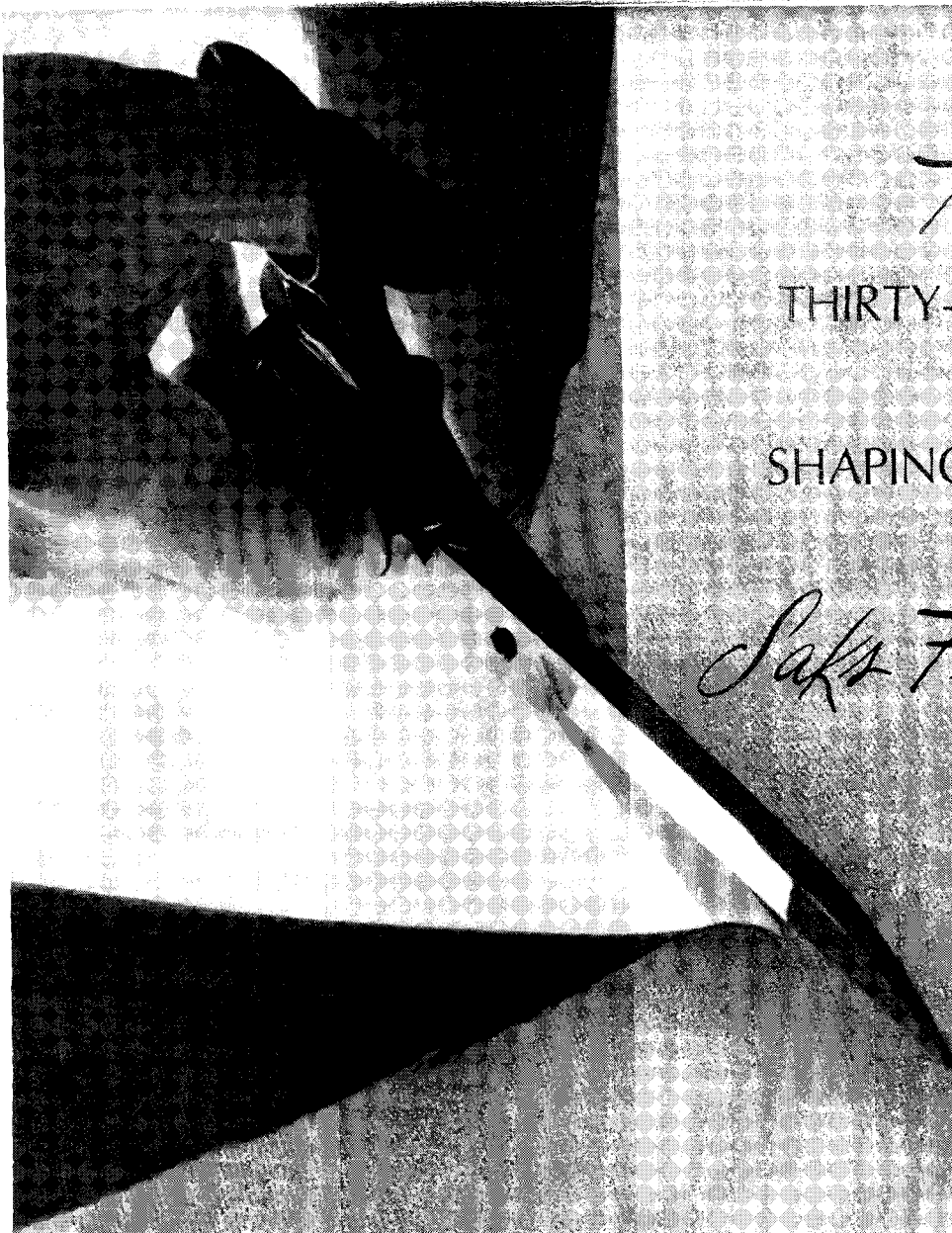
TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 3-6, at noon, and Sunday, Sept. 7, at 1. For information about tickets, call 564-4400.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Friday, Oct. 17. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . **Hour-long tours** leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

JEAN RENOIR FESTIVAL—A two-week retrospective of films directed by M. Renoir, at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—**SERIES A**: Sept. 8 at 6, "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924) and "Charleston" (1927); Sept. 11 at 6, "La Nuit du Carrefour" (1932); Sept. 13 at 2, "Le Crime de Monsieur Lange" (1936) and "Partie de Campagne" (1936); Sept. 16 at 8:30, "Swamp Water" (1941); and Sept. 19 at 6, "French Cancan" (1955). . . . **SERIES B**: Sept. 8 at 8:30, "Nana" (1926); Sept. 11 at 8:30, "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932); Sept. 13 at 6, "The Lower Depths" (1936); Sept. 17 at 6, "The Southerner" (1945); and Sept. 19 at 8:30, "Elena et les Hommes" (1956). . . . **SERIES C**: Sept. 9 at 6, "Tire au Flanc" (1927) and "On Purge Bébé" (1931); Sept. 12 at 6, "Chotard & Compagnie" (1933); Sept. 15 at 6, "La Grande Illusion" (1937); Sept. 17 at 8:30, "Diary of a Chambermaid" (1946); and Sept. 20 at 11 A.M., "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" (1959). . . . **SERIES D**: Sept. 9 at 8:30, "Le Bled" (1929) and an excerpt from "Le Tournoi" (1929); Sept. 12 at 8:30, "Madame Bovary" (1934); Sept. 15 at 8:30, "La Marquise" (1937); Sept. 18 at 6, "The River"



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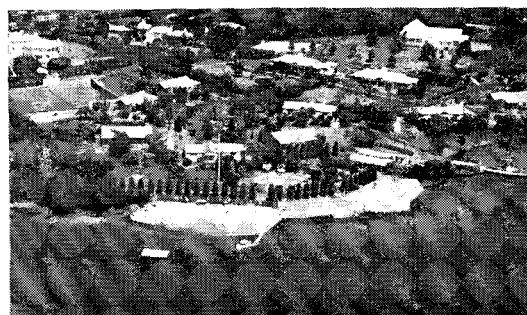
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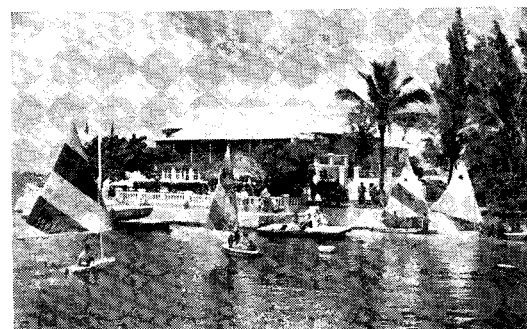
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(1950); and Sept. 20 at 2, "Le Testament du Docteur Cordelier" (1961). . . . **SERIES E:** Sept. 10 at 6, "La Chienne" (1931) and "The Little Match Girl" (1928); Sept. 13 at 11 A.M., "Toni" (1935); Sept. 16 at 6, "Rules of the Game" (1939); Sept. 18 at 8:30, "The Golden Coach" (1953); and Sept. 30 at 6, "The Elusive Corporal" (1962). . . . **SERIES F** (all showings at 2:30): Sept. 8, "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924); Sept. 9, "Nana" (1926); Sept. 10, "Tire au Flanc" (1927) and "On Purge Bébé" (1931); Sept. 11, "Le Bled" (1929) and an excerpt from "Le Tournoi" (1929); and Sept. 12, "La Chienne" (1931) and "The Little Match Girl" (1928). . . . **SERIES G** (all showings at 2:30): Sept. 15, "La Nuit du Carrefour" (1932); Sept. 16, "Chotard & Compagnie" (1933); Sept. 17, "Madame Bovary" (1934); Sept. 18, "The Golden Coach" (1953); and Sept. 19, "Elena et les Hommes" (1956). . . . **NOTE:** Series subscribers only; for information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.

WALKING TOURS—"Brooklyn Heights," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 7. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

NEW YORK FLEA MARKET—A hundred dealers airing their goods. (Sixth Ave. at 25th St. Open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 10:15: Art reference works, mainly from the library of the E. & A. Silberman galleries. . . . Wednesday, Sept. 10, at 1:45: Decorative paintings, belonging to various collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 4. . . . Thursday, Sept. 11, at 1:45: Chinese art, including jade and ivory carvings, snuff bottles, porcelains and sculptures; the property of Edwin L. Neville and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 6.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Nine programs in a series of science-fiction films: Sept. 4 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "This Island Earth" (1955); Sept. 5 at 2 and 5:30, "Five Million Years to Earth" (1968); Sept. 6 at 3 and 5:30, "It Came from Outer Space" (1953); Sept. 7 at 2 and 5:30, "The Thing" (1951); Sept. 8 at 2, "Revenge of Frankenstein" (1958); Sept. 8 at 5:30, "Atragon" (1964); Sept. 9 at 2, "Earth vs. the Flying Saucers" (1956); Sept. 11 at 2 and 5:30, "4-D Man" (1959); Sept. 11 at 8, "Them" (1954). . . . Sept. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings. . . . Sept. 6 at 11:30: A program of seventeen early American films. . . . Sept. 9 at 5:30: A film by Andrew Meyer. . . . Sept. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Lady of the Pavements" (1929), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lupe Velez and William Boyd. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

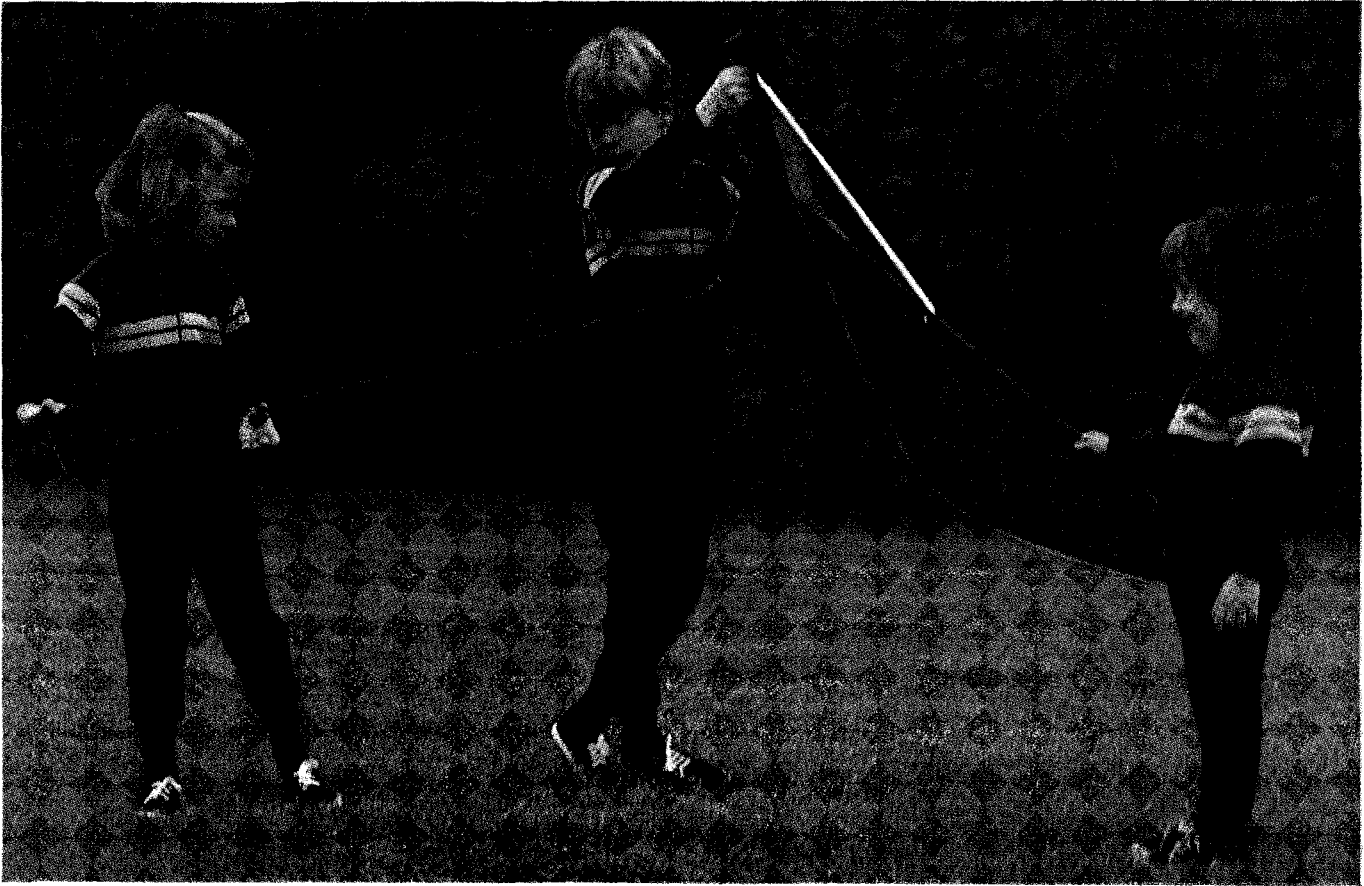
(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Sept. 14-18, Sept. 26-28, and Sept. 30-Oct. 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Sept. 19-21, Sept. 23-24, and Sept. 29 (benefit exhibition game, Mets vs. Yankees). . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES:** Start Oct. 4. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Oct. 11 in the home park of the American League champion.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 4 (exhibition game, Knicks vs. Milwaukee) and Oct. 14 (first official game of the season).

DOG SHOWS—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury, Sept. 28). . . . Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 4.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Some early games of the season—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 20:** Army vs. New Mexico, at West Point, and Grambling vs. Morgan State (benefit game), at Yankee Stadium. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 27:** Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate,

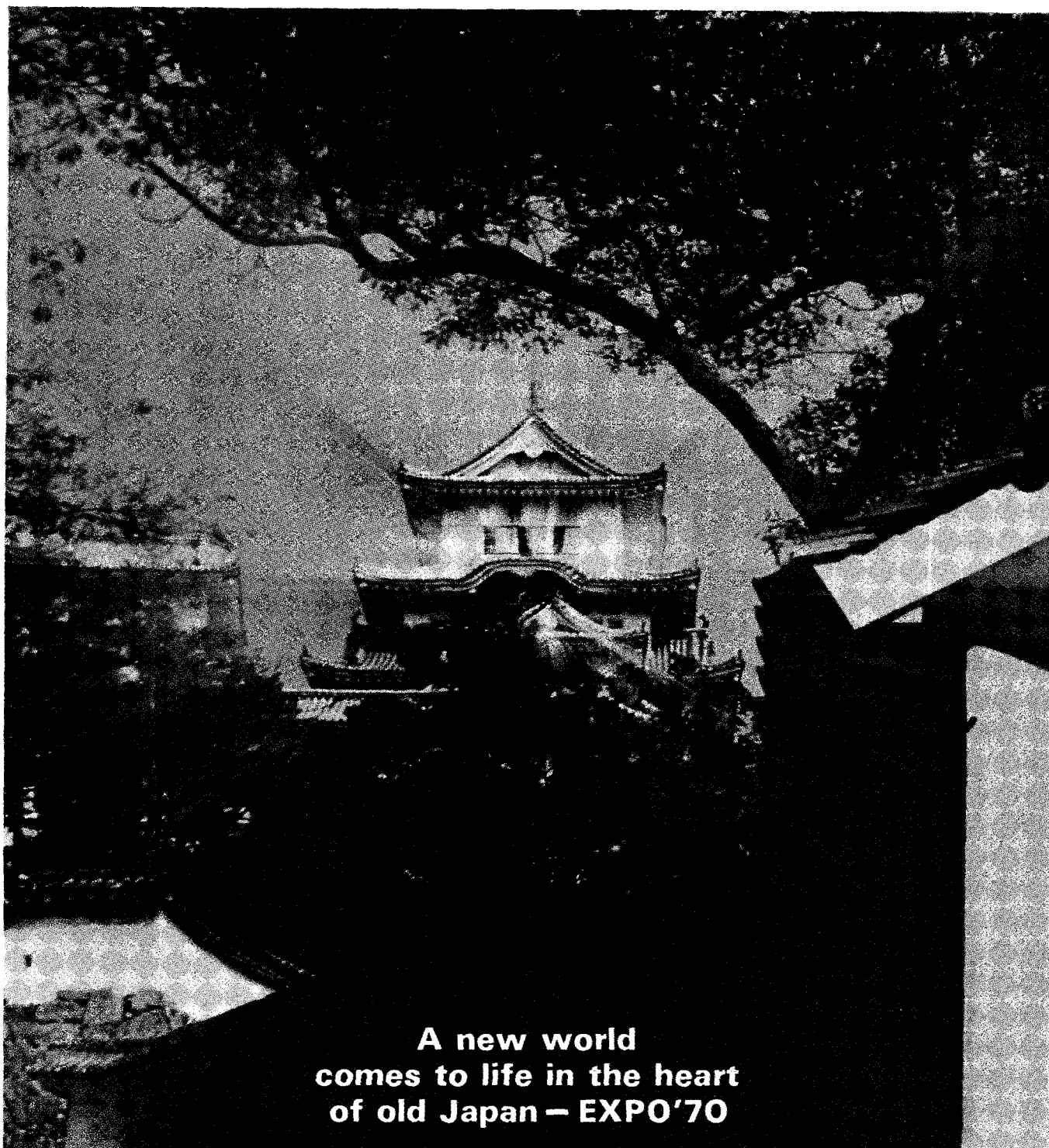


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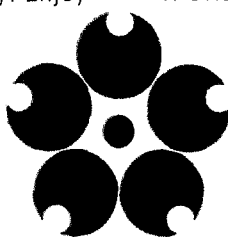
great art and entertainment from around the world. And let yourself go at Expoland, a 41-acre recreation area that includes a unique five-route roller-coaster with almost three miles of track.

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Inland Sea along whose shores you can see such splendors as 400-year-old Himeji Castle shown above. Even Tokyo, the world's largest city and a fascinating blend of palaces, shrines and skyscrapers is only an hour away by air — or three hours on the Bullet train that glides past Mt. Fuji at 125 miles per hour.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Rutgers vs. Princeton, at New Brunswick; Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 4:** Army vs. Texas A & M, at West Point; Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field; Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover; Fordham vs. St. John's, at Fordham; Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia; Rutgers vs. Cornell, at New Brunswick; and Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 11:** Army vs. Notre Dame, at Yankee Stadium; Brown vs. Yale, at Providence; Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover; Fordham vs. Adelphi, at Fordham; Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge; and Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Giants vs. Minnesota Vikings, Sept. 21. . . .
 ¶ Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Oct. 5. . . .
 ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Oct. 12. . . .
SEAHAM STADIUM: Jets vs. Boston Patriots, Oct. 5. . . .
 ¶ Jets vs. Cincinnati Bengals, Oct. 11.

GOLF—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Fenway Golf Club, White Plains. Sept. 30-Oct. 2.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Exhibition games: Rangers vs. Toronto, Oct. 3. . . .
 ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit, Oct. 5.

HORSE SHOW—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 27.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 1 and 4.) . . .
 ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Oct. 11.)

RACING—At Garden State Park, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 15-Nov. 18.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT**, Bridgehampton: Sept. 14. . . . **THOMPSON SPEEDWAY**, Thompson, Conn.: Sept. 21 and Oct. 4-5. . . . **WATKINS GLEN:** Oct. 5.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA**, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season was supposed to open on Sept. 15, with Verdi's "Aida." Now it's anybody's guess as to the date. But it will be "Aida." . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Sept. 23 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 25 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Rumanian Madrigal Choral, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Ruggiero Ricci, violin, Oct. 8. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Osipov Balalaika Orchestra, with Valentina Levko, mezzo-soprano, and Ivan Petrov, bass; Oct. 4-5. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Santa Cecilia Orchestra of Rome, Oct. 7-8. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE** (535-5350): Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 3.

BALLET—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Sept. 23-Nov. 2.

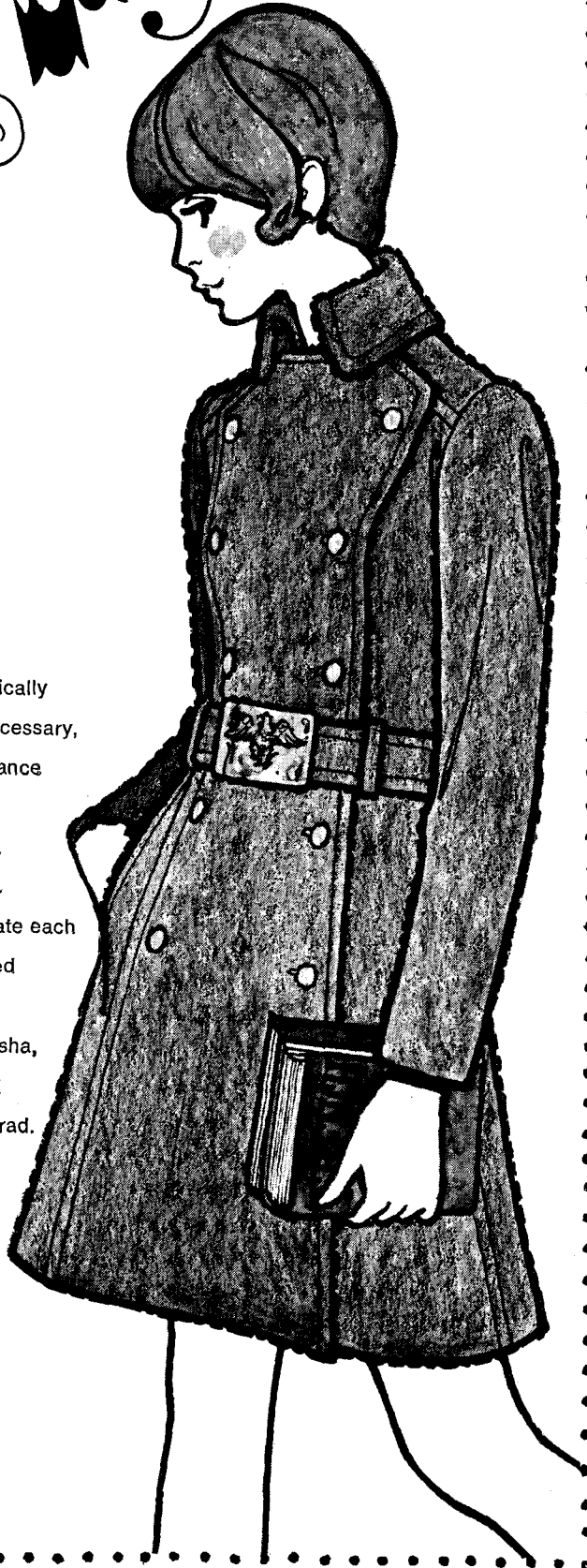
THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A four-week repertory (Albee's "Tiny Alice," Feydeau's "A Flea in Her Ear," and Chekhov's "The Three Sisters") by the San Francisco American Conservatory Theatre. . . . ¶ "A Patriot for Me," John Osborne's play, imported from London and starring Maximilian Schell, Beatrice Straight, and Dennis King. . . . ¶ Stacy Keach in another London import, "Indians," by Arthur Kopit. . . . ¶ A play, "The Penny Wars," adapted by Elliott Baker from his novel of the same name, with George Voskovec and Kim Hunter.

OTHER DATES—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 15. . . . ¶ The twenty-fourth session of the United Nations General Assembly is scheduled to convene here on Sept. 16. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center, Sept. 16-Oct. 2. . . . ¶ British Tournament and Tattoo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 17-28. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 4 elections, Oct. 2-4. . . . ¶ Mexican Festival and Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 7-9 and 11-13. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Sunday, Oct. 12; Monday, Oct. 13, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ Park Avenue Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 13-19.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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7	8	9	10	11		

ALICE'S RESTAURANT—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

BAND OF OUTSIDERS (1966)—Directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina. In French. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through Sept. 9.)

CHINA IS NEAR (1968)—A seventeen-year-old Maoist upsets his Socialist brother's chances for political office. Written and directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 6.)

LA CHINOISE (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 4-10.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers again, this time in nightgowns and at war. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

EASY RIDER—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. Stanzas of encounters with a gradually hardening country, and reprise lines of lyric motorcycle riding by the two heroes, who are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 4-10.)

FACES (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Sept. 9.)

THE FIANCÉS (1963)—Directed by Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 3.)

W. C. FIELDS SHORTS (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Sept. 7.)

THE 400 BLOWS (1959)—A François Truffaut film that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre L  aud. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 4-8.)

FUNNY GIRL—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matin  es Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 4-7, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 9.)

THE GYPSY MOTHS—John Frankenheimer's film about three stunt parachute-jumpers. It has all his usual skill about sharing the physical experience of men involved in rather simple, hazardous techniques, plus something new and subtle in the way he directs actors. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

ILICIT INTERLUDE (1954)—Directed by Ingmar

movies. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

MR. ARKADIN (1955)—Directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles and Michael Redgrave. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 9-11.)

LA NOTTE (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed directed this beautifully made version of "Oliver Twist," and it's what big musicals are supposed to be and so rarely are. With a fine cast of singer-actors. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matin  es weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

POPI—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . ♫ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 10.)

PUTNEY SWOPE—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey, about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Zeffirelli's version is rather like "West Side Story" performed in a nineteenth-century Italian theatre: teen-age kids and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

SIMON OF THE DESERT—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil as a woman (Silvia Pinal). He falls, of course, in Luis Bu  uel's short (forty-five minutes) divertissement on the folly of goodness. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 10.)

SONS AND LOVERS (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. With Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

STAIRCASE—Richard Burton and Rex Harrison in Stanley Donen's one-note film of a play by Charles Dyer about two homosexuals in a barbershop. There is something crass and embarrassed about the movie, and not very likable. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

STOLEN KISSES—A pleasant romantic comedy by Fran  ois Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre L  aud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 9.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Far from taking the money and running, he writes polite holdup notes to bank tellers and argues desperately when they can't read his writing. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

THE TRIAL (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

THE WILD BUNCH—A fine Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, with a violent gutter poetry and social bite that would have pleased Brecht. Good performances by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and especially by Robert Ryan. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. . . . ♫ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 9.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Victor S  jstr  m plays an eminent physician in this film directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 4-8.)

Bergman, with May Britt. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 4.)

I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS! (1968)—Peter Sellers as a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Sept. 9.)

THE IMMORTAL STORY—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 10.)

JUSTINE—Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet" filmed in the foreseeable Hollywood way, with a script written all for narrative, and actors from everywhere (Anouk Aim  e, Anna Karina, Dirk Bogarde, Severn Darden). George Cukor directed. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matin  es Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 4-7, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE LOVES OF ISADORA—Or "Isadora," as it was more sensibly titled before the scared meddlers of the industry got near it. Karel Reisz directs this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced spectacularly by Vanessa Redgrave and acted by her with an observant mixture of High Romanticism and the astringent sense that often lies hidden in the Romantic's phenomenal drive. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ♫ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 9.)

MACBETH (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Sept. 9-11.)

MARRY ME! MARRY ME!—Claude Berri's minor, gentle-natured film about a French boy being nudged into marriage. It has the wry and alert virtues of the best anecdotal Czech



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE LOVES OF ISADORA.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363).
"Michael and Helga." Ruth Gassmann.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 9: "Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?" Anthony Newley, Joan Collins; and "Secret Ceremony" (1968), Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 9: **THE WILD BUNCH**.
From Sept. 10: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
BAND OF OUTSIDERS (in French).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
STAIRCASE.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Rain People," James Caan, Shirley Knight.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Me, Natalie," Patty Duke, James Farentino.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"More," Mimsy Farmer.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
JUSTINE.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Spirits of the Dead," Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Sweden—Heaven and Hell," a documentary film.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MARRY ME! MARRY ME! (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 9: "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," Carol White, Paul Burke.
From Sept. 10: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Paranoia," Carroll Baker.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"A Place for Lovers," Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 9: "The Bridge at Remagen," George Segal, Ben Gazzara.
From Sept. 10: "Guns of the Magnificent Seven," George Kennedy, James Whitmore; and "Death Rides a Horse," Lee Van Cleef, John Phillip Law.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 10: **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish); and **THE IMMORTAL STORY**.
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
THE WILD BUNCH.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 9: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), Beryl Reid, Susannah York; and "Benjamin" (1968; in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.
From Sept. 10: "True Grit," John Wayne, Glen Campbell.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Detour" (in Bulgarian).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 9: **FACES**; and **BEDAZZLED**.
From Sept. 10: "The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 3: **THE FIANCES** (in Italian); and "The Caretaker" (1964), Donald Pleasence.
Sept. 4-8: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French); and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish).
Sept. 9-11: **MACBETH**; and **MR. ARKADIN**.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 9: "The Valley of Gwangi," James Franciscus; and "Seven Golden Men," Rossana Podesta, Philippe Leroy.
From Sept. 10: "The Great Bank Robbery," Zero Mostel, Kim Novak.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane; and "Support Your Local Sheriff," James Garner, Joan Hackett.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE GYPSY MOTHS.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"A Place for Lovers," Faye Dunaway, Marcello Mastroianni.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Sept. 7: **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.
From Sept. 8: "Who's That Knocking at My Door?," Zina Bethune.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
POPI.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Sept. 9: **FACES**; and **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**
From Sept. 10: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 3: "Footlight Parade" (1933), James Cagney; and "Gold Diggers of 1935" (1935), Alice Brady, Hugh Herbert.
Sept. 4-10: **LA CHINOISE** (in French); and **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish).
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 9: **STOLEN KISSES** and **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (both in French).
From Sept. 10: **POPI**; and "Berserk" (1968), Joan Crawford, Ty Hardin.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 3: "The Captain from Koepenick" (1958; in German), Heinz Ruehmann; and "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (1957; in German), Horst Buchholz.
Sept. 4: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian); and **ILICIT INTERLUDE** (in Swedish).
Sept. 5: "The Cool World" (1964), Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection" (1962), Warren Pinnerty.
Sept. 6: **CHINA IS NEAR** (in Italian); and "Murder Czech Style" (1968), a Czechoslovakian film.
Sept. 7: **DUCK SOUP**; and **AT THE CIRCUS**.
Sept. 8: "The Would-Be Gentleman" (1960) and "The Marriage of Figaro" (1963), both performed in French by the Comédie-Française.
Sept. 9: **THE TRIAL**; and **SONS AND LOVERS**.
Sept. 10: "St. Matthew Passion" (1952), Bach's oratorio, played by the Vienna Philharmonic and sung (in English), by the Vienna Choir Boys; Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; and other soloists; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (1951; in German).
Sept. 11: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**; and "Great Expectations" (1947), Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 9: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**.
From Sept. 10: "The Libertine" (in Italian), Catherine Spaak, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

If she's
tenderly,
tantalizingly
flushed
like a woman
who has
just been
told she's
all woman . . .

and
if her lips
are the
rapturous
color
of a
five-minute
kiss . . .

then she's
probably
wearing new
Autumnglints
transparent
Gel-Rouge
and
Lipglints
color-matched
by
Germaine Monteil.





Mimi Paul: a new girl in the village

What does a soignée ballerina wear for dancing at a chic club? She might very well wear a Sergeant Major pants suit like this. Mimi Paul, a dedicated ballerina since age eight, did. She says she was “surprised to find this super looking pants suit marching in The Villager’s parade. I had always thought

they made little flowered things.”

Find out what’s attracting all the new girls to The Villager®. There is lots more excitement where this pants suit came from. In 100% wool melton in navy, blue, green or brown, 4 to 16, about \$85.00. At good stores, college shops and authentic Villager shops.



Introducing the first
great fashion look of 1970—

The Matte Velvet Eye

created by Estée Lauder
for her new
Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup
Collection

The first great look of 1970—deep-shadowed, velvet-textured.
A gentle, misty-eyed look that's yours to create, with:

Eyelid Foundation and Under-Eye Primer Stick are the basic beginnings for all Estée Lauder Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup. They prepare your eyes for makeup the way an artist prepares his canvas.

Solid Creme Eyelid Shadow is the newest form of shadow, mists your lids with color to create the texture of soft, smoky matte velvet.

Liquid Eyelid Liner brushes on a velvety line to delineate and dramatize upper lids.

Lash-Lengthening Roll-On Mascara darkens and separates lashes, makes them look longer, thicker.

Eyebrow Cake gives your brows soft new definition.
The Ready-To-Wear Eye Makeup Collection
also includes **Pressed Eyelid Shadow, Eyelid Liner Cake, Eye Glaze,**
and **Lash-Lengthening Cake Mascara.**

Estée Lauder

©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Long black velvet dinner dress by Geoffrey Beene





The mock turtle sweater is colored to suit.
The belt is just one from our Fall Collection.
At 6.00 to 10.00



This plaid is really a Tweed by Towntree. Imported from Scotland. Heathery blue/brown or navy/red. Sweater included. 8 to 16, 135.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

**Peck&Peck is very well suited.
For a certain kind of woman.**



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

COMMUNICATION NOTE: The New York Telephone Company, a delighted teen-ager has informed us, is hiring bearded installers.

BBETTER BRIDGES NOTE: Handwritten message observed taped to a cash register in an Ipswich, Massachusetts, drugstore:

INDONESIAN PENPALS

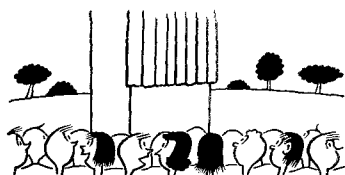
I now have 61 Indonesian penpals.
If anyone wants one, please let me know. I have:

boys 15-21
girls 14-23

MARY Q—

Show

ONE hot and sunny afternoon last week, we went for a walk in Central Park and came upon a gathering of some three hundred children of kindergarten age squatting upon the grassy knoll called the Dene, a stone's throw from the Children's Zoo, at Sixty-sixth Street. We stopped under a tree to see what was going on. The children were sitting in front of a tall



puppet booth with a faded yellow curtain draped over it, and there was a sign on the booth saying that a performance by the Punchinello Puppet Theatre was going to start in a few minutes. An almost equal number of grownups were standing or sitting around on the edges of the knoll, on nearby rocks and benches, and in the shade of spreading trees. They were dressed in all the various styles now current—hippie, Mod, Afro, straight—and they looked on with what seemed to be a mixture of bemusement, condescension, detachment, and vicarious ex-

pectation. Scattered at random through the assemblage were lunch baskets, dogs, bicycles, tricycles, cameras, prams, and busy Good Humor men, who looked quite pleased that they had decided to be at that place at that time on that day. While everyone was waiting for the show to get going, recorded march music—"The Chocolate Soldier," "Stars and Stripes Forever"—floated out over the knoll and among the trees. The children chattered among themselves, in almost complete disregard of the grownups.

When the show was about to begin, a man wearing a weather-beaten black peaked cap and a black shirt, open at the neck, appeared at one side of the booth with a microphone in his hand, and, speaking in a tone that was clearly not aimed at the grownups, asked the children to come nearer. "Mr. Punch has litty-bitty eyes," he said, "and cannot see all of you when you are far away." The children glanced at each other, giggled, and, in a series of furious little motions, dragged themselves closer. "Now," the man with the microphone continued, "the show you are going to see is called 'Punch and Judy.' It is a very old show. It was first performed a long, long time ago. You will like it very much. And why you will like it very much is because it is a show where you can cheer the good guys and boo the bad guys." Once again, the children glanced at each other and giggled.

The man with the microphone disappeared behind the booth, and his promise was kept. When Toby the Dog and Punch engaged in an angry quarrel over Judy, and Toby ended the argument by latching onto Punch's nose and almost severing it, the children shouted, in unison, "Boo-oo-oo!" When Punch asked them whether they would rather look at him or at his baby, they sent up a chorus that sounded very much like "Give us the baby!" When the Policeman, who was chasing Punch, was made to look quite foolish by the fugitive's artful dodges, the

children stood up and shouted sympathy and encouragement to the cop. When the Hangman appeared and led Punch away to the gallows, he and his rope were greeted with loud applause. And when, on the scaffold, Punch appealed to the children's compassion by asking them whether he should put his neck through the noose, they shouted gleefully to him to go ahead. Only once did we observe them to be torn between opinions, or to be without any. That was when Punch ordered Judy to prepare his breakfast, and Judy shouted back, "Get it yourself!" The two, fixed to their separate positions in the domestic impasse, looked appealingly in the direction of the children for a verdict, but the children merely looked back silently at them and said nothing.

It was the last scene. The curtain came down. The gathering dispersed in all directions. The man in the black shirt put up another sign, announcing a show later in the afternoon, and we resumed our walk.

Chairs

WE have a young friend who has given up most conventional forms of entertainment but still manages to find things in New York to interest him. He told us the other day that he was interested in an exhibit of chairs at Lever House, and invited



us to inspect it with him. "It's all a matter of foreground and background," he said to us. "An exhibit of chairs at Lever House is interesting. An exhibit of soap would be obvious and dull. An exhibit of soap, to be interesting, would have to be mounted at the Metropolitan Museum."

When we met our friend outside

Lever House, he made us look at the building for a while, and at a plaque mounted at one side of its main entrance. "I *like* this building, and I like its name," he said. "Lever House. Good, solid ring. And I especially like this plaque." He made us read the plaque. "The Mission of Our Company as William Hesketh Lever Saw It Is to Make Cleanliness Commonplace," it said, in part. "Such a sensible goal," our friend said. "Now, if William Hesketh Lever had set out to make godliness commonplace, he would probably not have succeeded, and he certainly would not have made enough money to build a place as pleasant as this."

Our friend, satisfied that he had properly established the background, led us into the foreground to see the chairs. The exhibit, the catalogue told us, had been organized by "the Decorative Arts Program of the American Federation of Arts in collaboration with the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Smithsonian Institution, with the sponsorship of the Resources Council and a number of leading furniture manufacturers." "You see," our friend said, "with rising costs, labor troubles, and the money crunch being what they are, it takes a lot of people to put on a good furniture exhibit. It was very courageous of them to do it without a foundation grant or the Winterthur Museum." We also saw that the exhibit was entitled "Please Be Seated." This, our friend said, was an annoying title, since nowhere in the exhibit were there any chairs that the public was allowed to sit on.

There were a great many chairs, and a lot of them were good to look at. There were ancient chairs—copies, most of them, but impressive nonetheless. There was an Egyptian chair—a copy of an example from 1400 B.C.—and a copy of a Greek *klismos*, which would have dated from 400 B.C. if it had not been a copy. There was an original example of a Chinese chair, in rosewood, from the Ming dynasty, and it was very fine. There were Chipendale chairs and a number of French chairs, a chair designed by Frank Lloyd Wright for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, and the standard assortment of chairs by Mies van der Rohe, Eero Saarinen, and Hammond Kroll. Our friend spent a lot of time looking at something called the Asmara, which was not, our catalogue said, a chair at all but, rather, a Seating Environment. It was large, yellow, and made of polyurethane foam covered with stretch-nylon polymer. It

had been lent to the show by Macy's.

We introduced ourself to Miss Trudy Feiss, who is a sculptress and was presiding over the exhibit. She took us to see Exhibit 74, an Astronaut Contour Seat. She said that it had been specially molded to the contours of Astronaut John Glenn. She then showed us the chair she liked best, which was a wonderful rocking chair said to have been designed by Peter Cooper around 1860. It was fashioned of wrought iron painted to look like tortoiseshell (something that no one has tried to do since, as far as we know) and was upholstered in a dark-red plush. "I noticed that the men who came to oil the doors this morning liked it the best, too," Miss Feiss said.

Our friend, returned from the Seating Environment, said he wanted to sit down, and took us to a small lounge off to one side, which seemed to have been made for sitting, since it was equipped with chairs and sofas. He paid no attention to a sign that read, "This area is reserved for the use of visitors on company business." The chairs were upholstered in tan vinyl. The sofas, which looked like studio couches with attached bolsters, were upholstered in a brown-and-tan material, slightly tufted. The sofas seemed to date from the late nineteen-fifties, the chairs from the early sixties. Neither seemed to have been designed for comfort.

A LADY who has been summering on Cape Cod recently received a friendly communication from her postmaster in Falmouth Heights, which began, "I was mistaken in thinking you could send your package C.O.D. All packages going C.O.D. must be paid for in advance."

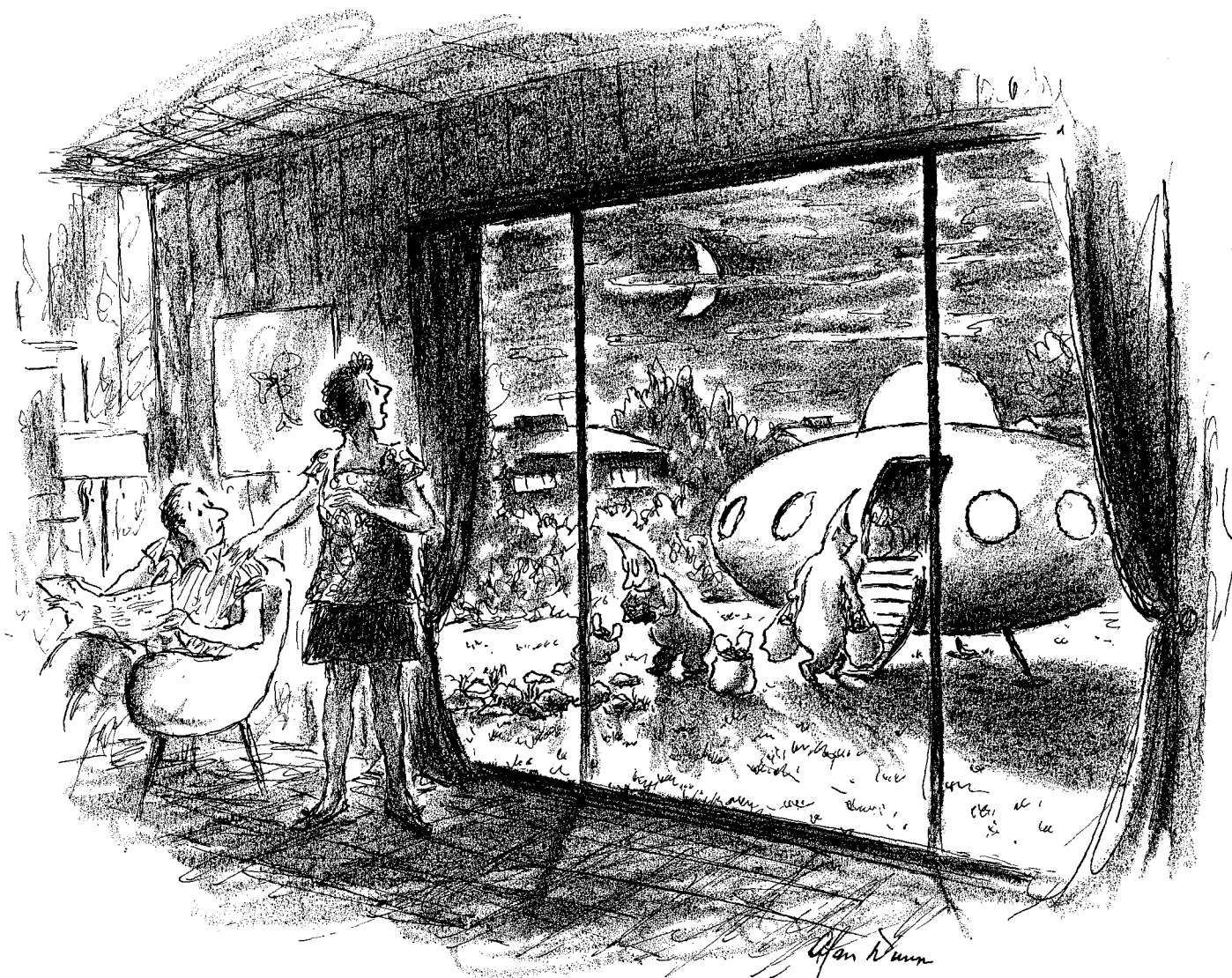
Model Philanthropist

EARLY last month, on our ramblings around town, we began passing long picnic-style tables set up on sidewalks outside neighborhood supermarkets, next to subway kiosks, and at innumerable busy corners, and we noticed that there was invariably a good-sized crowd of men and women lined up at them. New York City, it

happened, was having a citizen-sponsored mobile voter-registration drive—the first in our memory—and the drive was so successful that by the end of the month, when the tables had been folded up and the volunteer registration watchers had gone home, some sixty thousand new voters, a good many of them black or Puerto Rican, had been added to the rolls of the Board of Elections. The money to pay for setting up the registration units was raised by a thirty-one-year-old bachelor who lists himself in the Manhattan telephone book as "Stewart R. Mott, philanthropist" and who spends all his time and most of his money on this rare and admirable profession. Mr. Mott comes from Flint, Michigan, where his father, Charles Stewart Mott, who is said to be one of the richest men in the country, runs a foundation supported by several hundred million dollars' worth of General Motors stock to give *his* money away. Stewart Mott decided at an early age to follow in his father's footsteps and become a "model philanthropist," but their causes clashed—Mr. Mott *père* is an old-school conservative, Mr. Mott *fils* a committed liberal—and three years ago he brought his share of the family fortune to New York to make good as a philanthropist on his own. The first time he got into the headlines here was in the spring of 1968, when he took a two-page ad in the *Times* and in eight Michigan newspapers to urge that Nelson Rockefeller declare himself a candidate for the Presidency and to pledge to match anything up to fifty thousand dollars in contributions to a Rockefeller campaign. About two months later, he stood up in the middle of a Eugene McCarthy rally in Madison Square Garden and promised fifty thousand more to the campaign of the Minnesota Senator. And this past spring he was back in the *Times* with an ad calling for contributions to the mayoral primary campaigns of John Lindsay, on the one hand, and Herman Badillo, on the other, and promising to match anything up to ten thousand dollars in contributions to each of *these* candidates. By summer, when he took on the job of finance chairman of the Citizens Voter Registration Campaign, young Mr. Mott was, in the words of one of his new friends, "the hottest philanthropist in New York."

Mr. Mott dispenses his money from a little white penthouse with a red tile roof which sits on top of a staid gray building on upper Park Avenue. We stopped by at the penthouse one morn-





"Well, there goes our rock garden!"

ing when Mr. Mott was winding up his fund-raising for the registration drive, and found him sitting at a desk in a sunny, cluttered makeshift office, juggling calls to prospective donors on three yellow telephones. Just outside his office windows, on a terrace where he was raising, by his own count, thirty-three kinds of edible plants (his list ran from anise to tomato) and forty-one kinds of inedible ones (ageratum to zinnia), several stalks of corn were fluttering in the warm breeze. The corn, he told us, was his favorite crop, and it seemed to us that contemplating its sooty struggle for survival cheered him through a number of dull phone calls of solicitation. Mr. Mott is a tall, tanned, shaggy-looking man who keeps in shape by bicycling around town on his philanthropic rounds and by playing tennis with his girl friend, and he doesn't look like any philanthropist we'd ever met before. That morning, he was wearing an old madras shirt with an enormous tear across the chest and fading green Bermuda shorts. A

pair of blue rubber bathing sandals dangled from his toes.

"I'm for Lindsay, of course, but this registration business is really a non-partisan citizens' campaign," he told us when he had finished his last phone call. "We've got ten mobile units and registration desks in two hundred and fifty places, and we've provided watchers at most of them. The watchers are sort of to spare people from the Board of Elections inspectors, who, you know, can be a little off-putting. The inspectors are hacks, by and large. They can make it confusing for someone who wants to register and doesn't know the ropes, and so, with our watchers, we've kind of eased the situation, made it less intimidating. We've budgeted this drive at about a hundred thousand dollars, and so far we've had a response to our mailing of about seventy per cent. Some of the contributions have been as high as five thousand dollars. I put in three thousand myself, and practically all my time. My theory of philanthropy is that you should give in

such a way as to get the most money out of everybody else. Make your money work for you. In other words, spend to get more. That's why I didn't just give the ten thousand to Lindsay and Badillo last spring. It's why I generally pledge to match *other* people's contributions. Like with Rockefeller. My ad in the *Times* and the Michigan newspapers cost about twenty-five thousand dollars, and it brought in a hundred and forty-four thousand. Now, that's not a bad return on your money."

Mr. Mott swivelled his chair around until he was looking out over some potted petunias and a few tomato vines to the water tower on the building just across the avenue. Two young women—brand-new secretaries, who had been typing in the living room—came in with bills for him to pay and a pile of letters for him to sign, and he went through them all, circling mistakes and making suggestions. Then he lit a cigarette—one corner of the office was stacked with cartons of Turkish Specials—and took a call

from a man who was just about to part with a couple of hundred dollars.

"There are so many reasons for my doing this," Mott went on after making a date to see the man. "The first was my father. *His* foundation is the fourth- or fifth-largest in the world. Of course, he gives most of the money to Flint. He was Mayor of Flint three times—they call him Mr. Flint there. He thinks that, say, a local safety program is a more appropriate concern for a philanthropist than world problems, whereas I'm onto big, nebulous projects like birth control and arms control. But his example was strong. Then, there was my mother. She is a very conscientious woman, very much concerned with the moral responsibility of the rich. My income, for example, is about a million a year, and most of what's left after taxes I give away. In fact, my accountant just told me that in '67 I spent all of twenty thousand dollars on myself. It was up to twenty-seven thousand in '68, but that was a hard year." Mr. Mott dropped his sandals off his toes and stretched his legs. "There was my own sense of religion, too," he said. "I'm an agnostic now, mostly because I found I couldn't buy the notion of transubstantiation, but I was a practicing High Anglican for a long time, and once I almost became a Roman Catholic. And then there was a sense of my own resources, of what I in particular had to give. And also, I guess, there was the realization that I had the responsibility of managing a huge fortune, and that it was better for me to focus full time on spending it than on making more and more. I knew that there were two major problems confronting people in this century—birth control and arms control. And when I was about eighteen I saw that if we don't have the will to deal with *them*, we'll never be able to deal with all the other problems. In fact, we'll never make it at all."

Mr. Mott called to one of his secretaries to prepare some iced coffee and to the other

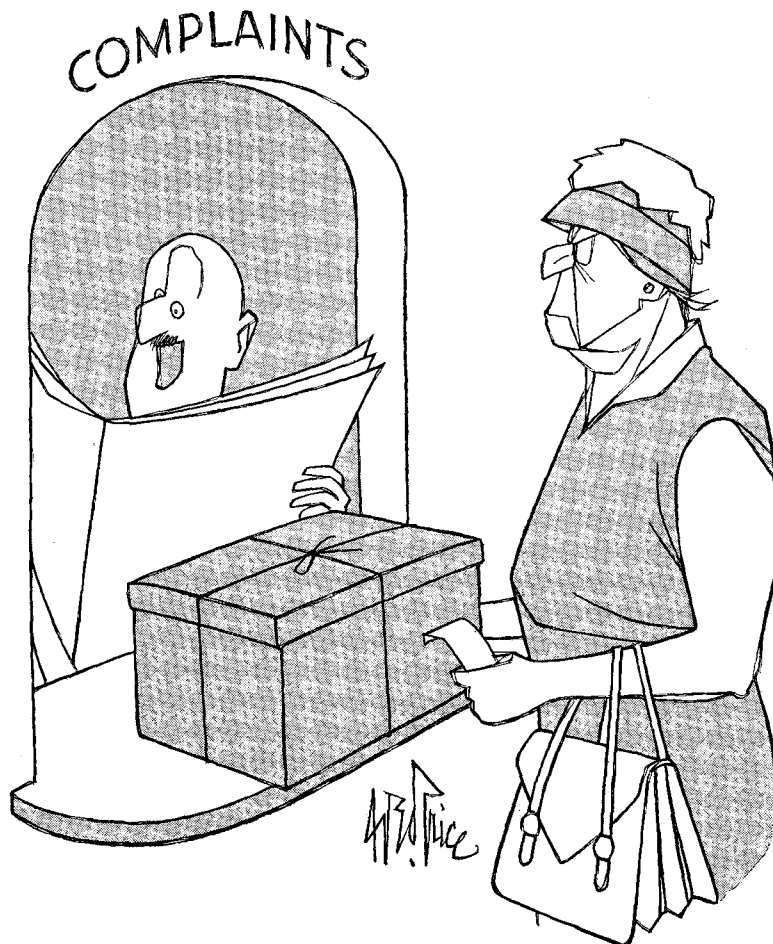
to turn over a record that was being piped through the penthouse via a number of little speakers tucked here and there among watering cans and piles of books and cartons of old papers. Then he picked up a cat that had been crawling around on his desk playing with a stack of invoices, and deposited it on the floor. The cat was called Shalom, after Mott's favorite cause. He had thought up a good many peace projects when he was a boy at Deerfield, he said, but had had to shelve them all when, at his father's insistence, he went on to M.I.T. Mott left M.I.T. after three years, hitchhiked around the world, and ended up at Columbia, where he finished college and worked toward a Master's degree in Greek drama. When he had written five out of seven chapters of a thesis on Sophocles, he left Columbia to honor another old commitment to his father—a commitment to spend a year training in a few of the family businesses. (Mott says that someday he is going to sit down and write a long anti-Aristotelian history of tragedy, from "Philoctetes" to "The Hairy Ape.") After putting in his time as an executive trainee, Mott spent a year teaching English literature and compo-

sition at Eastern Michigan University. He was twenty-five at the time, and his salary there, as an instructor, was the last salary he has ever made. He talked the Flint Community Planned Parenthood Association into setting up a clinic, resigned from E.M.U., and for the next few years roamed around the state, and then the country, raising money.

"In 1966, when I offered to take on Father's foundation, it was to help him ease off a little in his waning years," Mott told us. He grinned, and went on, "Of course, he's ninety-four now, so you might say he's been putting off waning for quite a while. At any rate, he said absolutely no, and it was a very unpleasant experience, very wrenching for me. My father said, in effect, that we couldn't sit in the same office without one of us climbing the walls. It was that we disagreed on so many things. Politics. Investments. I don't think he's ever sold a share of G.M. stock, but for me G.M.'s not the most—the most *moving* investment you can make right now. And, of course, we disagreed on philanthropy. So he said, 'Go to New York, young man, where you'll have time to develop more, to expand your consciousness.'" Mott grinned again. "Well, he didn't exactly

say 'expand your consciousness,' but it was something like that. So I came to New York, took this place, and spent a good fifteen months trying to figure out how to function here as a philanthropist."

By now, Mott's list of philanthropies is about as long as his roof-garden inventory, and it ranges from a study of human sexual response to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and from the New York Pro Musica and the American Schizophrenia Foundation to the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors. (Mott himself was a conscientious objector.) His Rockefeller ad was his first attempt at making a political contribution, and he told us that the experience left him burned, but hooked on politics. "I couldn't



"As far as the management of this store is concerned, Madam, yours is a voice crying in the wilderness."

sleep that night when Romney withdrew from the New Hampshire primary," he said. "Because it meant, as things stood then, that we'd be left with a choice between Nixon and Johnson unless somebody strong enough declared. So I got out of bed and drafted the *Times* advertisement. Half of it thanked Romney for his good job, his integrity—that sort of thing—and the other half addressed itself to the moderates and liberals, like myself, and, of course, to Rockefeller. It said, in effect, 'It's up to you, Rocky,' and it pledged fifty thousand of my own money to a Rockefeller campaign. Well, in a few days we had over seven thousand responses to the ad, but there was a bad odor to the whole business. No one on Rockefeller's team even called to thank me. They were being coy. So I set up shop on my own—got a kind of quasi-national volunteer office going on Fifty-second Street and processed the replies myself. Then I met Agnew. He was coordinating the state groups for Rockefeller, but later, when Rockefeller had that press conference and said that he was definitely not a candidate, no one even bothered to tell Agnew. He was irritated and closed his office, which left all the state groups in total confusion. So we took over his operation, too, and, in effect, became Rockefeller's only national citizens' coordinating committee. But even then Rockefeller's people, who were an uptight bunch, wouldn't give us the time of day. By the time he finally did announce his candidacy, at the end of April, things were even worse. So I closed my doors a month later, out about a hundred thousand dollars. Now, the *McCarthy* people—after I made my pledge to him, they swarmed around me. They said, 'How about becoming coordinator for special gifts?'—which was just my slot. And which was what the Rockefeller people should have thought of, because in the next three months I helped raise about two million for McCarthy, a good deal of it in fifty-thousand-dollar chunks."

Mott told us that at the moment, aside from his voter-registration campaign, he was involved in a number of projects that he hoped would promote the cause of arms control. One group he had been working with, he said, was the Fund for Education and World



"Let the epicurean feast commence."

Order. (Mott served as chairman of a peace convocation for the group last March, but there was not much order in the World Order convocation after some youngsters who call themselves the Crazies disguised themselves as waiters, stormed the platform of the ballroom at the New York Hilton, and presented pigs' heads to Senators Jacob Javits and William Fulbright, who were two of Mott's convocation speakers.) Another group that had been taking up his time lately, he said, was something called the Businessman's Educational Fund, which he had helped found, and which was at present trying to recruit businessmen who were opposed to war—or, at least, to military spending. "My premise is that there are two American folk heroes—the soldier and the self-made businessman," Mott said, extracting his cat from a potted philodendron by the desk. "Now, I say that to oppose the one you're going to have to use the other. Add to that the fact that in this Administration your professionals and academics with pacifist views are not apt to get through to the President, and it really is up to the businessmen. We have ten trustees for the Fund, and we just sent out a mailing to twenty-five thousand company presidents. We're just getting our constituency, so to speak, but we've already commissioned the Institute for Policy Studies to do a report for us on the effect of military expenditure on the economy."

Mr. Mott stood up and walked with us out into the living room, which was filled with old suitcases and crates of papers, rolls of abandoned window shades, and stacks of chairs left over from a big party. There were posters on the walls, and Mott stopped under one that said "Would you buy a used car from this man?" and featured a smiling picture of the President. He yawned. Being a full-time philanthropist is a long, hard, and boring job, he said, but one of the advantages of being extremely rich is that one can usually get away on long weekends to relax.

O.K.

A YOUNG man we know, seeking refuge from the heat the other day, sat down, with a book, on the stoop of one of those fine old houses on Bank Street. The stoop was in the shade, the book was a good book, and our friend, for a passing moment, was happy. When he had been reading for about half an hour, the front door opened and a tall, elegantly attired elderly woman stepped out and looked at him with what he took to be severity. Our friend jumped to his feet and announced that he would, of course, leave immediately. "Whether you leave or stay depends entirely upon what you are reading," the lady said. Our friend held up his book—a novel by Henry James. "You may remain," said the lady, reëntering her house.

PARAGUAY

THE upper part of the plain that we had crossed the day before was now white with snow, and it was evident that there was a storm raging behind us and that we had only just crossed the Burji La in time to escape it. We camped in a slight hollow at Sekbachan, eighteen miles from Malik Mar, the night as still as the previous one and the temperature the same; it seemed as if the Deosai Plains were not going to be so formidable as they had been described; but the third day a storm of hail, sleet, and snow alternately came at noon when we began to ascend the Sari Sangar Pass, 14,200 feet, and continued with only a few minutes' intermission till four o'clock. The top of the pass is a fairly level valley containing two lakes, their shores formed of boulders that seemed impossible to ride over. The men slid and stumbled so much that I would not let anyone lead my pony for fear of pulling him over; he was old and slow but perfectly splendid here, picking his way among the rocks without a falter. At the summit there is a cairn on which each man threw a stone, and here it is customary to give payment to the coolies. I paid each man his agreed-upon wage, and, alone, began the descent. Ahead was Paraguay.¹

WHERE PARAGUAY IS

Thus I found myself in a strange country. This Paraguay is not the Paraguay that exists on our maps. It is not to be found on the continent, South America; it is not a political subdivision of that continent, with a population of 2,161,000 and a capital city named Asunción. This Paraguay exists elsewhere. Now, moving toward the first of the "silver cities," I was tired but also elated and alert. Flights of white meat moved through the sky overhead in the direction of the dim piles of buildings.

JEAN MUELLER

Entering the city I was approached, that first day, by a dark girl wrapped in a red shawl. The edges of the shawl were fringed, and the tip of each strand of fringe was a bob of silver. The girl at once placed her hands on my hips, standing facing me; she smiled, and exerted a slight pull. I was claimed as her guest; her name was Jean Mueller. "*Teníamos grandes deseos de conocerlo*," she said. I asked

how she knew I had arrived and she said, "Everyone knows." We then proceeded to her house, a large, modern structure some distance from the center of the city; there I was shown into a room containing a bed, a desk, a chair, bookcases, a fireplace, a handsome piano in a cherrywood case. I was told that when I had rested I might join her downstairs and might then meet her husband; before leaving the room she sat down before the piano and, almost mischievously, played a tiny sonata of Bibblemann's.

TEMPERATURE

Temperature controls activity to a remarkable degree. By and large, adults here raise their walking speed and show more spontaneous movement as the temperature rises. But the temperature-dependent pattern of activity is complex. For instance, the males move twice as fast at 60 degrees as they do at 35 degrees, but above 60 degrees speed decreases. The females show more complicated behavior: they increase spontaneous activity as the temperature rises from 40 to 48 degrees, become less active between 49 and 66 degrees, and above 66 degrees again go into a rising tempo of spontaneous movements up to the lethal temperature of 77 degrees. Temperature also (here as elsewhere) plays a critical role in the reproductive process. In the so-called "silver cities" there is a particular scale—66, 67, 68, 69 degrees—at which intercourse occurs (and only within that scale). In the "gold" areas, the scale does not, apparently, apply.

HERKO MUELLER

Herko Mueller walks through gold and silver leaves, awarded, in the summer months, to those who have produced the best pastiche of the emotions. He is smiling because he did not win one of these prizes, which the people of Paraguay seek to avoid. He is tall, brown, wears a funny short beard, and is fond of zippered suits in brilliant colors: yellow, green, violet. He is, professionally, an arbiter of comedy. "A sort of drama critic?" "More what you would term an umpire. The members of the audience are given a set of rules and the rules constitute the comedy. Our comedies seek to reach the imagination. When you are looking at something, you cannot imagine it." In the evenings I have wet sand to walk upon—long stretches of beach with the sea tasting the edges. Getting back into my clothes after a swim, I dis-

covered a strange thing: a sand dollar under my shirt. It is strange because this sand is sifted twice daily to remove impurities and maintain whiteness. And the sea itself, the New Sea, is not programmed for echinoderms.

ERROR

A government error resulting in the death of a statistically insignificant portion of the population (less than one-fortieth of one per cent) has made people uneasy. A skelp of questions and answers is fused at high temperature (1400° C) and then passed through a series of protracted caresses. Amelioration of the condition results. Paraguay is not old. It is new, a new country. Rough sketches suggest its "look." Heavy yellow drops like pancake batter fall from its sky. I hold a bouquet of umbrellas in each hand. A phrase of Herko Mueller's: "*Y un 60% son mestizos: gloria, orgullo, presente y futuro del Paraguay*" ("... the glory, pride, present, and future of Paraguay"). The country's existence is "predictive," he says, and I myself have noticed a sort of frontier ambience. There are problems. The problem of shedding skin. Thin discarded shells like disposable plastic gloves are found in the street.

RATIONALIZATION

The problems of art. New artists have been obtained. These do not object to, and indeed argue enthusiastically for, the rationalization process. Production is up. Quality-control devices have been installed at those points where the interests of artists and audience intersect. Shipping and distribution have been improved out of all recognition. (It is in this area, they say in Paraguay, that traditional practices were most blameworthy.) The rationalized art is dispatched from central art dumps to regional art dumps, and from there into the life streams of cities. Each citizen is given as much art as his system can tolerate. Marketing considerations have not been allowed to dictate product mix; rather, each artist is encouraged to maintain, in his software, highly personal, even idiosyncratic, standards (the so-called "hand of the artist" concept). Rationalization produces simpler circuits and, therefore, a saving in hardware. Each artist's product is translated into a statement in symbolic logic. The statement is then "minimized" by various clever methods. The simpler statement is translated back into the design of a simpler circuit. Foamed by a number of techniques, the art is then run through heavy steel

¹ Quoted from "A Summer Ride Through Western Tibet," by Jane E. Duncan, Collins, London, 1906. Slightly altered.



"May I remind you that here law and order means the law of the jungle."

rollers. Flip-flop switches control its further development. Sheet art is generally dried in smoke and is dark brown in color. Bulk art is air-dried, and changes color in particular historical epochs.

SKIN

Ignoring a letter from the translator Jean sat on a rubber pad doing exercises designed to loosen the skin. Scores of diamond-shaped lights abraded her arms and legs. The light placed a pattern of false information in those zones most susceptible to tearing. Whistling noises accompanied the lights. The process of removing the leg skin is private. Tenseness is caused by the application of a cream, heavy yellow drops like pancake batter. I held several umbrellas over her legs. A man across the street pretending not to watch us. Then the skin placed in the official receptacles.

THE WALL

Our design for the lift tower left us with a vast blind wall of *in-situ* concrete. There was thus the danger of having a dreary expanse of blankness in that immensely important part of the building. A solution had to be found. The great wall space would provide an opportunity for a gesture of thanks to the people of Paraguay; a stone would be placed in front of it, and, instead of standing in the shadows,

the Stele of the Measures would be brought there also. The wall would be divided, by means of softly worn paths, into doors. These, varying in size from the very large to the very small, would have different colors and thicknesses. Some would open, some would not, and this would change from week to week, or from hour to hour, or in accord with sounds made by people standing in front of them. Long lines or tracks would run from the doors into the roaring public spaces.²

SILENCE

In the larger stores silence (damping materials) is sold in paper sacks like cement. Similarly, the softening of language usually lamented as a falling off from former practice is in fact a clear response to the proliferation of surfaces and stimuli. Imprecise sentences lessen the strain of close tolerances. Silence is also available in the form of white noise. The extension of white noise to the home by means of leased wire from a central generating point has been useful, Herko says. The analogous establishment of "white space" in a system paralleling the existing park system has also been beneficial. Anechoic chambers placed randomly about the city (on the model of tele-

² Quoted from "The Modulator," by Le Corbusier, M.I.T. Press, Cambridge, 1954. Slightly altered.

phone booths) are said to have actually saved lives. Wood is becoming rare. They are now paying for yellow pine what was formerly paid for rosewood. Relational methods govern the layout of cities. Curiously, in some of the most successful projects the design has been swung upon small collections of rare animals spaced (on the lost-horse principle) on a lack of grid. Carefully calculated mixes: mambas, the black wrasse, the giselle. Electrolytic jelly exhibiting a capture ratio far in excess of standard is used to fix the animals in place.

TERROR

We rushed down to the ends of the waves, apertures through which threatening lines might be seen. Arbiters registered serial numbers of the (complex of threats) with ticks on a great, brown board. Jean meanwhile, unaffected, was casting about on the beach for driftwood. Brown washed pieces of wood laced with hundreds of tiny hairline cracks. Such is the smoothness of surfaces in Paraguay that anything not smooth is valuable. She explains to me that in demanding (and receiving) explanations you are once more brought to a stop. You have got, really, no farther than you were before. "Therefore we try to keep everything open, go forward avoiding the final explanation. If we inadvertently receive it, we



"Of course I hate my father. But he hated his father, and now he's a vice-president of American Cyanamid."

are instructed to (1) pretend that it is just another error, or (2) misunderstand it. Creative misunderstanding is crucial." Creation of new categories of anxiety which must be bandaged or "patched." The expression "put a patch on it." There are "hot" and "cold" patches, and specialists in the application of each. Rhathymia is the preferred mode of presentation of the self.

THE TEMPLE

Turning sharply to the left I came upon, in a grove of trees, a temple of some sort, abandoned, littered with empty boxes, the floor coated with a thin layer of lime. I prayed. Then drawing out my flask I refreshed myself with apple juice. Everyone in Paraguay has the same fingerprints. There are crimes but people chosen at random are punished for them. Everyone is liable for everything. An extension of the principle, there but for the grace

of God go I. Sexual life is very free. There are rules but these are like the rules of chess, intended to complicate and enrich the game. I made love to Jean Mueller while her husband watched. There have been certain technical refinements. The procedures we use (called here "impalement") are used in Paraguay but also new techniques I had never before encountered, "dimidiation" and "quartering." These I found very refreshing.

MICROMINIATURIZATION

Microminiaturization leaves enormous spaces to be filled. Disposability of the physical surround has psychological consequences. The example of the child's anxiety occasioned by the family's move to a new home may be cited. Everything physical in Paraguay is getting smaller and smaller. Walls thin as a thought, locomotive-substitutes no bigger than ball-point pens. Paraguay,

then, has big empty spaces in which men wander, trying to touch something. Preoccupation with skin (on and off, wrinkling, the new skin, pink, fresh, taut) possibly a response to this. Stories about skin, histories of particular skins. But no jokes! Some 700,000 photographs of nuclear events were lost when the great library of Paraguay burned. Particle identification was set back many years. Rather than recreate the former physics, a new physics based on the golden section (proliferation of golden sections) was constructed. As a system of explanation almost certain to be incorrect it enjoys enormous prestige here.

BEHIND THE WALL

Behind the wall there is a field of red snow. I had expected that to enter it would be forbidden, but Jean said no, walk about in it, as much as you like. I had expected that walking in it one would leave no footprints, or that there would be some other anomaly of that kind, but there were no anomalies; I left footprints and felt the cold of the red snow underfoot. I said to Jean Mueller, "What is the point of this red snow?" "The intention of the red snow, the reason it is isolated behind the wall, yet not forbidden, is its soft glow—as if it were lighted from beneath. You must have noticed it; you've been standing here for twenty minutes." "But what does it do?" "Like any other snow, it invites contemplation and walking about in." The snow rearranged itself into a smooth, red surface without footprints. It had a red glow, as if lighted from beneath. It seemed to proclaim itself a mystery, but one there was no point in solving—an ongoing low-grade mystery.

DEPARTURE

Then I was shown the plan, which is kept in a box. Herko Mueller opened the box with a key (everyone has a key). "Here is the plan," he said. "It governs more or less everything. It is a way of allowing a very wide range of tendencies to interact." The plan was a number of analyses of Brownian motion equipped, at each end, with alligator clips. Then the bell rang and the space became crowded, hundreds of men and women standing there waiting for the marshals to establish some sort of order. I had been chosen, Herko said, to head the column (on the principle of the least-likely-leader). We robed; I folded my arms around the mace. We began the descent (into? out of?) Paraguay.

—DONALD BARTHELME

I AM WAITING

NINE o'clock—no, his wristwatch shows nearly a quarter after—and Ernest has been waiting for Maggie for three hours. If he knows her at all after practically living with her for two years, off and on, he has another two or three hours to go. Waiting for her is nothing new. He is used to it, really, though it still ties him up in knots. But tonight they were planning to eat out at a place in the East Sixties they only go to now and then when he feels flush, and Maggie said when they got up that morning that she would definitely be back on time. It is Friday and not one of the nights she often works late. (She's a fashion coordinator for TV and industrial shows and keeps impossible hours.) Ernest went straight to her apartment from his studio and got there a little after six, in time to put out the potato chips and make a clam dip and chill the double Old-Fashioned glasses for their Martinis-on-the-rocks before Maggie got home. (He's a free-lance commercial artist and his hours are pretty much his own.) But Maggie didn't come home, and at half past seven he put what was left of the chips back in their bag, covered the clam dip and put it in the refrigerator, and made himself, finally, a Martini. Ernest doesn't like to drink alone—it usually depresses him—but these long waits for Maggie give him a thirst. At eight or so, after a second Martini, he went out to the counter restaurant a block away for a hamburger and French fries, knowing that when Maggie is this late she will not be back in time for dinner or want more than a bowl of soup when she comes in. On the way up to the apartment just now, he bought two bunches of daisies at the flower stand on the corner. The flowers will be a distraction. When Maggie gets home, she will be angry—at whomever she's been with or at the cabdriver or at Ernest. Drinking after a point puts her in a rage. But when he gives her the flowers she will cry, "Oh, Ernest, they're lovely!" in her boozy, theatrical voice, and then she will go into the kitchen and arrange them, filling the Chinese bowl with ice water, carefully clipping the stems and stripping off the lower leaves. She loves flowers. Touching them calms her, no matter how much she has drunk. Afterward, she will want some soup, and after that Ernest can usually get her to bed.

The daisies are in the refrigerator now, and Ernest has settled down in the living room to wait, though he

knows he will not be able to settle down. Why? Why is it? He knows that any evening may turn out like this with Maggie, and yet each time he thinks that this one may be different, and only when Maggie is an hour or an hour and a half or two hours late does he acknowledge to himself that once more she is out for a good share of the night. Now and then she will show up on time. "Surprise, surprise!" she will cry. "It's *me!*" But usually it is like this. He ought to know better, and yet again and again he will take her at her word, for again and again in the morning when they've just got up and are hung over and remorseful and sane she will give him her word and mean it. And he will be there early to make sure he can hand her a Martini as she walks in the door. And then he will wait and he will grow anxious, though he knows better than to be anxious, and slowly, slowly, as it is doing now, his anxiety will rise.

Each time, too, he will wait as he is waiting tonight for the phone to ring, though Maggie rarely calls—only often enough for him to think it possible. Tonight, because they have not eaten a decent meal for days and were really looking forward to it this morning—to the baked fish in white sauce and the Chablis—he honestly thinks she may be working late and will call. But no one at all has called, which is strange, because usually people call on Fridays to see what's on for the weekend, or Maggie's mother calls from Darien. The phone hasn't rung once. Now Ernest picks it up to make sure there's a dial tone, and a few moments later, just to make certain the thing is working, he dials weather. It is the operator with a voice like Mae West's and he listens to the report three times. He is even more anxious than usual—almost ready, after hearing the recorded voice of that operator, to call someone, his father in Chicago or an old girl friend, just to hear a voice he knows. But what if he does and Maggie is trying to call him? What if she has tried already when he was on the phone? Though that's hardly likely. His nerves are getting the better of him, he thinks. He feels himself slipping out of control. He knows he's being neurotic, but where is she? Where in hell can she be?

But he knows where she is, even if he doesn't know *exactly* where. She's in a bar—a hotel bar, probably. By now, whomever she is with will be trying to

get her out of the bar and into bed, and although Ernest knows she isn't likely to get into bed with anyone unless she is blind drunk, he also knows that once he lets himself imagine Maggie in bed with another man—once the picture of her copulating with another is in his mind—he will have no peace until she comes home. Oh, where is she? He doesn't mind the waiting, not really—only that it turns him into a jealous fool.

And it is only nine o'clock—well, by now it is half past—and he may have a good three hours to go. Time for him to take a firm grip. Time to turn on the tube. He flicks the channel selector, but there is nothing he can bear watching. He makes himself a drink—a Scotch this time. He feels safer on Scotch.

HE can get away whenever he wants to, after all. Right now, if that's what he wants. All he has to do is go—he's done it before. And this time he will leave the keys to the apartment behind him. He's worked it all out in his mind. Then, if he and Maggie make up, he will not take the keys again, and when they go out he will call for Maggie at a reasonable hour—late enough to let her have her drink with someone, if that's what she wants. Eight-thirty or nine, say. A civilized hour. And then if she isn't there he can leave and that will be that. As it is, she *knows* he is waiting for her, and if someone says let's have one more—well, why not? She always *means* to make it just one drink after work, and it's knowing that Ernest is at home waiting for her that lets her stretch it to two, or three, or four drinks—by which time she's too far gone to care.

But he won't leave. Not tonight. How can he? They've been through too much together by now. He loves her. He knows she needs to be sure he is there waiting for her. And it was much worse at first. Then, before she had a job, in her unemployable days, she could go out in the afternoon for a drink, miss her date with him, and not turn up for a week. They are both more stable now. And she needs him. She has to know he will be there. Everyone else in her life has let her down. Her mother and father, and her husband, Nat, and the lovers she has had since Nat divorced her and took custody of the children. Besides, Ernest *has* tried to break away. They've split up five times in two years. But when



they are together they *feel* things—at least, sometimes—and separated they both go dead. Really dead. Into lives without life or resonance, into separate rooms with walls and floor and ceiling of cotton batting. Into cells. And then Maggie will phone or he will phone, and when he hears her voice—"Ernest? Is that you?"—he will run right back. Literally run. His studio is on

the top floor of a tenement only four blocks away. If he ever intends to leave Maggie for good, he will have to move to another part of the city and get an unlisted phone.

Once, Ernest thought there must be something he could really do for Maggie. There isn't. All he can do is make things easier for her, which is more than anyone else has been able to do. Her wounds go too deep. She exploits him, of course, but aren't we put here on this earth to bear each other's burdens? Does that mean Maggie has to learn how to bear *his* before he begins to bear hers? When he first met her, on almost the first night they spent together, she said to him in her theatrical way, "I'm a bitch, Ernest. I'm supposed to be one of the ten worst bitches in New York. I'll hurt you." But she has never hurt him, not deliberately. At least, he doesn't think so. She doesn't *mean* to torment him, if "torment" is the right word when he suffers no pain in the flesh. And he knows that none of his suffering is quite serious or real. Maggie will turn up sooner or later, and they may quarrel, but everything will turn out all right and she will fall asleep in his arms.

Ernest makes himself another Scotch and walks to the window to look down at the street, half thinking he may see Maggie getting out of a cab. At times, acting on premonition, he has walked to the window and seen just that. It is ten by now. There are few cars in sight. He goes into the kitchen, puts the dirty breakfast dishes in the sink, squirts Joy on them, and fills the sink with hot water.

The curious part of it all, he thinks as he does the dishes, is that he and Maggie, close as they are, have never been *really* involved. Not, at any rate, as he thinks true lovers must be. It isn't involvement with Maggie but simply that they know each other



"Hi there, vendee. This is vender."

• •

through and through. Each knows what the other is going to do next, and accepts it, and comes back for more. God. If they were really involved, if what they did to each other had serious consequences, wouldn't this life have broken their hearts? There is something thin about both their pains and their pleasures—some pretense. His pain, waiting for Maggie, is mock pain, the kind you can half enjoy because you know it will not last. Ernest remembers playing a game they called Tarzan in the woods behind his house, when he was younger and weaker than the rest. He would be tied by his wrists to the branch of a tree that, when it sprang up, lifted him nearly off the ground. It hurt, and he was frightened each time, but his older brother, Charles, would be in the game, too, and Ernest knew that all he had to do was be patient until he was set free. He would wait quietly, his shoulders almost out of their sockets, for Charles to untie him. Once, before Charles came back for him, he fainted from the pain. It isn't the pain he remembers now or the fear; it is the excitement of waiting for Charles, of anticipating his release, of seeing Charles, his savior, slinking toward him through the trees. How much more real that game was than this! There is no real pain now. Maggie cannot really harm him, or really save him. Nor can he save her.

The dishes washed, Ernest lies down on the living-room sofa. He may be a fool, he thinks, but he is not the kind of fool people say he is. He isn't being victimized. His feelings aren't his to control, that's the trouble. Even at thirty-six he can't handle them. But then how little experience he has had! He felt nothing at all—except in movies, sometimes—for years. With Maggie, he has been reborn.

Though it is no more than infatuation. He knows that. Aren't they both acting as if they were bewitched? This

playing the same melodrama of betrayal and forgiveness over again and again! Isn't it like being under a spell? He once believed in magic, in spells. So did Maggie. He once believed in the divine wrath, when it comes to that. What if all this is a punishment visited upon him for not loving Paula, his wife, and upon Maggie for not loving Nat and her children? What if he

and Maggie are *condemned* to go through this bitter, unreal suffering, over and over again? It is easier for him to see Maggie than to see himself, and it seems to him that she is compelled to defy him and to hurt him in little ways, to taunt him to the point of leaving her, even though she is terrified of his leaving and of being left alone. Sometimes he thinks she wants him to be cruel to her, to give her pain.

Though he has struck her only once that he can remember, they have fights sometimes—passionate, violent ones—in which the voices that issue from their throats seem not their own but those of strangers. Maggie's becomes harsh and arrogant, his a whining child's. And through all the screaming and the imprecations they both keep calm and dry-eyed, as if they were no more than observers of the battle. And then they will listen to Puccini or Ravel or Rachmaninoff and, overcome by feeling for each other and for themselves, they will cry. Or something in them will cry. Through it all they remain detached in some way, he thinks. It frightens him, for it is as if they were possessed by devils. Maggie was born a Catholic, Ernest a Lutheran; there is a picture of hellfire planted deep in their heads, along with the notion that marriage is a sacrament performed once and for all. In this day and age? He to Paula, God help him? Maggie, God help her, to Nat?

But what if it is true, Ernest thinks, that he and Maggie can only play at being lovers? What if one gets only a single chance? "How can you tell me you *love* me?" Maggie has cried more than once in that harsh voice that is not her own. "What's left to love? I'm a basket case. I'm damaged goods. What do you want to do? *Save* me? Do you think you're *God*?" And then she will throw him out of the house. She often throws him out of the house, and he

will go, holding in his anger, careful not to leave cruel words hanging behind him in the air of the room. "I love you," he will call, and quickly close the door. Sometimes he will go back to the studio, but usually he will walk around the block and return. The chain will be on the door, and he will call through the crack until Maggie lets him in. She will be sitting in the kitchen wearing Nat's old maroon bathrobe and drinking straight Scotch. They will embrace after a time. If they are not too drunk by then, they will make love, and it will seem to Ernest that they are really touching, flesh to flesh.

At times, he is certain that Maggie is possessed—when she hears voices, or sees figures looming above their bed, or when she talks to the cat and the cat seems to talk back. And there was once when, naked and screaming, she pursued him down the hall to the door of the apartment and frightened him into turning on her, crossing himself, and raising one arm pointed straight at her with two fingers of his hand spread out, extended in the sign to ward off the evil eye. She cursed at him and spat and cowered back, hands crossed over her groin, trying to cover her nakedness. "You know the sign, do you?" she said in a flat voice. "Get out. Get out. Get out." He went back to the studio shivering—it was winter, and he left his coat behind—and reciting Hail Marys, words he did not know he knew. The next morning he called—"I think I forgot my coat," he said—and went over for breakfast. The storm had passed. Maggie remembered nothing, and it was as if nothing had happened at all.

Oh, we love each other, all right, Ernest thinks. Why try to analyze it away? How rare the bad scenes have been, after all. The worst is this anxious waiting, and even that is not so bad. Sometimes he thinks that if he had nothing, nothing at all, to be anxious about he would explode. Perhaps he stays with Maggie because of that, because she gives him something to be anxious over and releases him at the end. It's on the days after nights like this that he feels best and does his best work. It excites him to wait for her. Why would he do it if he didn't like it? She fills his mind. He is more aware of her now than he can be when she is there beside him—more excited by her. It is exciting, waiting for her and imagining where she may be.

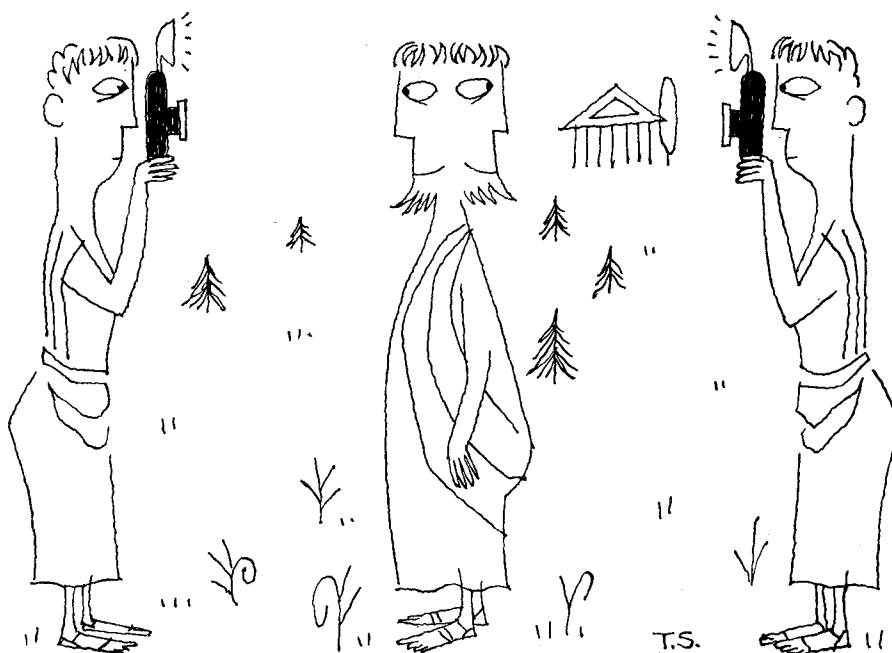
He has tried not to—but what if, right now, he lets his imagination go. She is probably drinking with Fred. What's-His-Name, he knows that. They

have been working off and on for the past two months on a pilot for one of Fred's clients. Maggie has talked about him. They have had drinks before. "He's no threat, Ernest," she has said. "He's gay." But how can he be sure Fred is entirely gay? Ernest has met him, at a party full of men who *were*—they were dancing, doing those Campy tangos, all of that—but Fred was with a girl. Though she was the cold sort you'd expect him to be with if he was gay. Fred and the girl didn't stay long. Fred looked attractive but ruined. What if he were trying to go straight? Ernest knew a woman who told him the most proficient lover she'd ever had was gay. What if Maggie decided after three drinks she could help straighten Fred out? He lives in the Forties; it would be easy to go to his place. Why not? And then . . . But this is all so unlikely, Ernest thinks. Maggie never lets herself go that far, or if she does and sleeps with anyone else it's a mistake. Literally a mistake. She has to be drunk enough to think it's him. He remembers coming up to the apartment one Saturday afternoon after she had been shopping with a visiting client from Chicago, buying presents for his wife and children. She answered the door weeping, her hair in her eyes, her dress torn. "He raped me," she sobbed. "The bastard *raped* me. I thought it was you."

Ah, it is true. The waiting makes her more real. He wants her now. Where is she? In Fred's arms? *Under* him? Too drunk to know what she is doing? Thinking that faggot is *me*? How strange she is, Ernest thinks. Terrified of rape, she says, and yet she wears no more than those little dresses,

and in the summer hardly anything else at all. "I remember when I was young," she will say. "Can you believe it? Without a girdle, I used to feel *naked*." And when passion does strike her it is sudden, like a windstorm off the prairie. It happens so fast and is over so fast—hardly enough to call it an act. A quick sigh, and that's all. Thinking of it, Ernest remembers driving up a hill with Maggie in winter, in a rented car. The road was covered with thin ice and the tires slipped back so that they could only inch up slowly, slowly, waiting, hoping they would get to the top. Maggie could not bear it—the tension of waiting was too great—and got out of the car. He had to come back down for her once he'd reached the top, sliding on foot down the hill. Pines on either side, light snow on the road, the sky clear and blue, an inn at the top of the hill where, finally, they sat and drank. Maggie could never bear waiting, or slow love.

Ernest makes himself a cup of coffee. Now it is half past ten. Maggie will be back before long, and he wants his mind to be clear. Another drink could put him in a jealous rage. God knows, he thinks, we both take *some* strange pleasure in this. He hopes the pleasure does not spoil; it did with his wife. When she called the other day about the alimony check he'd forgotten to send, he told her more about his life with Maggie than he meant to. He usually does. "Does it ever occur to you that you and Maggie have interlocking neuroses?" Paula said. *Occur* to him? How else—why else—do people get together in this vale of tears! What else binds people together at all? That and blood, and



loyalty sometimes. Isn't it worth it? I *need* someone to wait for, Ernest thinks, and I need to know she will return. With Paula, he was never sure she would return. And Paula is hard. Maggie has never come to terms with the world, and she is innocent and vulnerable. Maggie's vulnerability is what makes it so difficult, for Ernest knows that someday he will have to leave her for good—go beyond her, beyond these games and this waiting. He will have to begin to change. "You think life is a Broadway play," he has said to Maggie. "For you, the characters never change; they go through their paces, that's all. But life is a novel. It has to be. People have to change."

"People don't change," Maggie has said to him. "Only characters in novels."

But there is change, Ernest thinks, if there is life.

SITTING in the kitchen now, Ernest makes himself another cup of coffee. Waiting! he thinks. Lord, *how* they were made to wait, he and his brother, by the women in the family, their grandmother and their aunts. Charles, less patient than he, had a sharper tongue, but he was intimidated by those women, too. "Wait here, children," Grandmother would say. "Wait right here. I'll only be a minute." And Charles, smirking and raising his eyebrows, would whisper, "That means at least an *hour*."

"Wait in the car. I'll be right back," she would say.

"Oh, mercy, I forgot my purse," she would say. "Run in, Charles, and get it like a good boy. No. No. I'd better get it myself. You children wait."

"Wait till your grandmother starts eating, Ernest. Put that fork down."

"No, you may *not* be excused. You sit right there until everybody else has finished his dessert."

What tyrants they were! And if you made *them* wait! If you were five minutes late for dinner or dawdled in the bath on Sunday before church! Ah, those Sundays of waiting! Sitting in Sunday school. Sitting in church. Waiting for Sunday dinner until all the folks had arrived. Sitting in the car during Grandma's Sunday drive. Waiting through the long afternoon, when all he and Charles were permitted was quiet play. Waiting for supper. Waiting for the popcorn after supper. Going to bed not tired enough for sleep and waiting for sleep. No wonder he and Charles had Sunday headaches to this day.

Shopping with their grandmother

MOON LANDING

It's natural the Boys should whoop it up for
so huge a phallic triumph, an adventure
it would not have occurred to women
to think worthwhile, made possible only

because we like huddling in gangs and knowing
the exact time: yes, our sex may with reason
hurrah the deed, although the motives
that primed it were somewhat less than *menschlich*.

A grand gesture. But what does it period?
What does it osse? We were always adroiter
with objects than lives and more facile
at courage than kindness: from the moment

the first flint was flaked, this landing was merely
a matter of time. But our selves, like Adam's,
still don't fit us exactly, modern
only in this—our lack of decorum.

Homer's heroes were no braver than Armstrong,
Aldrin, Collins, but more fortunate: Hector
was excused the insult of having
his valor covered by television.

Worth *going* to see? I can well believe it.
Worth *seeing*? Mneh! I once rode through a desert
and was not charmed: give me a watered
lively garden, remote from blatherers

about the New, the von Brauns and their ilk, where
on August mornings I can count the morning
glories, where to die has a meaning,
and no engine can shift my perspective.

Unsmudged, thank God, my Moon still queens the Heavens
as She ebbs and fulls, a Presence to glop at,
Her Old Man, made of grit not protein,
still visits my Austrian several

with His old detachment, and the old warnings
still have power to scare me: Hybris comes to
a nasty finish, Irreverence
is a greater oaf than Superstition.

Our apparatniks will continue making
the usual squalid mess called History:
all we can pray for is that artists,
chefs and saints may still appear to blithe it.

—W. H. AUDEN

was the worst. "Just a few more minutes, children. Grandma has to buy a few more things." *Has* to buy! As if duty and nothing else impelled her to try on those frocks! He and Charles would sit in the mahogany-panelled ladies' waiting room on a bench without cushions that stood against the wall next to the bathroom and not far from the store's cashier. Money and sales slips came to her cage from every floor

through tubes that ran in a cluster near the ceiling. Blackstone's was the largest department store in southern Indiana, seven stories high. Cartridges dropped into a basket inside the cage. *Whoosh*, then *thup*. *Whoosh-whoosh*. *Thup*. *Thup*. Call bells rang. *Ping*. Pause. *Ping*. Pause. *Ping ping*. Smell of furniture oil and lilac disinfectant. The faint rush of water in the toilets. And the women. Out they stepped, out of the elevators, out the ladies'-room door. Swish of skirts. Swish of stockings on heavy thighs. Plump Indiana farm women. He and Charles would discuss, giggling, what they must look like





"If the audio and the video conk out, how would they decide who wins?"

when they took off their clothes. Like the ladies on the girdle pages in the Sears catalogue? Like Grandma? But she was all skin and bones. Ernest remembers seeing her in her corset one day, seeing her brown leathery flesh. Why was she so brown? Was that why she ordered those creams all the way from Marshall Field's in Chicago? Was she trying to make her skin lighter than it was? He and Charles discussed these things without passion—unless their dry, insistent curiosity had passion—and never talked about them much except when they were waiting on that hard bench, waiting, waiting, having to keep still and with nothing, really nothing at all, to do. Then a louder bell than the call bells would ring, and it would mean there was only half an hour until closing, and then the fifteen-minute bell rang, and finally their grandmother would come and they would leave the store on the last elevator, going out to the parking lot past men waiting to lock the doors behind them. And then their grandmother would drive the fifty miles home while they sat in the back of the car, waiting to be out of there and free.

Then Charles was in long trousers and allowed to stay behind while Ernest went with his grandmother to Blackstone's alone, and then Ernest was in long trousers, too. "My baby's growing up," his grandmother had said when she saw him. She had pretended to cry, and then she had really cried. She had taken the boys from their father after their mother died. Wasn't she better qualified to bring up children

after raising five of her own? But she hadn't wanted *them*, she wanted her daughter back, and what she saw in her grandsons were remembrances of their mother—fragments and vestiges she did her best to preserve. "That's just what Mary would do," she would say as she watched Charles open a Christmas present, unloosening the knot instead of breaking the cord, folding the paper neatly. Or she would say to Ernest, "You were sleeping the way your mother did when I tucked you in last night." Sometimes, when they sat in the living room in the evening after dinner, Ernest would look up and see his grandmother staring at him or at Charles, staring through them at something in the past before they were born. It was an eerie feeling. As if they were expected to *become* their mother, as if they were only real when they were like her. No wonder Charles had turned queer. The wonder was that he, Ernest, hadn't joined him. And their father—when they saw him, which wasn't often—was no help. He expected the same. Half their blood was their mother's and that was the half he wanted to see. He liked them studious and gentle and they had complied.

Ernest turned out to be the image of his mother, and how they had spoiled him! Dolling him up, slicking down his hair! Charles, feeling ignored, began to grow bitter and mean, while Ernest became everyone's darling. And he was to be *preserved*. He was to take no risks. He could not ride bicycles or swim or skate on the river ice or have a dog. Dogs got rabies. He was to stay alive.

They brought him up, Ernest can see now, as if he were a girl. Those fantasies he had of being transformed into a beautiful princess! Never into a prince. He knew that he was a boy and that he would have to grow up to be a man, and he half resented it. His soul was female, trapped in a boy's body. Even now, when Ernest remembers his fantasies, his body warms and an easy lassitude begins to overcome him, like what he occasionally feels after making love. Perhaps that is why he sometimes has the notion after making love with Maggie that they have each taken on the sex of the other for a moment and have become whole and at peace. And his later fantasies were never of seducing women and conquering them but of rescuing them, of being near them, hearing their talk, seeing them dress and make up, touching them, touching their clothes, smelling their perfumes. He remembers his aunts' closets, remembers sitting in them, remembers trying on their clothes. . . . He has still, he thinks, a feminine soul. Of course he doesn't mind waiting. He waits as a woman waits, to be filled.

But now there comes to him the memory of waiting for his father, whom he does not love, on those weekends not long after his mother's death when his father drove down from Chicago to visit his sons. It was Ernest who waited and not Charles. Charles was nine and had a life of his own. Ernest was five. He would wait quietly through the long Saturday afternoons, sitting on the concrete steps outside his grandmother's house, waiting for his

father's green Chevrolet. On the porch was a creaking swing, painted dark gray, that hung from hooks in the light-gray ceiling. Its motion made Ernest's head ache, and he never sat in it long. He preferred the steps and sat there, shaded by the catalpa trees on each side of the walk, looking for his father's car, trying to discover it coming far down the road, knowing that it would not appear before dinnertime but waiting there from three o'clock on, unable to do anything but wait.

And then his father would arrive and there would be presents and a quick hug, and that night he and his father would sleep in the same bed. His father would snore and Ernest would lie awake listening to the snoring. His father wore brown pajamas with yellow frogs and a Chinese character on the pocket that stood, his father said, for either "Long Life" or "Happiness." His father smelled of cigarettes and Listerine and Lifebuoy soap, and in the morning he would

shave with his electric razor. His silver pen and pencil and his leather wallet and his notebook would be on Ernest's dresser. The electric alarm clock his father brought would wake them early, so that his father could play golf before church on the nine-hole course south of town. Charles would go with him around the course and Ernest would wait for them at home, wait for the moment when his father returned, smelling a little of whiskey and sweat, and lifted him up in his arms and rubbed his cheek, scratchy in spite of his shaving, against Ernest's own.

And how much waiting there has been after that! Waiting to grow up, waiting to go to college, waiting to leave Indiana for good, waiting to get out of the Army, waiting to live in New York City, waiting to feel love, waiting . . .

How weak it makes him sound. Ernest knows it. Only the weak have to wait. Waiting is the penalty inflicted upon the weak by the strong.

But it is hardly a harsh penalty, Ernest thinks. He, waiting, is happier than Maggie, who has made him wait. Wherever she is, he knows that by now—it is going on twelve—she would rather be at home with him. Waiting, he escapes from time in a way. It no longer passes so quickly but hangs heavy, making him a present of itself. One hour becomes three, and his life, spent largely in waiting, seems endlessly long.

What are the times of waiting? Why, adolescence, when one waits for freedom and for love, and old age, when one waits for death. The experts in waiting, Ernest thinks, are the old and those who, like himself, have never left adolescence behind, who were never led out of it and into the world. They can wait with something like patience, openly and without shame, because they have nothing in particular to do. There was no one to take him out of his adolescence in that house full of women—his father, by the time Ernest was ready, had given up trying—and no one to introduce him to the world. He has had to become his own guide. He is awkward and lazy at it still, and he knows it, but he will find his way out of this prison in time. He believes that, and knows he is in a prison. He does not intend to spend all his life waiting. Though he may love her—if it is love—he knows he will leave Maggie behind. But not yet.

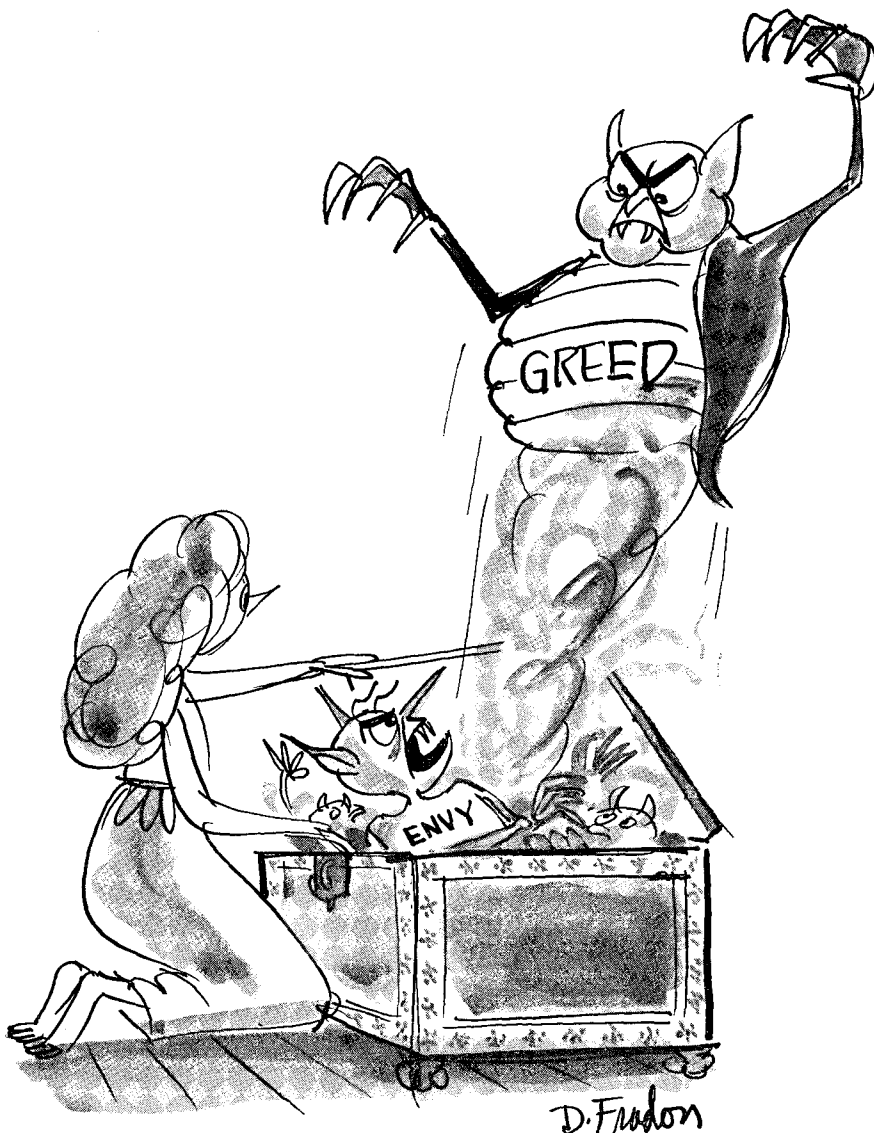
The doorbell rings, and Ernest goes to the refrigerator for the daisies. When he comes out of the kitchen, he sees that Maggie has already let herself in and is standing stock-still in the hallway, feet apart, her shoes and bag in her hands, her coat on the floor at her feet.

"That bastard," she says. "That bastard."

"Hey, Maggie," Ernest says, holding up the daisies before her. "Hey. Look. I got you some flowers!"

"Oh, Ernest, aren't they lovely!" Maggie says. She has been beaten. On the left side of her face is a great bruise. Blood stains the collar of her dress. To Ernest, she is terrifying and beautiful. Her eyes are bright.

—ROBERT HEMENWAY



"Why is it you always have to get out first?"

Mayor Pro Tem, who has served on the Kinston City Council for eight years . . . withdrew his candidacy in a surprise announcement at a meeting of the City Council Monday night.—*Photograph caption in the Kinston (N.C.) Free Press.*

There were two of those Tem boys—Pro and Con.

ANNALS OF DISCOVERY

THE BEAGLE-II

ON July 22, 1834, H.M.S. Beagle, captained by Robert FitzRoy, R.N., and with Charles Darwin serving as ship's naturalist, dropped anchor off Valparaiso, Chile. Behind her lay an eight-month voyage from Montevideo around the foot of South America. It had been a dreadful passage—quite possibly the worst since the company left England, two and a half years earlier, with the mission of charting the South American coast and establishing a chain of chronological reckonings around the world. They had tackled the icy straits of Tierra del Fuego in winter, and the weather had been terrible. Great masses of ice frequently fell from the overhanging cliffs, and the crashes reverberated like cannon fire through the lonely channels. "One sight of such a coast," wrote Darwin, "is enough to make a landsman dream for a week about shipwrecks, perils, and death." In this overbearing landscape, the Beagle seemed a toy—a ten-gun brig of two hundred and forty-two tons, just ninety feet in length—and only the superb seamanship of FitzRoy had got the ship through. And so it was a storm-battered body of men who arrived at last off Valparaiso, made none the happier by the knowledge that the survey of Tierra del Fuego was still incomplete and that they would have to go back. But that was all in the future, and right now the sea was calm and the sun was shining. After eight months of being out of touch with the world—eight months of monotonous food, wet clothes, and the perpetual heaving of the deck—it was an exhilarating thing to see a civilized town again, especially such a beautiful town as this. The white flat-topped houses straggled up the mountainside among trees and patches of green grass, and behind them rose the tremendous backcloth of the Andes. Good country smells came out from the shore, and the smoke from the homestead chimneys was a promise of fresh food and the sight of women once again. Mail from home was awaiting them—the third volume of Lyell's "Principles of Geology" in Darwin's packet, and even a new pair of walking shoes. He lost no time in getting off the dank ship and taking up his quarters with Richard Corfield, an old school-fellow he found living in the town. Then he was off on a mule to unravel



Charles Darwin

the mystery of the Andes. He was away for six weeks.

There is something about Darwin's travels in the high mountains that is especially sparkling and fresh. Of course, he loved mountain climbing, but the Andes lifted up his spirits to the highest pitch, ideas crowded into his mind, one discovery led to another, and he was game for anything. He stands on a crag high above Valparaiso, with nothing around him but bare red rocks and the condors wheeling overhead, and the clarity of the air is such that Chile spreads out below as though it were a map. He can see the masts of the ships at anchor in the bay, twenty-six miles away. Behind him extends a "fine chaos of mountains." It is sublime—"like hearing a chorus of the Messiah in full orchestra. I felt glad that I was alone." In the teeth of a high wind coming in from the Pacific, he sits his mule securely, and even on the most vertiginous passes and the most wobbly of suspension bridges he feels no giddiness. He is so high up that his potatoes boil but will not cook, and he must huddle close to his two guides for warmth at night. There is so much to see: the alpine birds; the puma that is driven up a tree and baited to death by dogs but utters no cry; the rat, very tame and abundant, that lives "chiefly in hedges, curling its tail." He sees

what he thinks is a cloud of heavy smoke, which turns out to be a swarm of locusts, flying north at a speed of some ten miles an hour. The great swarm comes rushing on with a sound like wind going through the rigging of a ship, and Darwin joins the peasants in shouting and waving branches in a vain effort to drive them away.

But it is the geology of the mountains that engrosses him, and he makes two discoveries that rivet his attention: at twelve thousand feet he comes on a bed of fossil seashells, and then, somewhat lower down, a small forest of snow-white petrified fir trees with marine rock deposits around them. The "marvellous story" was at last beginning to unfold. These trees had once stood on the shores of the Atlantic, now a thousand miles away; they had been sunk beneath the sea, then raised seven thousand feet. Clearly, all this part of the South American peninsula had once been submerged, and in quite recent geological times had been elevated again. As the Andes were pushed upward, they became at first a series of wooded islands and then a continuous chain of mountains, whose cold climate killed off the vegetation as they rose. This movement had been accompanied by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, which acted as safety valves and "relieved the trembling ground."

Not everyone was going to believe Darwin, of course. Some of the Chileans would want to know what he thought he was doing, roaming around in the mountains with his little hammer. "It is not good," a suspicious old Spanish lawyer said to him later. "*Hay gato encerrado.*" ("There is a cat shut up here.") He went on, "No country is so rich as to send out people to pick up such rubbish. I do not like it." Darwin replied by asking him if he was not curious to know how the earthquakes and volcanoes occurred, and why some springs were hot and others cold. These questions satisfied and silenced most people, but some, "like a few in England who are a century behindhand," Darwin wrote, thought that all such inquiries were useless and impious, "and that it was quite sufficient that God had thus made the mountains." And FitzRoy? What was he going to say to all this? There was something admirable about Fitz-

Roy—his aristocratic bearing (he was descended from the illicit liaison between Charles II and the Duchess of Cleveland), his resourcefulness, his integrity, his flashes of generosity—and Darwin had started the voyage with a bad case of hero worship. Yet there was no doubt that FitzRoy could be numbered among those Englishmen who were a century behindhand. To him, the word of the Bible was the exact and only truth; man and his world had been created precisely as related in the Book of Genesis, and the story of the Flood was not to be doubted for one instant. Indeed, he had welcomed Darwin on board the Beagle because he was sure that Darwin's researches would prove beyond cavil the authenticity of the Biblical version of creation. What would FitzRoy now say to his naturalist's discoveries? It was in a state of some excitement that Darwin set out on the return to Valparaiso.

He got back to find that momentous things had been taking place aboard the Beagle while he was away, and that FitzRoy was in no condition to discuss this or anything else in a reasonable way; in fact, he had gone half out of his mind. What had happened was this: The year before, in his zeal to get on with his survey (a truly formidable task), FitzRoy had bought with his own money an American sealing ship (which he renamed the Adventure) to serve as a support vessel for the Beagle. All this had seemed reasonable and efficient, but now there had come a letter from the Admiralty in London flatly refusing to take on the expense of the extra ship; FitzRoy had acted without instructions, and he must pay all the costs himself, must dismiss the additional sailors he had enlisted, and must sell the ship at once. To any normal commander, this would have been a severe rebuke; to FitzRoy it was an outrageous and unforgivable blow to his pride. Perhaps he might have endured it had he been feeling well, but the strain of the last six months of danger and overwork showed clearly in his thin and worried face. From the outset, as Darwin had noted, FitzRoy had been beset by occasional black despairs and "severe silences." Now the overrigid self-control collapsed, hatred and rage took over, and he allowed his mind to go plummeting downward into complete despondency. No doubt he thought of Captain Stokes, the previous captain of the Beagle, who had committed suicide in 1828—probably in the same cabin in which FitzRoy now passed so much

FRAGMENT

A sword,
An iron sword hammered out in the cold of dawn,
A sword carved with runes
That no one will overlook, that no one will interpret in full,
A sword from the Baltic that will be celebrated in Northumbria,
A sword that poets
Will equate to ice and fire,
A sword that will be handed from king to king
And from king to dream,
A sword that will be loyal
To an hour known only to Destiny,
A sword that will light up the battle.

A sword to fit the hand
That will guide the beautiful battle, the web of men,
A sword to fit the hand
That will stain with blood the wolf's fangs
And the raven's ruthless beak,
A sword to fit the hand
That will squander red gold,
A sword to fit the hand
That will deal death to the serpent in its golden lair,
A sword to fit the hand
That will gain a kingdom and lose a kingdom,
A sword to fit the hand
That will bring down the forest of spears.
A sword to fit the hand of Beowulf.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.)

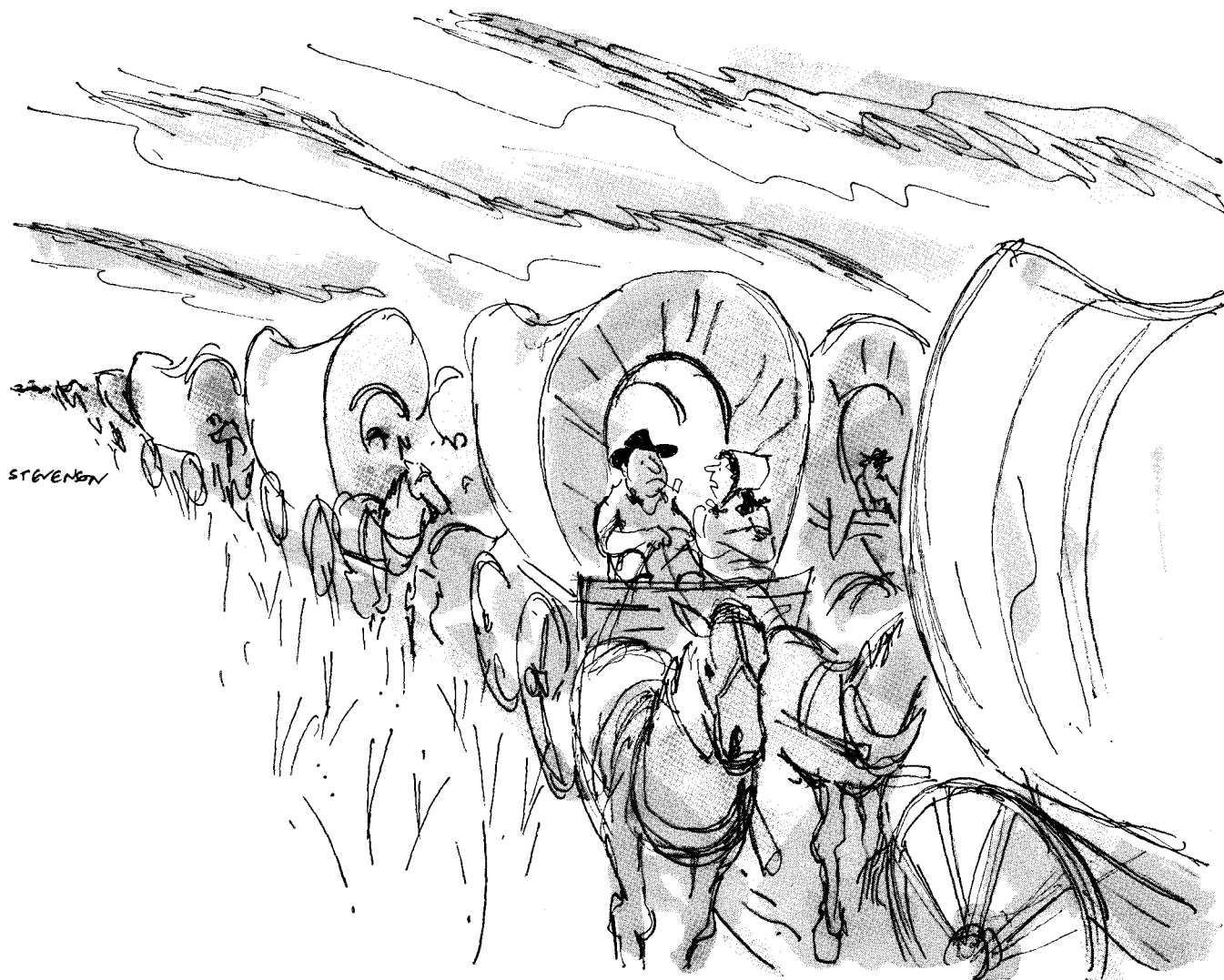
of his time. He was going insane, he declared, and there was nothing to be done; madness was in the family. His uncle Castlereagh had committed suicide, and he was going the same way. He must resign; John Wickham, the second-in-command, must take over and sail the ship directly to England. It was in vain that the ship's medical officer, Benjamin Bynoe, tried to calm him down—to reassure him that it was only from overtiredness that he was suffering, that a little rest would put him right again. FitzRoy was adamant: he was no longer fit to command.

This was the situation when Darwin got back to Valparaiso, and he thought it disastrous. He did allow

himself for a moment to toy with the idea of going home—"the exhaustless delight of anticipating the long wished-for day of return." But to cut short his trip like this just when they had escaped from the accursed Tierra del Fuego into the Pacific—no, that was unthinkable. "One whole night I tried to think over the pleasure of seeing Shrewsbury again, but the barren plains of Peru gained the day," he wrote. He would leave the Beagle and finish his investigations in the Andes; then, a year or two later, he would find his own way back to England.

It was Wickham who saved the day. He guessed correctly that what FitzRoy was really worrying about was his inability to complete the survey of Tierra del Fuego if he was left with only one ship. So now Wickham pointed out that FitzRoy's instructions by no means obliged him to return to that dangerous coast; he was supposed only to give it as much time as he could spare before he embarked on a cruise through the Pacific. If he himself had command, Wickham went on, he would not think of going back to Tierra del Fuego; he would carry out the original plan of returning to England on the much pleasanter Pacific route around the Cape of Good Hope. Thus,





"What did I say about leaving on a Friday afternoon!"

there was every reason for FitzRoy to continue in command; he needed a respite on shore, and then he would feel much better when he got to sea again.

Little by little, FitzRoy was pacified—no doubt he felt all the better for his outburst—and in the end he agreed to resume command and to abandon the rest of the Fuegian survey. It was, incidentally, just as well that he reached this decision, for the crew had had enough of Tierra del Fuego, and a number of them were planning to desert if the Beagle returned there.

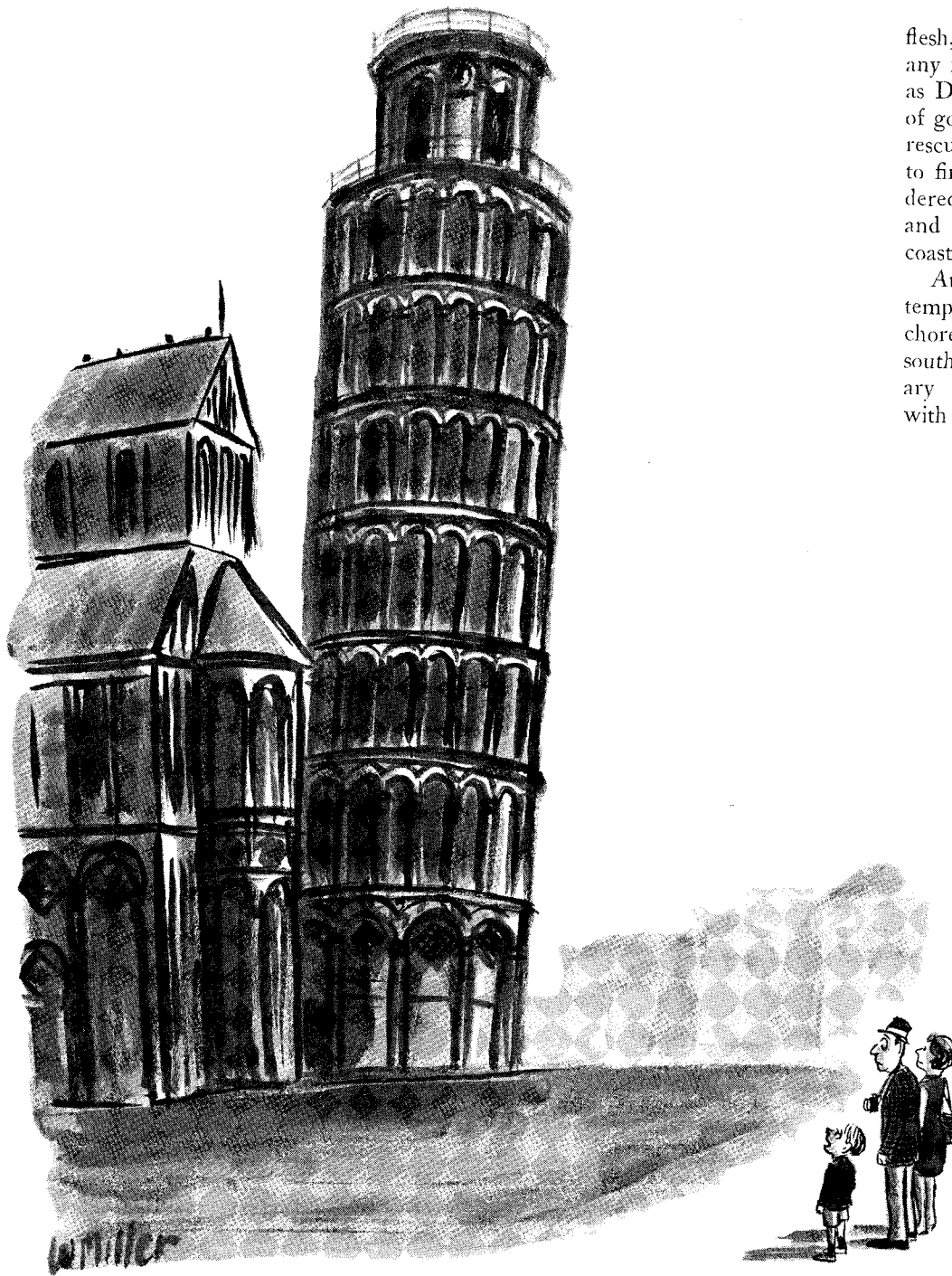
The Adventure was now sold for a surprisingly good price, and the Beagle made ready for sea again. Unfortunately, FitzRoy felt the loss of the Adventure as a great blow. "I confess," he wrote later, "that my own feelings and health were . . . much altered in consequence [and] deprived of their former elasticity and soundness." This may have been the cause of the next scene. Darwin had become quite severely ill on his return from the An-

des—from the effects of drinking coarse red wine, he thought, but it must have been something much more serious, perhaps the bite of the poisonous Benchuca bug—and although he was carefully nursed at Corfield's home and was looked after by Bynoe (who prescribed calomel), it was over a month before he was on his feet again. FitzRoy delayed the departure of the Beagle for ten days on Darwin's account, and then, paradoxically, provoked a quarrel with him.

It was an absurd incident. FitzRoy remarked that since he and all the officers had been so generously entertained in Valparaiso, he would have to give "a great party to all the inhabitants of the place." Darwin demurred; it was not really necessary, he thought. FitzRoy burst into a fury; yes, Darwin was just the sort of man who would take any favors and make no return. Darwin, without a word, got up and left the ship. When he returned a few days later, FitzRoy, already on the road to recovery,

behaved as though nothing had happened. Wickham, however, had had enough; he drew Darwin aside and told him to stop making trouble with the Captain. "Confound you, philosopher, I wish you would not quarrel with the skipper," he said. "The day you left the ship I was dead tired, and he kept me walking the deck till midnight, abusing you all the time."

One wonders a little where one is in all this. Was the mild Darwin getting more aggressive as the voyage went on? Had his hero-worshipping abated? Certainly he was not prepared now to accept FitzRoy's flat pronouncements about the truth of the Book of Genesis. In Valparaiso, for the first time since the voyage began, he had found a group of educated and intelligent men who were willing to discuss scientific matters in an open-minded way, and it had been a great relief. FitzRoy could, if he liked, go on thinking that the Andes had never risen from beneath the sea—that the mountains had always been there, and



"Is that all it does?"

that the Flood had simply come up and covered them—but it was rubbish; he had positive proof that it was not so. There were other aspects of the Bible as well that were open to question. Wisely, for the time being, he kept these speculations to himself, but they were very much in his mind as the *Beagle* sailed south for a survey of the Chilean coast. There was one strange incident when they were beating along the wild and deserted shore near Cape Tres Montes. Bad weather drove them into a small harbor, and they were astonished to see what looked like a signal of distress from the land. A boat was

sent ashore and brought back two seamen, members of a party of six who had deserted fifteen months before from an American whaler and had since been wandering, helplessly lost, up and down the empty coast, coming across no trace of man or animal, except deer and nutria, in all that time. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of their odyssey was that they had kept a close reckoning of time and were only four days out. One of the men had been killed by falling off a cliff, but the *Beagle* rescued the five others, and they were found to be in better condition after a year of living on seals'

flesh, shellfish, and wild celery than any five sailors on board the ship. But, as Darwin says, what a singular piece of good fortune they had in being thus rescued; had the *Beagle* not chanced to find them, "they might have wandered till they had grown old men, and at last have perished on this wild coast."

At length, after weeks of rough, tempestuous weather, the *Beagle* anchored off the town of Valdivia, on the south Chilean coast, and on February 20, 1835, Darwin went ashore with his assistant, Sims Covington, for one of his usual forays in search of new specimens. They wandered for a time through some apple orchards and then lay down on the ground to rest. Suddenly a breeze swept through the trees, and at the same time the ground began to tremble. Darwin and Covington started to their feet, and although they managed to stand up, they felt very giddy and insecure. "An earthquake like this at once destroys our oldest associations," Darwin reflected afterward. "The world, the very emblem of all that is solid, had moved beneath our feet like a crust over a fluid; one second of time has created in the mind a strange idea of insecurity, which hours of reflection would not have produced." On board the *Beagle*, it was as though the ship for a moment had slipped her anchors and was bumping on the bottom. The center of the earthquake, however, was farther to the north, and it was only when they sailed into the port of Talcahuano that they realized the full horror of what had happened. All the shore was strewn with debris, and it

was "as if a thousand great ships had been wrecked." Burst bales of cotton, dead animals, uprooted trees, chairs, tables, even the roofs of houses lay tossed about on every side, and great masses of rock had fallen onto the beaches. The people had been given little warning; at ten in the morning, large flights of seabirds were seen moving inland, and the dogs in the port took to the hills. But no one had thought much of these things at the time, and, in any case, at eleven o'clock the usual sea breeze had got up. Then, at 11:40 A.M., the shocks began, and within a few seconds increased to an incredible violence. It was

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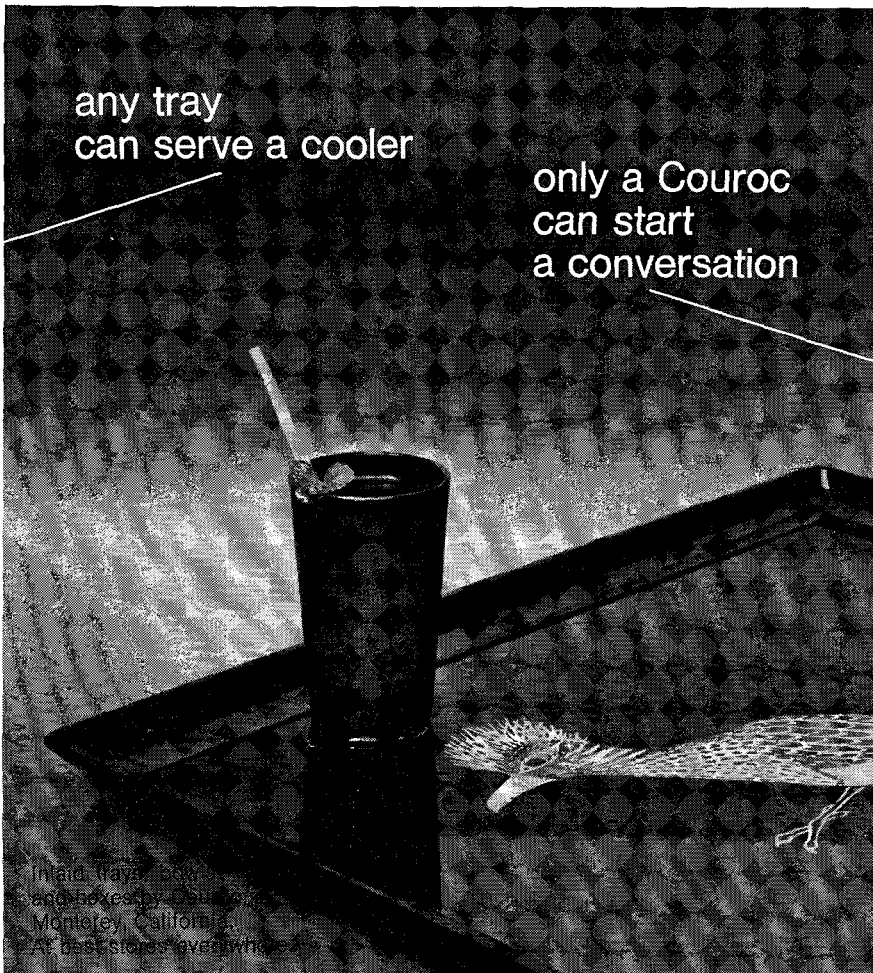


a curious twisting movement, which made the ground rapidly open up in foot-wide fissures and then close again, and this was accompanied by a dry cracking sound. Meanwhile, the sea was draining out of Talcahuano Bay. A number of sailing ships were anchored there—three large whaling vessels, a bark, two brigs, and a schooner—and all these were left keeling over in a wet plain of mud and soggy seaweed. The people ashore had by now bolted for high ground, expecting a great wave to follow, and thirty minutes after the first shock it came. With an appalling roar, an enormous wall of water—a moving hill—rose up out of the sea and swept into the bay. On the ships, the sailors took to the rigging and hung on for dear life as the wave went by and burst upon the town. Here it carried everything before it—loose timbers and bric-a-brac of every kind, whole houses with their furniture inside, even the horses, sheep, and cattle that were grazing in the fields. All these were floated out to sea as the wave fell back, and once again the ships in the bay were bumping on the bottom. And now a second, larger wave came on, and this, too, receded, only to be followed by a third, which was greater still. It was amazing the way most of the ships withstood this battering. They spun around as if caught in a whirlpool, and although some of them collided, their anchors held. Out in the ocean, the water turned black and seemed to be boiling; at two places, columns of smoke were seen bursting up through the surface, and they had a loathsome, sulphurous smell—the smell, so it seemed to the inhabitants, of Hell itself. Large numbers of fish were poisoned. Then a whirlpool developed, and it seemed as if the floor of the sea had cracked open and the sea were pouring itself into a vast cavity below. For some days afterward, high and low tides occurred several times an hour.

By the time the Beagle arrived at Talcahuano, all was still, but a fearful stench of dead fish and animals and of decaying seaweed filled the air. This was no moment for petty triumphs, but Darwin (no doubt with a gleam in his eye) was able to point out to Fitz-Roy that the level of the land was now higher than it had been before—not much, just a few feet, but enough to prove that the earth *could* rise up out of the sea. And if a few feet, why not ten thousand? Why not whole mountains? What other possible explanation was there for the fact that he had found beds of seashells high up in the

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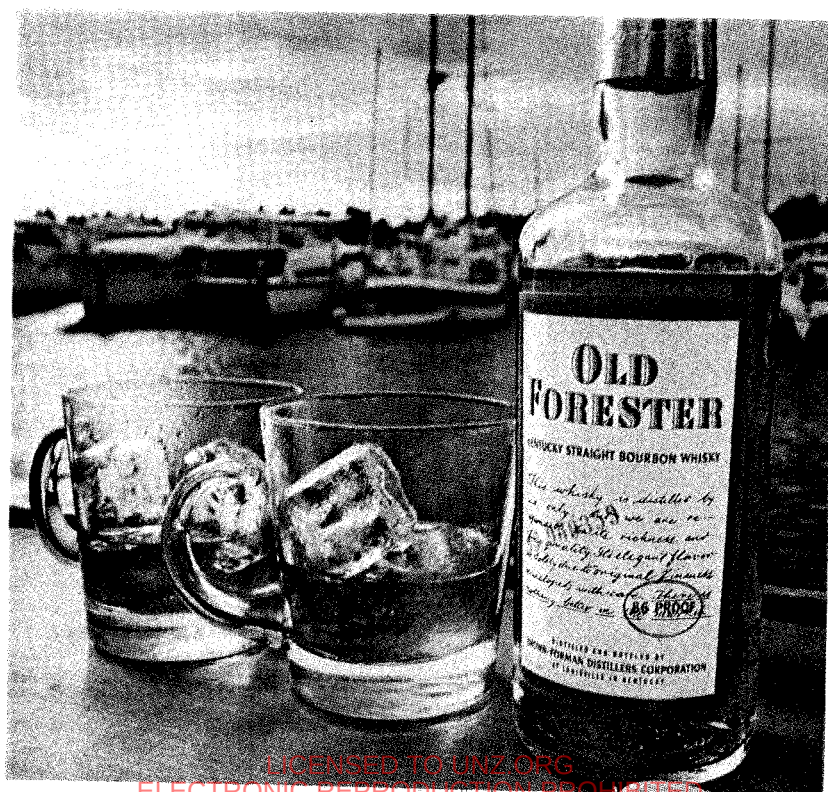


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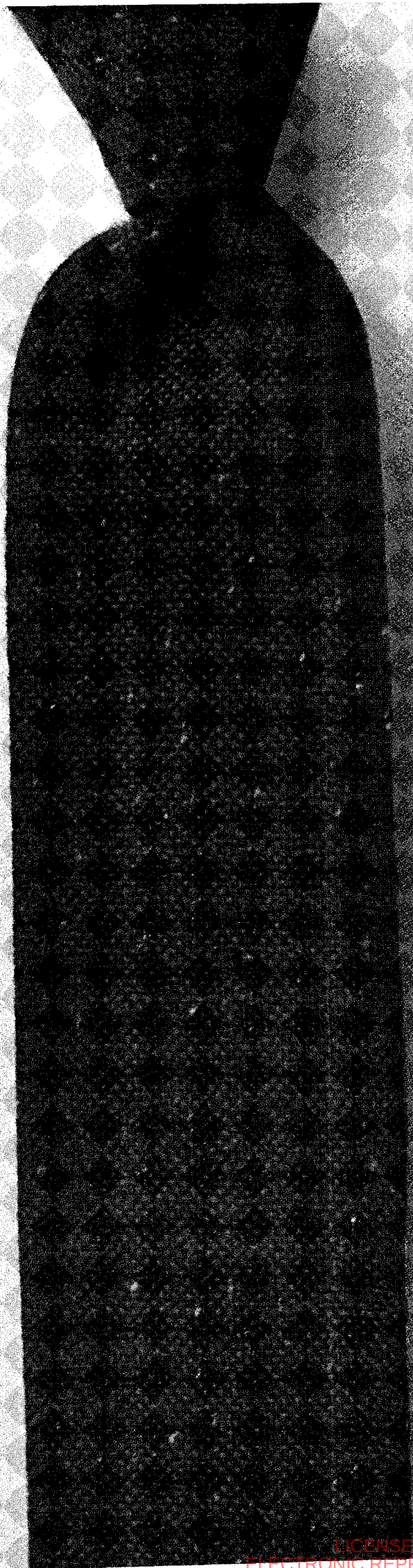
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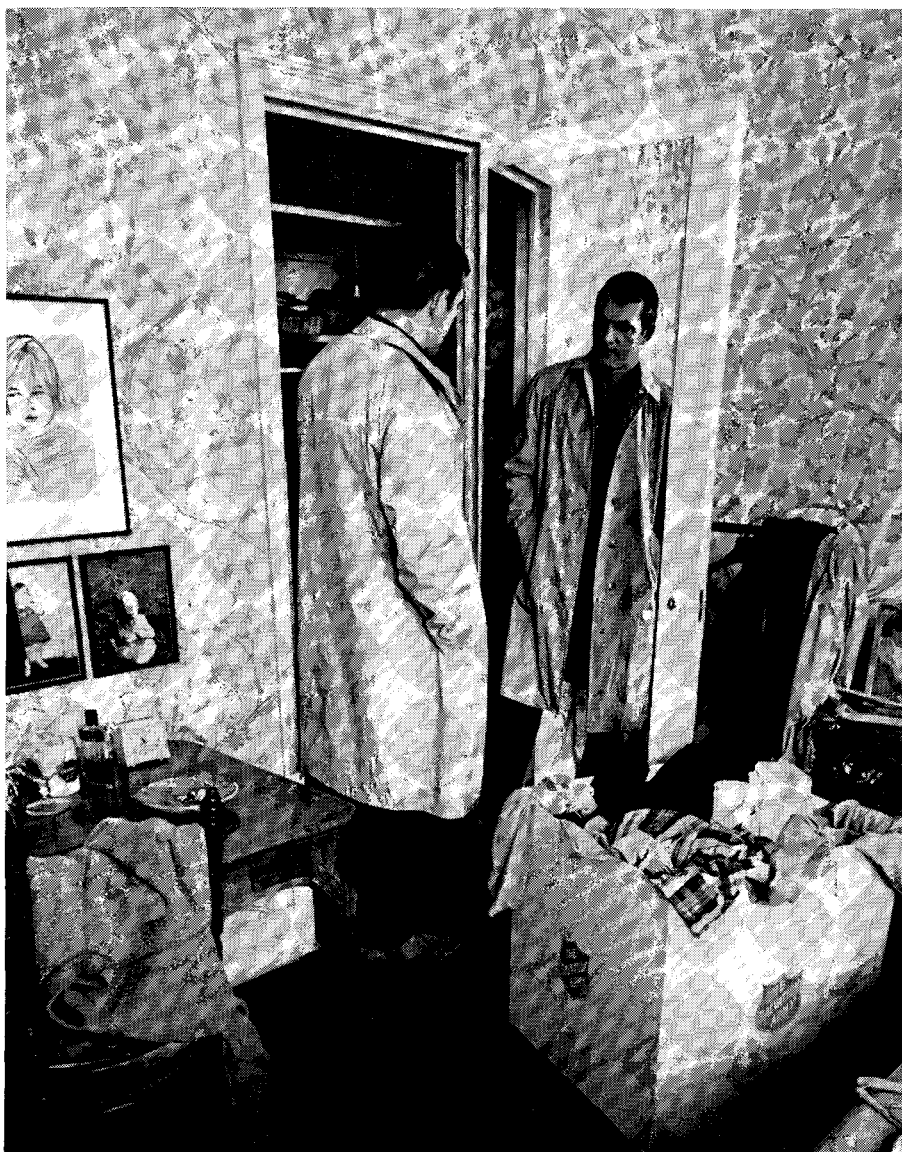
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Andes? This had been a bad earthquake, the worst that people could remember, and it had been accompanied by the simultaneous eruption of a line of volcanoes. Could it not be, Darwin reasoned, that the center of the earth was a raging furnace of molten rock, and that from time to time this furnace burst through the earth's cold surface? Now, finally, he could say with confidence, "We can scarcely avoid the conclusion, however fearful it may be, that a vast lake of melted matter of an area (here in Chile) nearly double the extent of the Black Sea is spread out beneath a mere crust of solid land. . . . Nothing, not even the wind that blows, is so unstable as the level of the crust of the earth." It was sobering to imagine this earthquake happening in England. What price then all the notions of empire and glory? All those great cities, the whole of British civilization itself, could have vanished in an instant.

THE earthquake had its effects on board the *Beagle* as well. It cleared the air. Where before there had been gloom and talk of resignations and desertions, now everyone from the Captain downward began to count his blessings and feel more cheerful. Darwin was preoccupied with his geology. When he got back to Valparaiso, he stayed for a while with the hospitable Corfield, and then in March, 1835, set off again into the mountains. This was going to be a very rough journey indeed. He planned to cross the Andes by the highest and most dangerous route—across the Portillo pass to Mendoza. He took with him two guides and ten mules, and they rode for hour after hour in the icy wind, stopping only for Darwin to clamber up rocks, geological hammer in hand. At night, they slept on the bare earth, and it is a proof of his extraordinary physical fitness at that time (so sadly to be denied him for the rest of his life) that when he got back from this trip, which took him twenty-four days, he said, "Never did I more deeply enjoy an equal space of time." A week or so later, he was off again, this time to the north, along the coast road from Valparaiso to Coquimbo and Copiapó, four hundred miles away. Only one thing worried him: the money he was spending. It had cost him sixty pounds to cross the Andes, and now he must draw a hundred pounds more. He wrote guiltily to his sister Susan, in Shrewsbury, "I verily believe I could spend money in the very moon." Again he took guides, and bought horses and mules, but these he managed to sell again at the end of the



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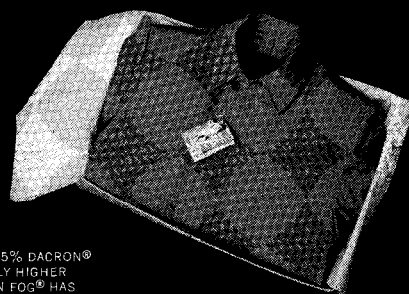
him the night he met his wife.

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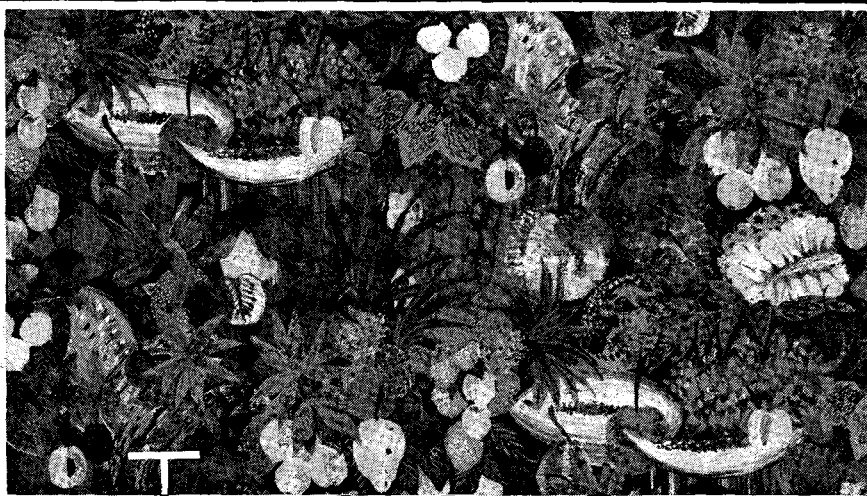


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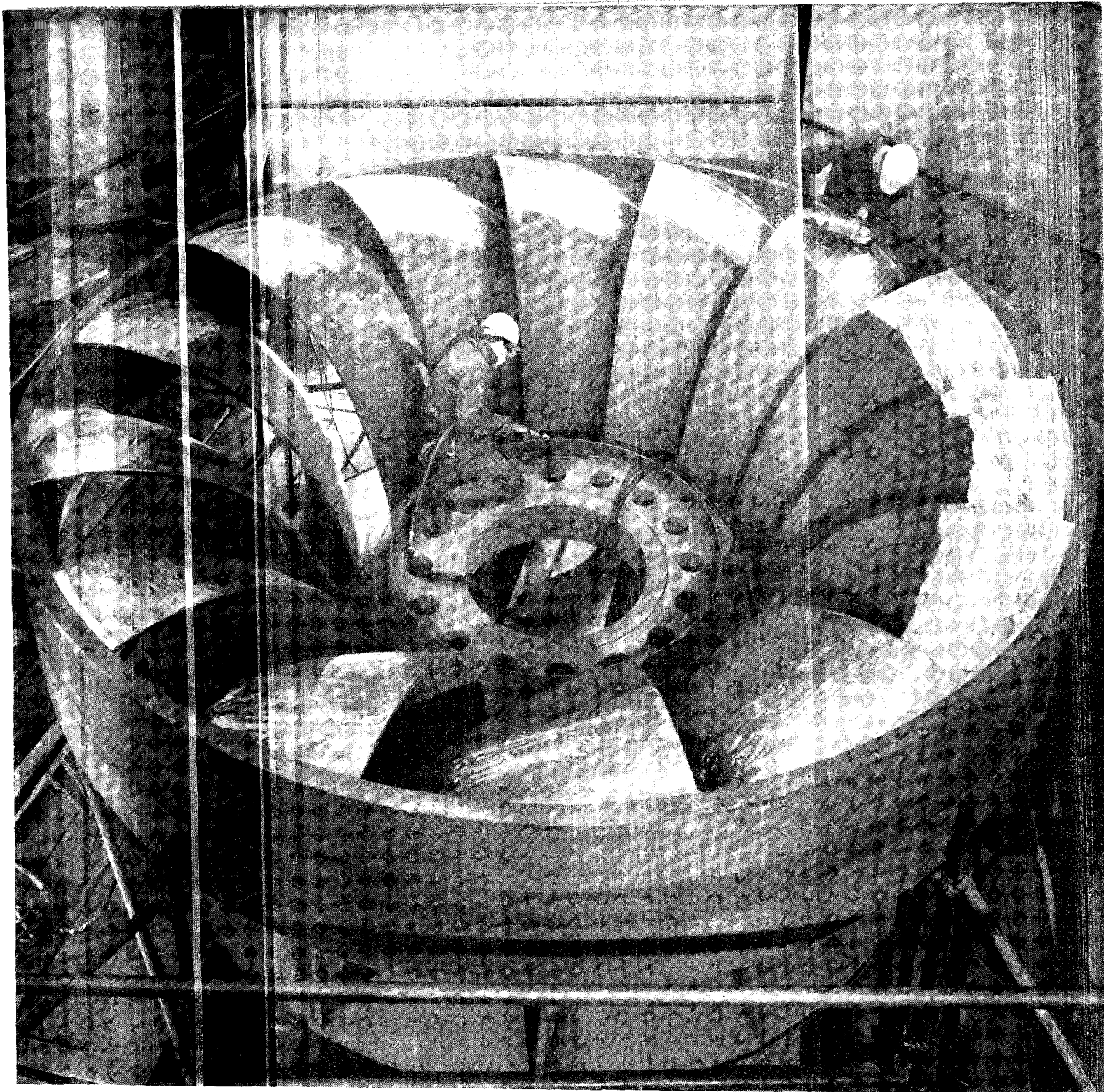
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It had been agreed that FitzRoy should pick up Darwin in Copiapó in late June or early July, but when the Beagle put in to port her commander was not on board; he was off on an adventure of his own. While Darwin was away in the Andes, the Beagle had been pushing ahead with her survey of the Chilean coast. Several events had conspired to rejuvenate FitzRoy. He was busy, and he always felt better when he was at sea. Then, the Admiralty, in London, thinking no doubt that it had hit him a little too hard, decided to make a gesture. A message arrived from London saying that FitzRoy had been raised in rank to full captain. He, of course, showed no great elation—he merely complained that Wickham had not been promoted, too—but it was clear that nothing on earth could have pleased him more. And then came the bracing incident of the Challenger. She was a British man-of-war that had been wrecked in a storm at Arauco, south of Concepción, and word had come through to Valparaíso that her commander, a Captain Seymour, and his men were stranded in very wild country and were being given a rough time by the natives there. It was the business of H.M.S. Blonde, the senior British man-of-war on the station, to go to the rescue, but her commander, an elderly commodore, showed much reluctance; he said he did not at all like getting onto a lee shore in winter. Now, it happened that the stranded Captain Seymour was an old friend of FitzRoy's, and FitzRoy was not going to see him abandoned like this. He went aboard the Blonde and argued hotly with the commodore, saying that it was all rubbish about the danger of the coast, and that they must sail at once. And he won the day; leaving Lieutenant Wickham to take the Beagle on to Copiapó and the meeting with Darwin, he started off down the coast on the Blonde, with himself as pilot. They anchored in the Bay of Concepción, and FitzRoy set out overland to find the Challenger's crew, nearly a hundred miles away. It was a hazardous trip and took some days; there was the problem of finding the right tracks, there were rivers with deceptive currents, there was little food, and there was the ever-present danger of an attack by the Indians. The horses grew tired, and FitzRoy was constantly obliged to sell them and buy fresh ones, at exorbitant prices; often, indeed, their owners refused to part with them, since a fast horse was the only means of es-



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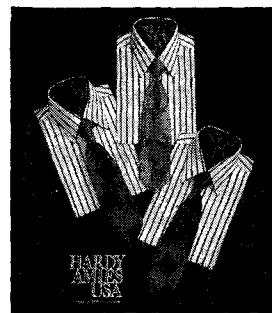
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cape from an Indian attack. Despite all, FitzRoy hastened on. When, finally, he reached the shipwrecked crew, he found that all but two were alive, but that many were sick and that provisions were low. They had built themselves a fortified encampment some miles from the wreck, but a plague of mice had fallen on the tents, and hundreds had to be killed every hour. The men were getting mutinous. FitzRoy and Captain Seymour talked far into the night, and at dawn next day FitzRoy set off back to the Blonde to get help. Finally, the men were got back to Coquimbo, where a vessel was waiting to ship them back to England.

All this was very invigorating for FitzRoy. It was a little unfortunate, perhaps, that he should have felt it necessary to tell the reluctant commodore he ought to be court-martialled, and that the commodore had flown into a great rage, but FitzRoy seems not to have turned a hair. His duty done and his views clearly stated, he returned in excellent spirits to the Beagle, which by then (August, 1835) had arrived at Callao, in Peru. "The Captain," Darwin wrote home, "is quite himself again."

IT was now nearly four years since they had all left England, and they were longing for home. Even three months earlier, Darwin had written to Susan, "I have not quite determined whether I will sleep at the Lion the first night when I arrive per [the coach] 'Wonder,' or disturb you all in the dead of night; everything short of that is absolutely planned. Everything about Shrewsbury is growing in my mind bigger and more beautiful." He chafed a little when FitzRoy went up to Lima to study some old charts and nautical papers that he thought might be of importance for the South American survey. To reassure him, FitzRoy wrote a positively jaunty note: "Growl not at all. Leeway will be made up. Good has been done unaccompanied by evil—ergo, I am happier than usual."

By this time, Darwin really had need of a spell of rest. He had driven himself very hard on his various journeys inland since the earthquake, sitting his mule from dawn to dark, cooking his meals over campfires, sleeping on the ground in the open. His four-hundred-mile ride up from Valparaiso to Copiapó had not been a jaunt that anyone else on the Beagle would have undertaken, and he himself admitted that but for his interest in the geology of the country it would have been "downright martyrdom." He had



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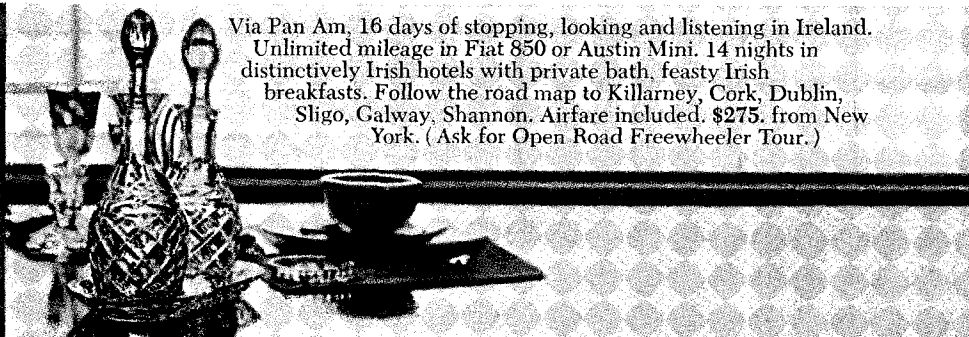
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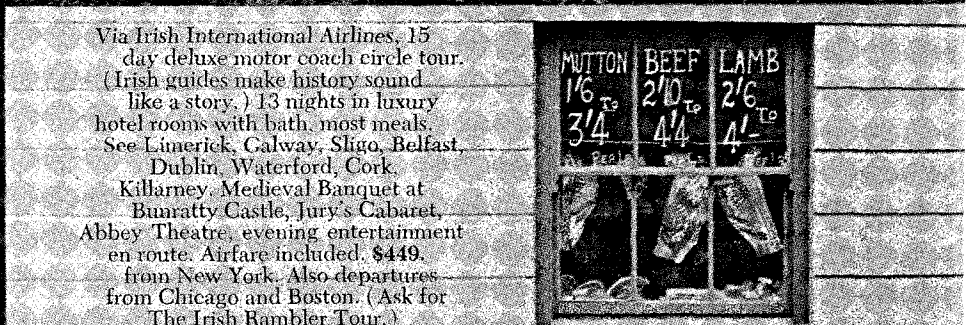
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waked so often in the morning covered with fleabites that he regarded them as a natural condition. He had also been bitten by a more sinister insect than a flea; riding in the Andes, he mentions that one night he suffered an "attack of the Benchuca." The Benchuca bug is now thought to be the carrier of Chagas' disease, a form of trypanosomiasis, and these ill-omened bites may have been one of the causes of the ill health that was to bedevil Darwin for the rest of his life. He caught and kept one of the bugs—a soft black wingless insect about an inch long—and studied it for months. When placed on a table and presented with a finger, "the bold insect would immediately protrude its sucker, make a charge... and draw blood." The wound caused no pain, but in ten minutes the bug changed from being as flat as a wafer to being round and bloated. One bite kept the bloodsucker fat for four months, but "after the first fortnight it was quite ready to have another suck."

Darwin was now satisfied that he had done all that was possible on the geology of the mountains. He turned his attention once more to the larger question that was persistently at the back of his mind: the plants and the living creatures of the earth. Where had they come from? How had the different species been created? There was also the problem of primitive man; Darwin was still brooding on that. At Callao ("a filthy, ill-built, small seaport," inhabited by a "depraved, drunken set of people"), while waiting for FitzRoy to return, he worked up his notes, packed his specimens, and read books about the Pacific. "Living quietly on board the ship and eating good dinners have made me twice as fat and happy as I have been for some months previously," he wrote his sister Susan.

At last, on September 7, 1835, the Beagle set sail straight out into the open Pacific, where the first landfall was that strange little group of volcanic islands known as the Galápagos, or Las Encantadas, the Enchanted Isles.

EXCEPT for Tahiti, the Galápagos were the most famous of all the tropical islands in the Pacific. They had been discovered in 1535 by Fray Tomas de Berlanga, Bishop of Panama, and were now owned by Ecuador, six hundred-odd miles away. Already, in the eighteen-thirties, some sixty or seventy whalers, mostly American, called there every year for "refreshments." They replenished their water tanks from the springs, they cap-



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tured tortoises for meat ("galápagos" is the Spanish word for tortoise), and they called for mail at Post Office Bay, where a box was set up on the beach. Every whaling captain took from it any letters that he thought he might be able to forward. Herman Melville called at the Galápagos aboard the *Acushnet* not long after the *Beagle's* visit, and "the blighted *Encantadas*" are a part of the saga of the white whale. "Little but reptile life is here found," wrote Melville. "The chief sound of life is a hiss."

Apart from their practical uses, there was nothing much to recommend the Galápagos. They were not lush and beautiful islands, like the Tahiti group; they were (and still are) far off the usual maritime routes, and circled by capricious currents; and nobody lived on them then except for a handful of political prisoners who had been stranded there by the Ecuadoran government. The fame of the islands was founded upon one thing: They were infinitely strange, unlike any other islands in the world. No one who went there ever forgot them. For the *Beagle*, this was just another port of call on a very long voyage, but for Darwin it was much more than that, for it was here, in the most unexpected way—just as a man might have a sudden inspiration while travelling in a car or a train—that he began to form a coherent view of the creation of life on this planet. To put it in his own words: "Hence, both in space and time, we seem to be brought somewhat near to that great fact—that mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on this earth."

For the *Beagle's* crew, however, the islands at first were not earthly at all; they looked more like Hell. The ship came up to Chatham Island, the most easterly of the group, in a fresh breeze, and they saw a shore of hideous black lava that had been twisted and buckled and tossed about as though it were a petrified stormy sea. Hardly a green thing grew; the thin, skeletal brushwood looked as if it had been blasted by lightning, and on the crumbling rocks repulsive lizards crawled about. Even the coconut palm, that emblem of the Pacific, was missing. A lowering, sultry sky hung overhead, and a forest of little volcanic cones that stuck up like chimney pots reminded Darwin of the iron foundries of Staffordshire. There was even a smell of burning. "A shore fit for pandemonium" was FitzRoy's comment. "The Infernal Regions..." A party landed on the black sand, which was so hot that it burned their feet through their thick boots. They found the shore littered

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with small wheelbarrows, which the men from the whalers used for carrying the huge tortoises down to the boats, and the great quantity of tortoiseshells lying about afforded clear evidence of the massacres that went on. Some of the tortoises were so large that when standing on their four elephantine legs they could reach the breast of a man with their heads. These tortoises weighed up to and over five hundred pounds, and one that Darwin measured was ninety-six inches around the waist and fifty-three inches down the length of its back. As for the peculiar lizards (actually, they were iguanas), they ran clumsily out of the men's way and shuffled into their burrows.

The Beagle cruised for just over a month in the Galápagos, and whenever she reached an interesting point FitzRoy dropped off a boatload of men to explore. On Narborough Island, turtles—thousands of them—were coming in at night to lay their eggs in the sand. On Charles Island, there was a penal settlement of two hundred convicts, who cultivated sugarcane, bananas, and corn on the high ground. But the group from the Beagle that concerns us is the one that was put ashore on James Island. Here Darwin, Covington, Bynoe, and two sailors were landed with a tent and provisions, and FitzRoy promised to come back and pick them up at the end of a week. Darwin visited other islands as well, but they did not differ very much from James Island, and so we can conveniently group all his experiences into this one extraordinary week. The men set up their tent on the beach, laid out their bedding and their stores, and then began to look around them.

The marine lizards, on closer inspection, turned out to be miniature dragons, several feet in length, and they had great, gaping mouths with pouches under them, and long flat tails; "imps of darkness," Darwin called them. They swarmed in thousands; everywhere Darwin went, they scuttled away before him, and they were even blacker than the forbidding black rocks on which they lived. Everything about these lizards was odd. They never went more than ten yards inland; either they sunned themselves on the shore or they dived into the sea, where they became expert swimmers, holding their webbed feet close to their sides and propelling themselves along with strong, swift strokes of their tails. Through the clear water one could see them cruising close to the bottom, and they could stay submerged for a very long time; a



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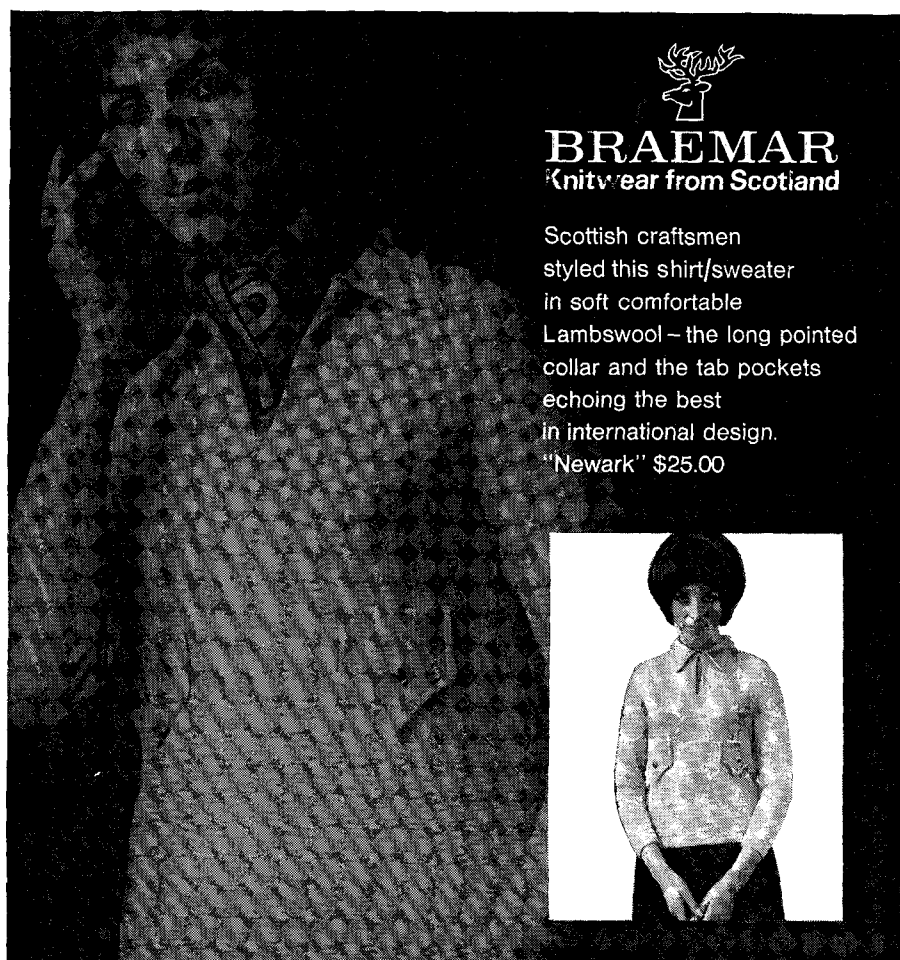
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sailor threw one into the sea with a heavy weight attached to it, and when he fished it up an hour later it was still alive. They fed on seaweed, a fact that Darwin and Bynoe ascertained when, with Bynoe's surgical instruments, they opened one up and examined the contents of its stomach. And yet, like some sailors, these marine beasts hated the sea. Darwin took one by the tail and hurled it into a big pool that had been left in the rocks by the ebb tide. At once, it swam back to the land. Again Darwin caught it and threw it back, and again it returned. No matter what he did, the animal simply would not stay in the sea, and Darwin was forced to conclude that it feared the sharks there and, when threatened by anything, instinctively came ashore, where it had no enemies.

The other creatures on the coast were also strange, in different ways: flightless cormorants; penguins and seals, unpredictably living here at the equator; and a scarlet crab that scuttled over the lizards' backs hunting for ticks. Walking inland with Covington, Darwin arrived among some scattered cactuses, and here two enormous tortoises were feeding. They were quite deaf and did not notice the two men until they had drawn level with their eyes. Then they hissed loudly and drew in their heads. These animals were so big and heavy that it was impossible to lift them, or even turn them over on their sides—Darwin and Covington tried—and they could easily bear the weight of a man. Darwin got aboard and found it a very wobbly seat, but he in no way impeded the tortoise's progress; he calculated that it managed sixty yards in ten minutes, or three hundred and sixty yards an hour, which would be roughly four miles a day—"allowing a little time for it to eat on the road." The tortoises were headed toward a freshwater spring on higher ground, and from many directions broad paths converged upon the spot. Darwin and Covington soon found themselves in the midst of a strange two-way procession, some of the animals going up, others coming down, all of them pacing deliberately along and occasionally pausing to browse on the cactuses along the way. This procession continued throughout the day and night, and appeared to have been going on for countless ages.

As the two men went higher, they found themselves in quite different country; clouds filled the air with moisture, and there were tall trees covered with ferns, orchids, lichens, and mosses. At the spring itself, one line of tor-



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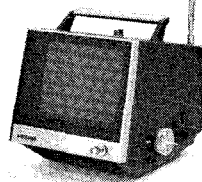
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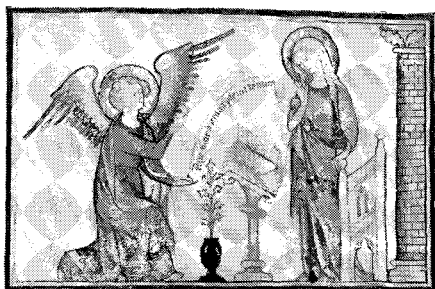
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toises was quietly leaving, having drunk their fill, and another line was eagerly travelling toward the water, with outstretched necks. "When they arrive at the spring, they bury their heads above the eyes in the muddy water and greedily suck in great mouthfuls, quite regardless of lookers-on," Darwin noted. They drank and drank, as though they were drinking not for a day but for a month—as, indeed, they were. The huge beasts were quite defenseless. Whalers were taking them by the hundred to provision their ships, and Darwin himself had no difficulty in catching three young ones, which were later put on board the Beagle and taken back alive to England. Natural hazards beset them, too, of course; the carrion-feeding buzzards swooped on the young tortoises as soon as they were hatched, and occasionally Darwin would come upon the body of some monster who in his old age had missed his footing and fallen down a precipice. Everywhere through the islands discarded shells lay about. Roast tortoise, Darwin discovered, was good eating, especially if you cooked it in the shell.

Another phenomenon was the land lizard. These were almost as big as the marine lizards—a four-foot specimen was nothing unusual—and even uglier; they had a ridge of spines along the back and a Joseph's coat of orange-yellow and brick red that looked as though it had been splashed on in blotches by a clumsy hand. They fed upon the thirty-foot cactus plants, climbing quite high to get at the more succulent bits, and always seemed to be ravenous; when Darwin threw a group of them a branch one day, they fell upon it and pulled and tugged it away from one another like dogs quarrelling over a bone. Their burrows were so numerous that Darwin was constantly putting his foot into one as he walked along, and they could shift the earth with astonishing rapidity—one quick scrape with the front paws and then another with the back. They had sharp teeth and a general air that was menacing, yet they never seemed to want to bite. "Essentially mild and torpid monsters," Darwin called them. They crawled slowly along, tails dragging on the ground, and often stopped for a short doze. Once, Darwin waited until one of them had got himself fairly underground and then pulled him by the tail. Surprised rather than angry, the animal whipped round and eyed Darwin indignantly. But it did not attack. Its meat, when cooked, was white and

not too bad—not, at any rate, as Darwin says, "for those whose stomachs soar above all prejudices."

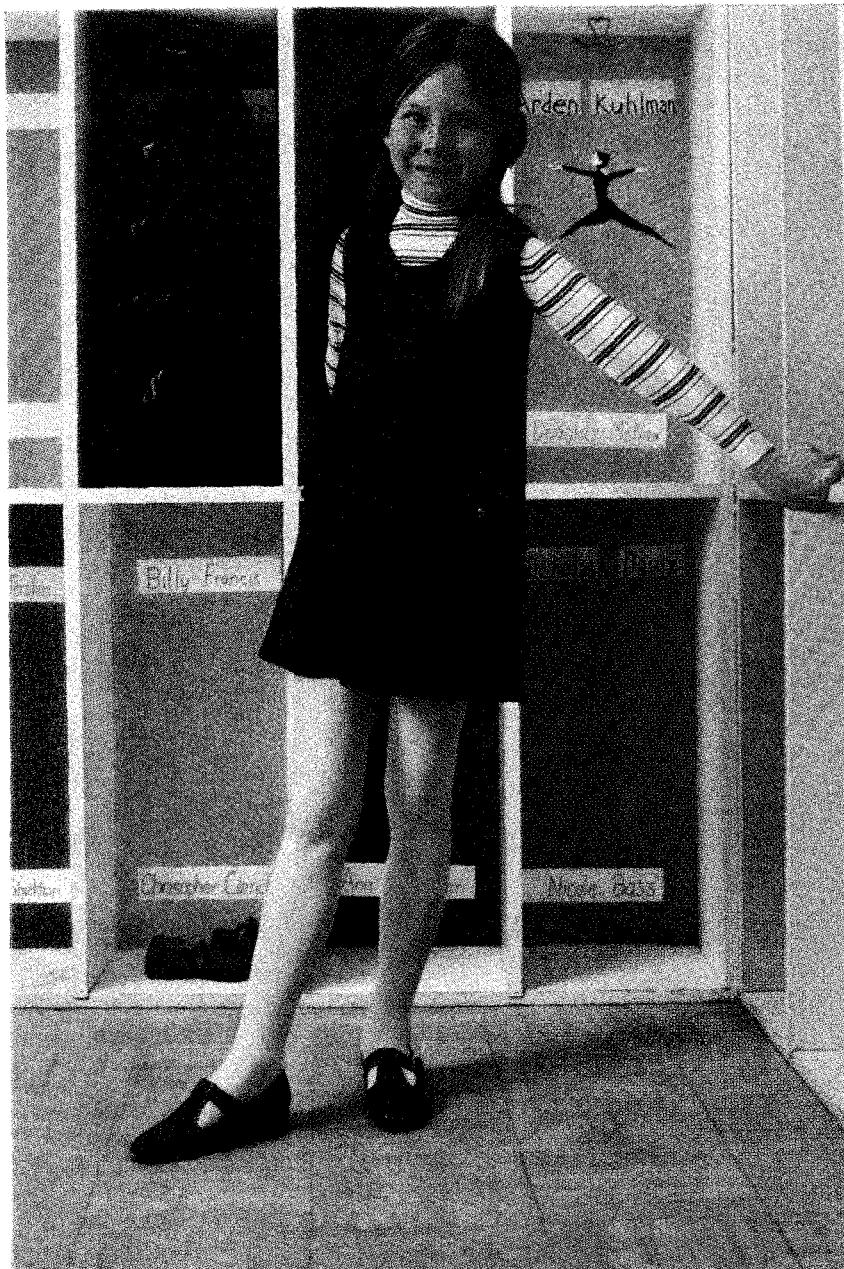
On James Island, Darwin counted twenty-six varieties of land birds, almost all unique. "I paid also much attention to the Birds, which I suspect are very curious," he wrote to John Stevens Henslow, the Cambridge botanist who had proposed him for his mission with the Beagle. They were incredibly tame. Having never learned to fear man, they regarded Darwin simply as another large, harmless animal, and they sat unmoved in the bushes whenever he passed by. He brushed a hawk off a bough with the end of his gun, and a mockingbird came down to drink from a pitcher of water he was holding in his hand. The birds never seemed to realize their danger. "We may infer," wrote Darwin, "what havoc the introduction of any new beast of prey must cause in a country, before the instincts of the indigenous inhabitants have become adapted to the stranger's craft or power." But at that time most of the inhabitants of the Galápagos Islands still lived in peace together. Darwin saw a finch unconcernedly eating one end of a bit of cactus while a lizard ate the other, and in the upper, greener regions lizards and tortoises fed together on the same berry bush.

And so an enchanted week went by, and Darwin's jars were filled with plants, seashells, insects, lizards, and snakes. The Garden of Eden presumably was not quite like this; nevertheless, the island had a quality of timelessness and innocence, nature was in a state of balance with itself, and the only real intruder here was man. One day, Darwin and his party walked around the coast to a crater that contained a perfectly circular lake. The water was only a few inches deep, and it rested on a floor of sparkling white salt. The shore was covered with a fringe of bright-green plants. In this idyllic spot, the mutinous crew of a whaling ship had murdered their captain some time before, and the dead man's skull was still lying on the ground. Not all the whalers, however, were as ferocious as this, and, indeed, Darwin and Bynoe were very grateful when an American vessel visited the island and provided them with three casks of water, which they needed badly, and a welcome bucket of onions. "Extraordinary kindness of Yankeys," Darwin noted in his diary.

But the Beagle could not linger,



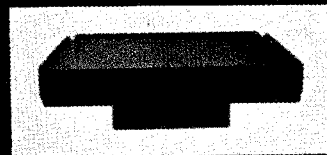
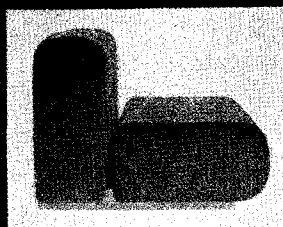
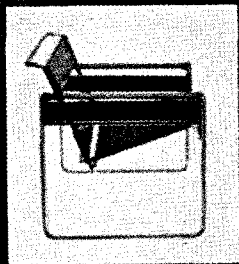
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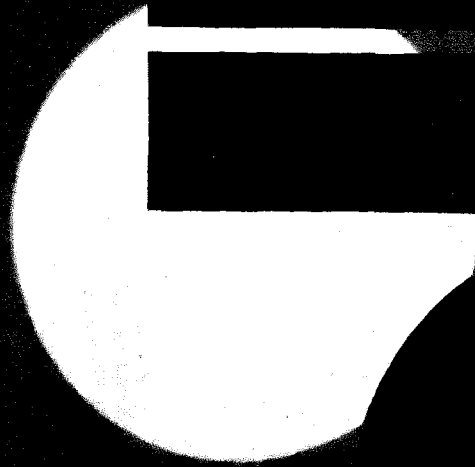
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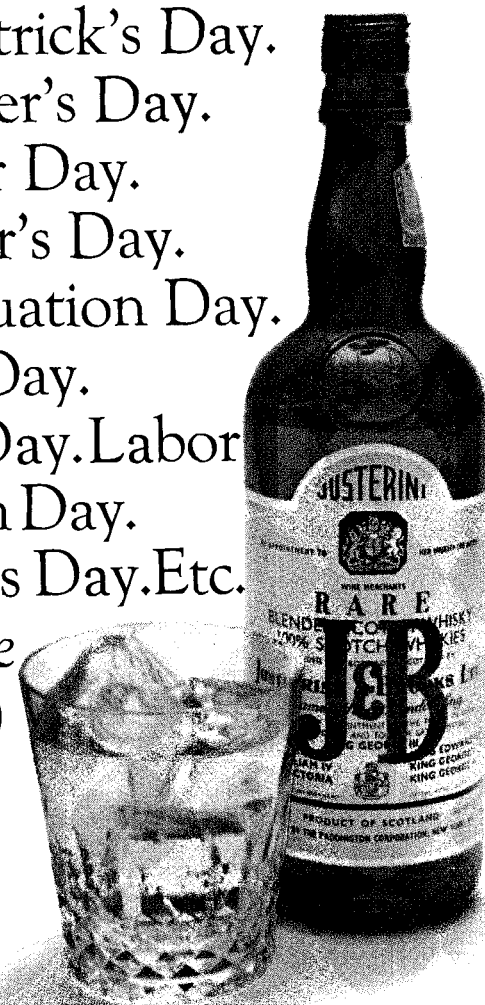
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much as Darwin longed to. "It is the fate of most voyagers, no sooner to discover what is most interesting in any locality than they are hurried from it," he wrote. Back on board, he began to sort out his specimens, and was soon struck by an important fact: the majority of them were unique species, found on these islands and nowhere else, and this applied to the plants as well as to the reptiles, birds, fish, shells, and insects. It was true that they resembled species in South America, but at the same time they were very different. "It was most striking," Darwin wrote later, "to be surrounded by new birds, new reptiles, new shells, new insects, new plants, and yet by innumerable trifling details of structure, and even by the tones of voice and plumage of the birds, to have the temperate plains of Patagonia, or the hot dry deserts of northern Chile, vividly brought before my eyes."

He made another discovery: the species differed from island to island, even though many of the islands were only fifty or sixty miles apart. His attention was first drawn to this by comparing the mocking thrushes shot on various islands. Moreover, a Mr. Lawson, an Englishman who was acting as vice-governor of the archipelago, remarked that he could tell by one look at a tortoise which island it came from. Thus, the tortoises of Albemarle Island had a different sort of shell from those on Chatham, and both differed from those on James. With the little finches these effects were still more marked. The birds were dull to look at and made dreary, unmusical sounds; all had short tails, built nests with roofs, and laid white eggs spotted with pink, four to a clutch. Their plumage ranged from lava black to green, according to their habitat. (It was not only the finches that were so dully feathered; with the exceptions of a yellow-breasted wren and a scarlet-tufted flycatcher, none of the birds had the usual gaudy coloring of the tropics.) But it was the number of different species of finch, and the variety of their beaks, that so amazed Darwin. On one island, they had developed strong, thick beaks for cracking nuts and seeds; on another, the beak was smaller, to enable the bird to catch insects; on another again, the beak was adjusted to feeding on fruits and flowers. There was even a bird that had learned how to use a cactus spine to probe grubs out of holes.

Clearly, the birds had found different foods available on the different islands, and, through successive genera-

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tions, had adjusted themselves accordingly. The fact that the finches differed so much among themselves suggested that they had got to the Galápagos Islands before any of the other birds; for a period, possibly quite a long one, they were probably without competitors for food and territory, and this had allowed them to evolve in directions that would otherwise have been closed to them. For instance, finches do not normally evolve into woodpecker-like types, because there are already efficient woodpeckers at work, and if a small mainland woodpecker had already been established in the Galápagos, it is most unlikely that the woodpecker finch would ever have evolved. Similarly, the finch that ate nuts, the finch that ate insects, and the finch that fed on fruit and flowers had been left in peace to evolve their best method of approach. Isolation had encouraged the origin of new species.

Somewhere here a great principle was involved. Naturally, Darwin did not grasp the full implications of it all at once; for example, he makes little mention of the finches in the first published edition of his "Journal," yet the subject of their diversity and modification later became one of the great arguments in his theory of natural selection. But by this time he must have realized that he was on the edge of a remarkable and disturbing discovery. Until this point, he had never openly objected to the current belief in the creation of unchangeable species, though he may well have had secret doubts. But now, here on the Galápagos, faced with the existence of different forms of mockingbirds, tortoises, and finches on different islands—different species of the same creatures—he was forced to question the most fundamental contemporary theories. Indeed, it was more than that; if the ideas that were now buzzing around in his head were proved correct, then all the accepted theories of the origin of life on this earth would have to be revised, and the Book of Genesis itself—the story of Adam and Eve and the Flood—would be exposed as nothing more than a superstitious myth. It might take years of research and investigation to prove anything, but in theory, at least, all the pieces of the jigsaw seemed to be coming together.

Darwin can hardly have failed to put his ideas to FitzRoy, if only in a tentative, speculative way, and when we follow the two men's later writings it is not impossible to reproduce their argument—not impossible to en-



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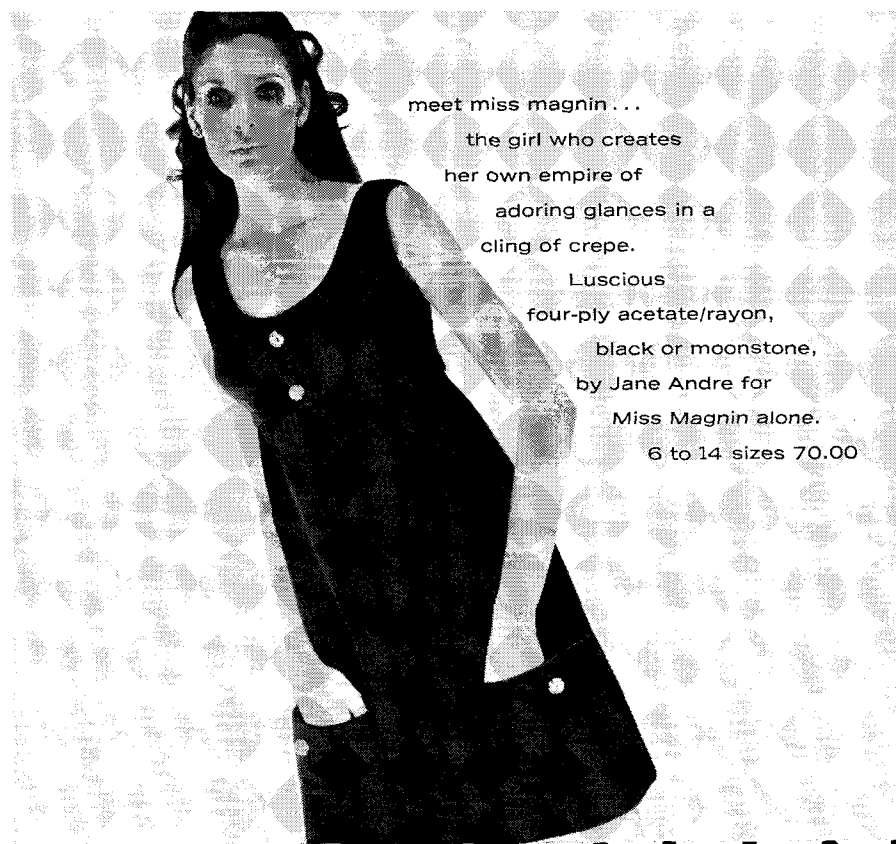
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vision them here in FitzRoy's narrow cabin, or, if you like, out on the poop deck on a calm night as they sailed away from the Galápagos, putting forth their ideas with all the force of young men who passionately want to persuade one another and get to the absolute truth. Darwin's thesis was simply this: The world as we know it was not just "created" in a single instant of time; it had evolved from something infinitely primitive, and it was changing still. There was a wonderful illustration of what had happened here in these islands. Quite recently, they had been pushed up out of the sea by a volcanic eruption such as they had seen in Chile, and at first there was no life at all upon them. Then birds arrived, and they deposited seeds with their droppings—possibly even from mud clinging to their feet. Other seeds, which were resistant to seawater, floated across from the South American mainland. Floating logs may have transported the first lizards across. The tortoises may have come from the sea itself and have developed into land animals. And each species as it arrived adjusted itself to the food—the plant and animal life—that it found in the islands. Those that failed to do so, and those that could not defend themselves from other species, became extinct. That is what had happened to the huge creatures whose bones they had discovered in Patagonia; they had been set upon by enemies and destroyed. All living things had been submitted to this process. Man himself had survived and triumphed because he was more skillful and aggressive than his competitors, even though in the beginning he was a very primitive creature—more primitive, even, than the apes. Indeed, it was possible that all forms of life on earth had started from one common ancestor.

FitzRoy must have thought that all this was blasphemous rubbish, since it was in flat contradiction to the Bible; man, it was definitely stated there, was created perfect, the image of God Himself, and all the different species, plants as well as animals, were created separately and had not changed. Some had simply died out, that was all. He even went so far as to turn the question of the finches' beaks to support his own theories: "This appears to be one of those admirable provisions of Infinite Wisdom by which each created thing is adapted to the place for which it was intended," he wrote later. As the voyage progressed, he had become more and more rigid in his Biblical views. He believed that there were some things

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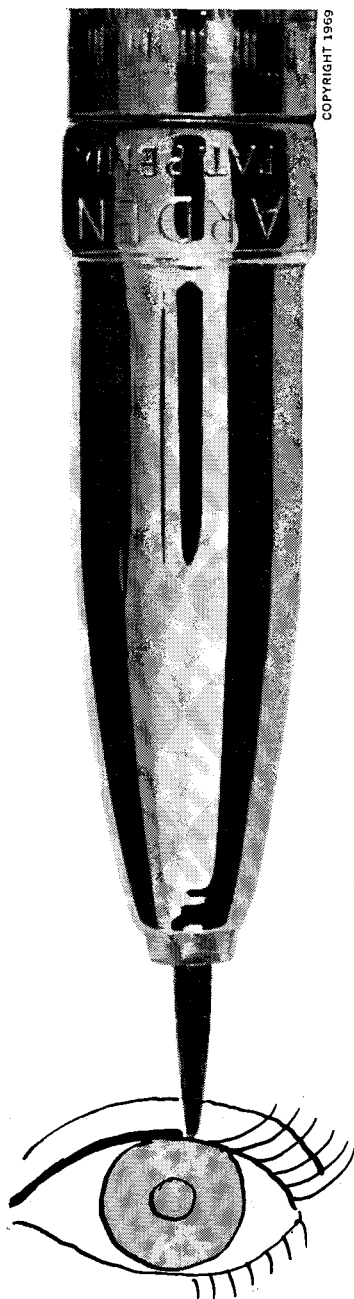
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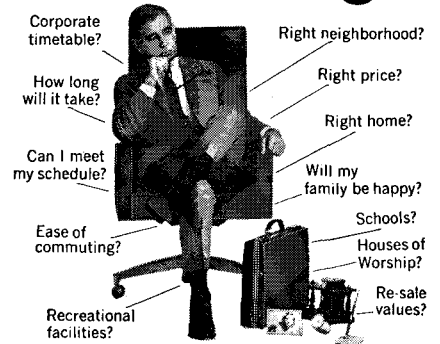
that we were not meant to understand; the explanation of the original source of the universe must remain a mystery that defied all scientific investigations. But by now Darwin had gone too far to be able to accept this. He could not stop short at the Bible; he had to go beyond it. Civilized man was bound to go on asking that most vital of all questions, "Where have I come from?" and to follow his inquiries wherever they took him. Perhaps they would lead him nearer to God than any act of blind faith could ever do.

There was to be no end to this argument. It was, in fact, an anticipation of that bitter clash of opposite opinions—the one scientific and exploratory, the other religious and conservative—that was to take place at the famous meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science held in Oxford twenty-five years later. For the moment, however, the two men could do no more than agree to disagree; Darwin certainly did not push his ideas too hard, and there still remained a great deal of personal liking between the two young men. The future was to carry them far apart, but at the moment they were together and still dependent on each other. The voyage itself conspired to put aside their differences.

THE Beagle now was a happy ship. She was homeward bound. In the swell of the tropical Pacific, she bowled along at the rate of a hundred and fifty miles a day. With great good luck, just before she sailed from the Galápagos she had fallen in with a little schooner from Guayaquil, and there had been a bag of mail for her aboard the vessel. The crew had fresh meat; eighteen live turtles were lying on their backs on the afterdeck. FitzRoy spent his time writing up his account of the voyage, and Darwin was busy in his cabin, which had now become a miniature laboratory—almost, you might say, a little natural-history museum. Every cranny was stuffed with snakes and insects in jars, the skins of birds and animals, and he sat at his table, pretty much as he was to sit for the rest of his life, with his microscope, his dissecting instruments, and his notebooks before him. Now nearly twenty-seven, he had changed in appearance since leaving Plymouth four years before; he had filled out, his head had become a little heavier, and in his manner there was more assurance and authority. His studies now possessed him absolutely. "I literally could hardly sleep at night for thinking over my day's work," he

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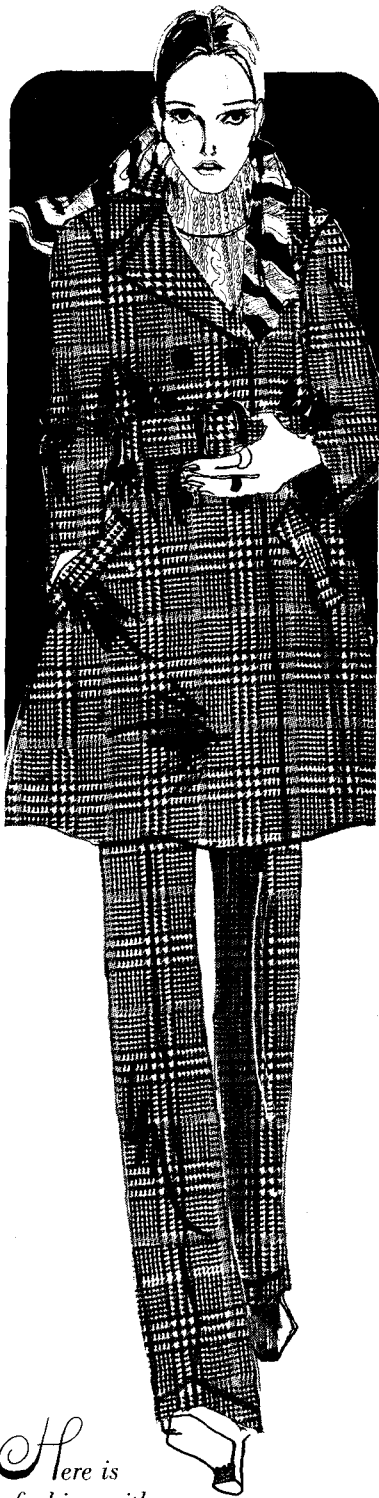
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wrote to Susan. He did not even bother to shoot or fish for specimens anymore—all that was left to Covington. Also, he had grown shabbier. One by one, the elegant waistcoats and fine white shirts that he had brought aboard had been mended, patched, and finally discarded. He was now rigged out more as a sailor.

The bulk of the Beagle's work was done, and so there was a less purposeful atmosphere on board—the relaxed air of a cruise rather than a scientific voyage—and it was a matter of long, uneventful weeks at sea, punctuated by pleasant landfalls at Tahiti, New Zealand, and Australia. It took her twenty-six days, running before the steady trade wind, to cover the thirty-eight hundred miles from the Galápagos to Tahiti, and on November 15, 1835, she anchored, as Captain Cook had done sixty-six years earlier, in Matavai Bay. "Charming Tahiti!" exclaimed Darwin. Ten days later, the Beagle set sail and steered a course for New Zealand, and on December 21, 1835, she sailed into the Bay of Islands, up in the northeast corner of the North Island. The first sight of the place was not impressive. There were three whalers at anchor in the bay, but there was an air of dullness and inactivity. When they got onshore, they found that the native New Zealanders compared badly in every way with the Tahitians; Darwin even goes so far as to say "one is a savage, the other a civilised man." Only one thing about them took Darwin's fancy: their habit of rubbing noses when they met. The rubbing lasted rather longer than a cordial shake of the hand, and was accompanied by "comfortable little grunts." The one bright spot for Darwin in his stay in New Zealand was his visit to Waimate, a settlement founded by missionaries about fifteen miles from the Bay of Islands. He went there first by boat and then on foot, walking through desolate, uninhabited country, overgrown with fern, and was overjoyed when he arrived at an English farmhouse, with its well-tilled crops, its farm animals, and even a mill—the whole "placed there as if by an enchanter's wand." His nostalgia for England grew even stronger, particularly when he watched the mission natives playing a game of cricket. His experiences with the missionaries here, and with the ones he had met in Tahiti, aroused an interest in them that remained with Darwin to the end of his life, and this was one point he had in common with FitzRoy, himself a fanatical proselytizer. While still at sea, in the following year, they wrote

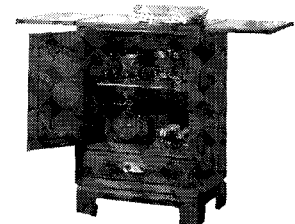
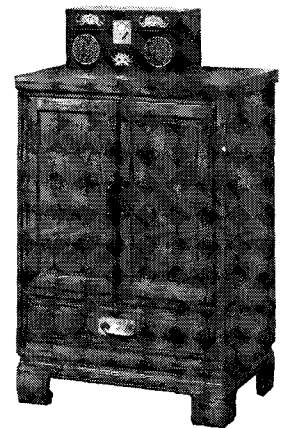


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a pamphlet, over their joint signatures, pressing for more government support for the missionaries in the Pacific; it was finished as they rounded the foot of Africa, and was published in the *South African Christian Recorder* in September, 1836—one of Darwin's earliest signed publications.

Nine days in New Zealand were enough, and on December 30th the *Beagle* set off for Australia. "I believe we were all glad to leave New Zealand," Darwin noted in his journal. "It is not a pleasant place. Among the natives there is absent that charming simplicity which is found at Tahiti, and the greater part of the English are the very refuse of society." Two weeks later, on January 12, 1836, a light air carried them toward the entrance of Sydney Harbor. They were astounded by the size of the town of Sydney—the large white stone houses, the windmills, the general air of prosperity. Following his custom, Darwin hired a man and two horses and set off inland. The roads were excellent, owing largely to the iron gangs—parties of convicts working in chains under the guard of armed sentries—but Australia did not really interest him; he thought the scenery monotonous and disliked the state of society, supported by convict labor. All in all, he was not sorry to leave Australia. By now, homesickness had begun to overwhelm him; he longed for England. He had been bitterly disappointed to find no letters awaiting him in Sydney; the last direct news he had had from his family was thirteen months old. He wrote to his sisters, "I confess I never see a Merchant Vessel start for England without a most dangerous inclination to bolt. . . . I feel inclined to write about nothing else but to tell you, over and over again, how I long to be quietly seated amongst you. . . . I am determined and feel sure that the scenery of England is ten times more beautiful than any we have seen. . . . I have a constant longing, a feeling a prisoner would have. . . . I feel inclined to keep up one steady deep growl from morning to night." To Henslow: "Oh, the degree to which I long to be once again living quietly, with not one single novel object near me! No one can imagine it till he has been whirled round the world, during 5 long years, in a ten-gun brig."

It was going to be many long months before he reached home, but at least they were on their way. On March 14th, the *Beagle* stood out of King George Sound, at the southwestern tip of Australia, and, for once,

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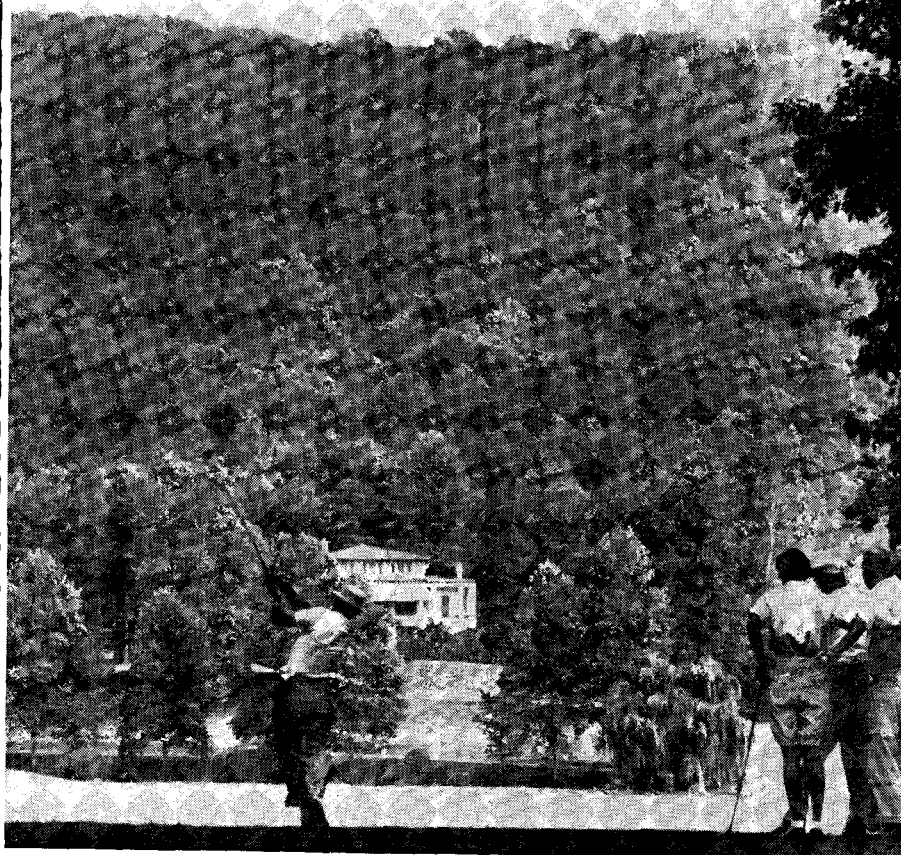
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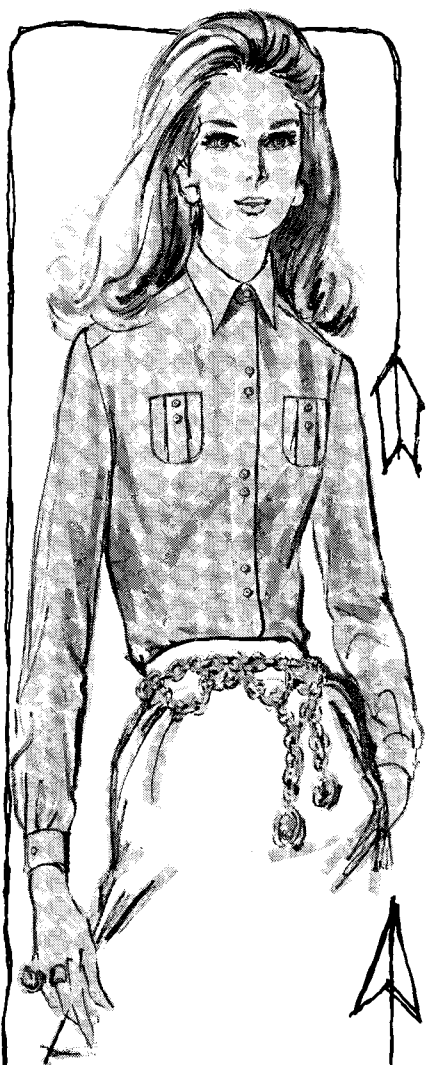
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Darwin permitted himself a piece of rhetoric: "Farewell, Australia! you are a rising child . . . but you are too great and ambitious for affection, yet not great enough for respect. I leave your shores without sorrow or regret." The spring of 1836 found the Beagle pushing up through the Indian Ocean to the Cocos (or Keeling) Islands. If the Galápagos in appearance had been a kind of Hell, then the Cocos were Heaven. The dark ocean swell was breaking on the coral reef; gannets, frigate birds, and terns were wheeling over the coconut palms and the white sand beaches; and in the emerald-green water of the lagoons gardens of brilliantly colored coral could be seen. Darwin made several little excursions ashore with FitzRoy, and even the prosaic FitzRoy marvelled at the curiosities they saw: a coconut-eating crab, a coral-eating fish, dogs that caught fish, shells that became dangerous man-traps, even rats making their nests at the top of high palm trees. Darwin observed the birds: gannets on their "rude nests, stupid yet angry;" noddies ("silly little creatures"); and the small, snow-white terns, with large black eyes, which hovered a few feet overhead ("little imagination is required to fancy that so light and delicate a body must be tenanted by some wandering fairy spirit").

It was in the Cocos Islands that Darwin resolved another matter that had been on his mind for a long time. Back on the Chilean coast, he had conceived the notion that if the crust of the earth could be elevated, then it could also be depressed—that, in fact, while the Andes had been rising, the floor of the Pacific Ocean had been gradually sinking. Already in October, 1835, while they were on their way from the Galápagos to Tahiti, he had made a note about coral islands: "We saw several of those most curious rings of coral land, just rising above the water's edge, which have been called Lagoon Islands. . . . These low hollow coral islands bear no proportion to the vast ocean out of which they abruptly rise; and it seems wonderful, that such weak invaders are not overwhelmed by the all-powerful and never-tiring waves of that great sea, miscalled the Pacific." Now was the time to test Lyell's theory that coral atolls represent coral-encrusted rims of submerged volcanic craters. Darwin believed that the coral polyp—the little animal that built up the reefs in tropical waters—would throw some light on the matter. The polyp could not live at a depth greater than a hundred and twenty feet. But

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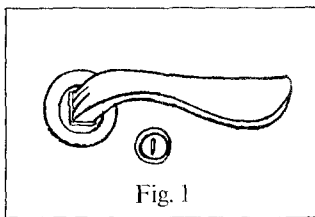


Fig. 1

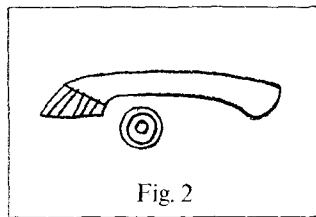


Fig. 2

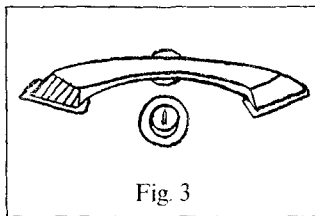


Fig. 3

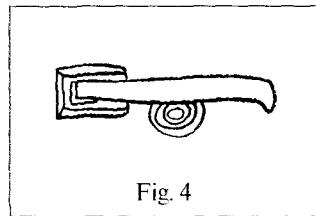


Fig. 4

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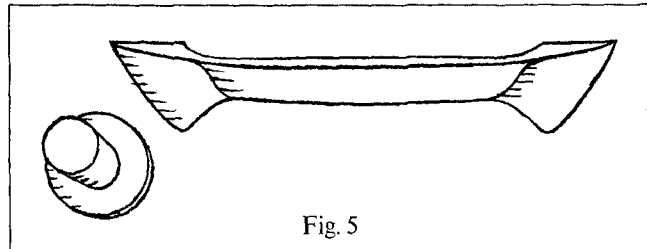


Fig. 5

Rover 2000 Door-Handle, Button: Above Average.

with human frailties: Fingernails are fragile. So are whole people. It was this latter realization that led to the development of the Rover 2000's steel cage construction, shaped and softened its interior, and made it so stable, maneuverable and stoppable.

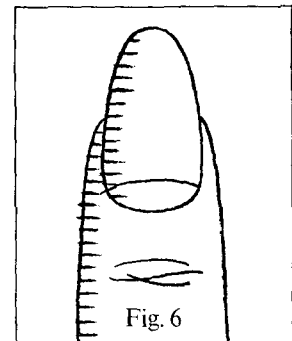


Fig. 6

Average Lady's Thumb, Nail.

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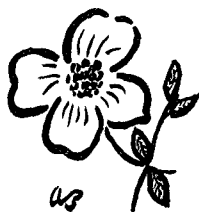
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suppose it was found that these reefs went down a very long way, and that all the coral below the hundred-and-twenty-foot mark was dead—would not that be a proof that the floor of the ocean had been gradually sinking, and that the coral polyp had kept pace with this sinking by building the reefs up to the surface? This was a theory he could now put to the test. He went out with FitzRoy in a small boat to the outer reef and carefully took numerous soundings on the steep outside of Keeling Atoll. They found that down to the hundred-and-twenty-foot mark the prepared tallow of the lead came up marked with the impressions of living corals; as the depth increased, the impressions became fewer, until at last it was evident that the bottom consisted of a smooth sandy layer. This suggested to Darwin that coral formations were the end products of aeons of slow reciprocal processes; the uplifting of an island by submarine volcanic action, the colonizing of its slopes by myriad coral polyps, and, finally, the gradual subsiding of the island into the sea. He worked out that there were three different varieties of coral formations: atolls, barrier reefs, and fringing reefs, all part of the same evolutionary process, stretching over millions of years. The growth of the coral must keep pace with the subsidence beneath it, and so form first a barrier reef and then an atoll—"mountains of stone accumulated by the agency of various minute and tender animals." He reckoned that the birth of an atoll required not less than a million years. As evidence of the subsidence of these reefs, he noted the coconut trees that had fallen into the water on all sides of the lagoon. "In one place the foundation posts of a shed which the inhabitants asserted had stood 7 years before just above high-water mark [were] now daily washed by every tide." It was a dramatic and brilliant demonstration of his theory of the instability of the earth.

It was now late in the spring of 1836, and at last they could truly feel they were on their way home. "There never was a ship so full of homesick heroes as the Beagle. . . . The Captain continues to push along with a slack rein and an armed heel," Darwin wrote. When the weather was fine, he was busy getting his notes in order, and for the first time he was discovering the difficulties of expressing his ideas on paper. But he was in good spirits. FitzRoy, too, was busy all day writing,

and the crew were well pleased with the good store of coconuts, poultry, pumpkins, and turtles that the Beagle had taken on board at the Cocos Islands. On April 29th, they reached Mauritius, an island "adorned with an air of perfect elegance," and then, in rough weather, spent the next two months rounding the Cape of Good Hope; it became evident that their chances of reaching England before the end of the summer were receding. Darwin now had to face the fact that it would be October at the earliest before he got home. He found it hard to

tolerate travelling anymore: "There is no country which has now any attractions for us, without it is seen right astern." St. Helena, Ascension Island—it was now nearly the end of July, and it was a bitter blow when



FitzRoy decided that in order to complete his circle of chronological measurements of the world he must return home by way of South America. "This zig-zag manner of proceeding is very grievous," Darwin complained. "It has put the finishing touch to my feelings. I loathe, I abhor the sea, and all ships which sail on it. But yet I believe we shall reach England the latter half of October." In point of fact, things went better than this. They paused only a few days at Bahia and Pernambuco, and then, on August 19th, they left South America for the last time. The wind favored them, and six weeks later the battered little Beagle sailed up the English Channel to her journey's end.

It was a Sunday, and in drenching rain FitzRoy held his last service on board to give thanks to God for their safe return. In this, at least, Darwin could fervently join him; he was frantic to get home. "On the 2nd of October we made the shores of England; and at Falmouth I left the Beagle, having lived on board the good little vessel nearly five years."

DARWIN did not lose any time in heading for home. As soon as the Beagle was tied up, he hurried ashore and took the first coach for Shrewsbury, where he arrived two days later, on October 4, 1836. But it was quite late in the evening when the coach got into the town, and despite all his eagerness to be home and to see his family again, he was too kindhearted—too disciplined, perhaps—to think of disturbing them at such an hour. He slept the night at an inn, and the next morning walked into the house unan-



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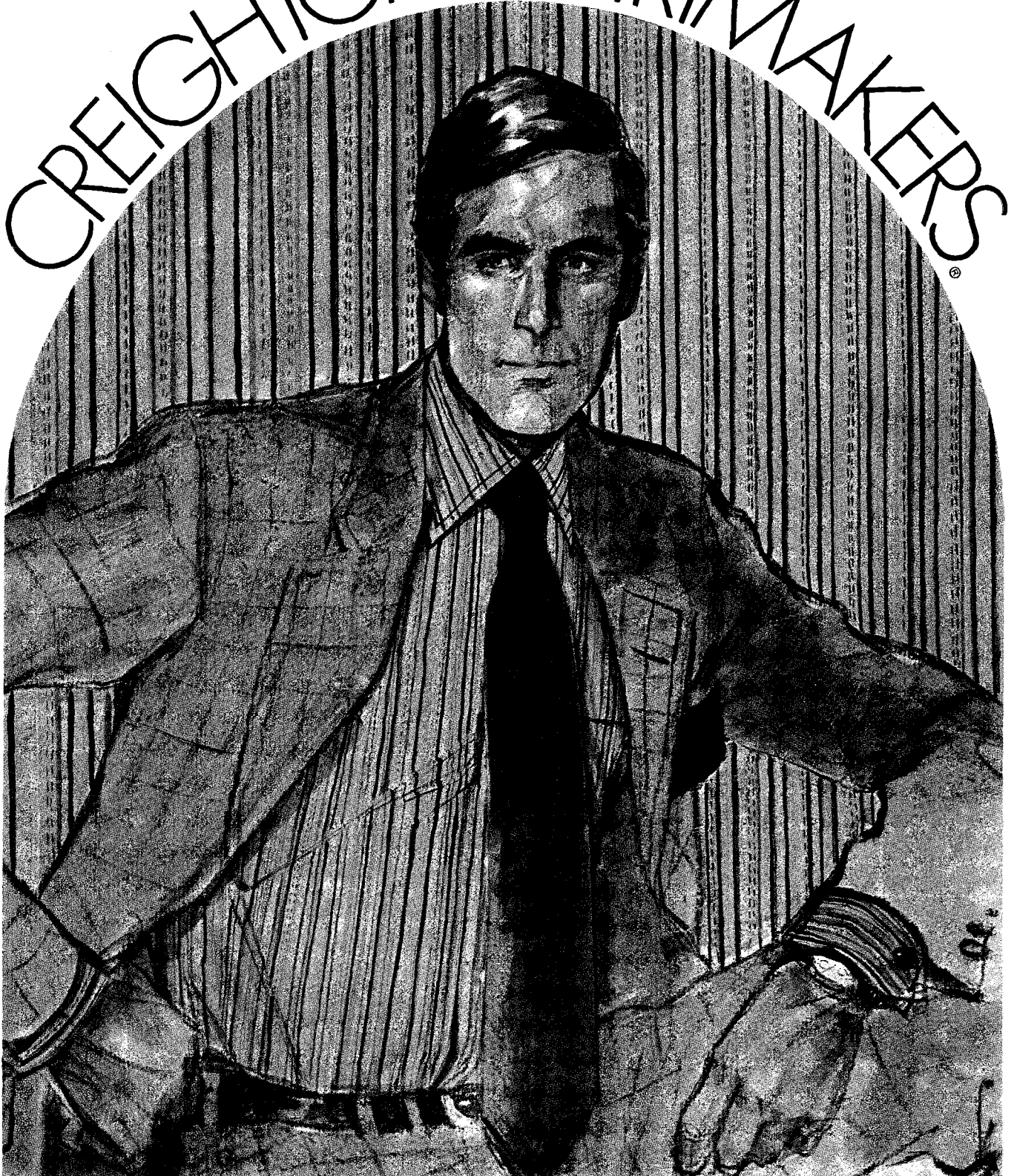


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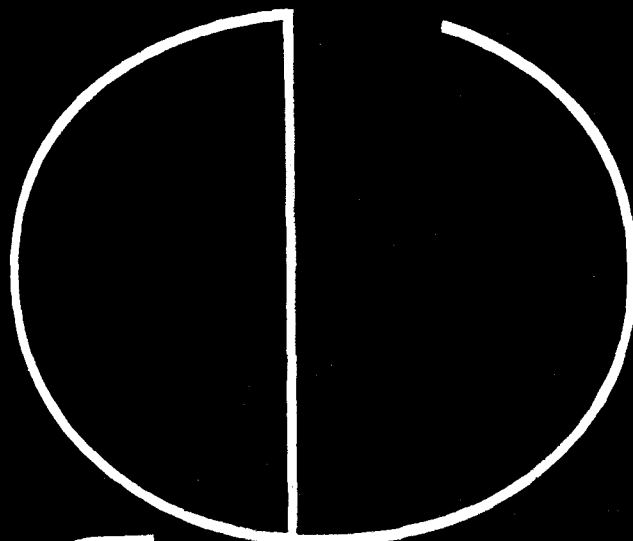
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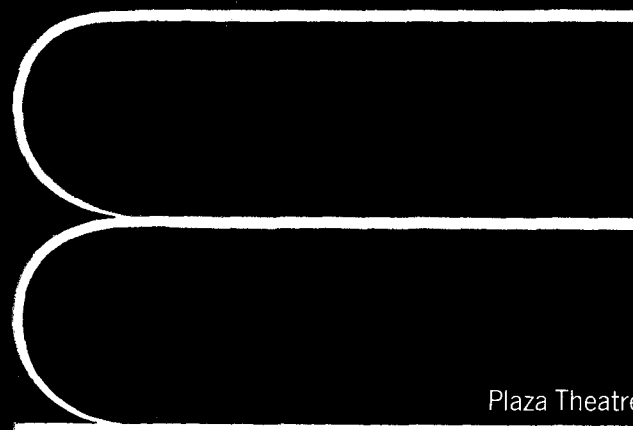
nounced, just as his father and sisters were sitting down to breakfast. Amid all the cries of welcome, Dr. Darwin turned to his daughters and said, "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered!" One incident pleased Charles immensely. He went into the yard and called for his dog, as he had been accustomed to do every morning in the past. The dog came out and set off ahead on their usual walk, showing no more emotion or excitement than if it had been yesterday, instead of five years ago, that they last walked together.

Darwin saw the ship once more; in May, 1837, he wrote, "I have been paying the Beagle a visit today. She sails in a week for Australia. It appeared marvellously odd to see the little vessel and to think that I should not be one of the party. If it was not for the seasickness, I should have no objection to start again." He never did start again, however; it seems almost impossible to believe, but, though he lived to the age of seventy-three, Darwin never again left the shores of England, largely owing to the fact that from 1838 onward the life of this seemingly robust young man, still only twenty-nine years old, was dominated by ill health. In 1842, he made a trip to Wales: "This excursion... was the last time I was ever strong enough to climb mountains or to take long walks." His son Francis, in his reminiscences of his father, wrote, "For nearly forty years he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, and thus his life was one long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness." The nature of his illness has never been clearly established; the terrible bouts of seasickness he suffered on the voyage may have played a part. Some doctors, leaning on the rather critical and authoritarian character of Darwin's father, have suggested that the illness was psychosomatic; others have thought he must indeed have caught Chagas' disease from that Ben-chuca bug with which he experimented in South America. Probably Julian Huxley's answer is the reasonable one: that he suffered from a combination of psychoneurotic ill health and some infection (again, possibly Chagas' disease) contracted while on the voyage. Whatever it was, we cannot doubt Darwin's words when he said, in 1871, "I *never* pass twenty-four hours without many hours of discomfort."

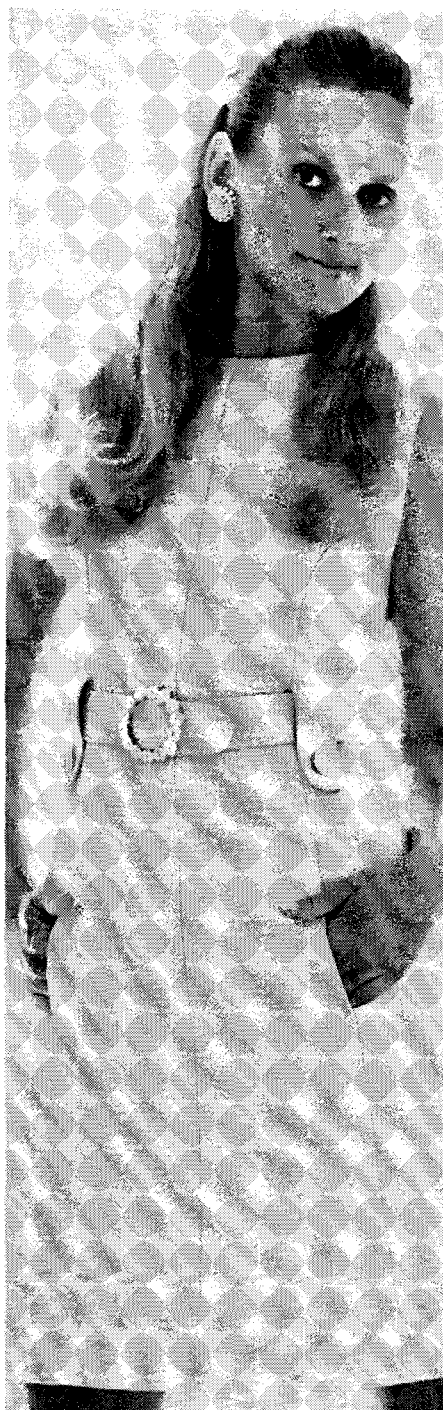
But in 1836, freshly released from the confined spaces of the Beagle, he threw himself into such a passion of



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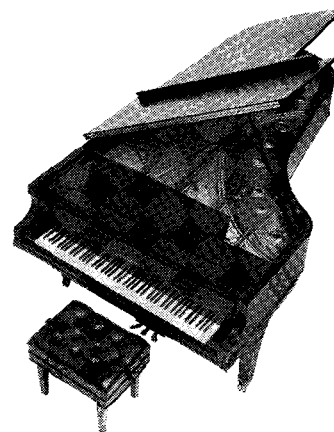
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activity that he had no time to think of his health. These were the two most active years of his life. He set to work to classify his enormous collection of specimens, hurrying between Shrewsbury and Cambridge and London. At first, it was not easy to get the experts to help him. "I have not made much progress with the great men. I find, as you told me, that they are all overwhelmed with their own business," he wrote to Henslow a month after he got back. But Henslow himself, and Lyell, were endlessly encouraging, and through their influence Darwin got a grant of a thousand pounds toward a five-volume work on the zoological findings of the Beagle, which he edited, and he was made Secretary of the Geological Society. He was also busy writing his "Journal," which was first published in 1839 as Volume III of the three-volume "Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of H.M.S. Adventure and Beagle;" Volume I, which concerned an earlier voyage, was written by Captain Philip Parker King (father of a midshipman on this voyage), and Volume II by FitzRoy.

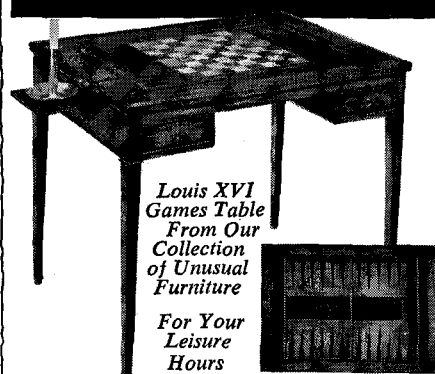
In 1837, Darwin took rooms in London near his brother Erasmus, and at the end of January, 1839, he married his cousin Emma, youngest daughter of Josiah Wedgwood—his favorite Uncle Jos. Emma was a charming woman, a year older than Darwin, intelligent and gay and very musical; she had had piano lessons from Chopin. Her aunt, Mme. Sismondi, said of her that she would "lark it through life," and although this does not seem to have been very likely, seeing that she had ten children and a husband who was a constant invalid, nonetheless she was clearly an excellent wife. Few husbands would write, as Darwin did thirty years later, "I can declare that in my whole life I have not heard her utter one word which I had rather have been unsaid." She, on her side, described him as "the most open, transparent man I ever saw, and every word expresses his real thoughts. He is particularly affectionate and very nice to his father and sisters, and perfectly sweet-tempered, and possesses some minor qualities that add particularly to one's happiness—such as being humane to animals." She found it impossible to enter into his work, and did not even find it interesting to watch his experiments, but she never made any pretense about it. Once, when they attended a scientific lecture together, he said to her, "I am afraid this is very wearisome to you." "Not more than all the rest," she said. He used to quote this with pleasure;



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they evidently understood one another perfectly.

When they were first married, the Darwins lived in Gower Street in London, but by 1842 Charles could not take the strain of a city life, and they moved to Down House, in Kent, sixteen miles outside London. At first, he visited London every two or three weeks, hoping "not to turn into a complete Kentish hog," but soon he found even this too much for him, and gradually he settled into a routine that was not to alter for the rest of his life. His hours of scientific work were invariable: from 8 to 9:30 A.M., and from 10:30 to midday; by then he considered his work for the day done. The writing up of his material was for him the worst part; he found it an exacting and painful labor. The rest of his time was spent in walking, riding, resting, thinking, answering letters, and long hours of reading. "When I see the list of books of all kinds which I read and abstracted . . . I am surprised at my industry," he wrote later. His library became large, but above all it was a working library; for books in themselves he had no feeling, and when studying a heavy book he would sometimes tear it in half to make it easier to handle. Weekdays and Sundays passed by alike, each with its stated intervals of work and rest; this was his essential condition.

This period of his life was occupied with immediate matters—editing the five volumes of "The Zoology of the Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle," working on a paper on coral reefs, which took him twenty hard months, and endlessly revising and correcting his material gathered during the voyage. John Murray, the publisher, read the "Journal" when it came out in 1839, and realized that, apart from its scientific value, it was one of the best books of travel and adventure ever written. Buying up the unsold stock from the publisher, Henry Colburn, he sent a few copies around to some influential friends. When he found that they were as enthusiastic about the book as he was, he bought the copyright from Colburn for a hundred and fifty pounds, and put it out again in 1845. From then on, it had a steadily increasing sale, and was finally translated and published all over the world. Darwin was gratified: "The success of this my first literary child always tickles my vanity more than that of my other books."

By 1846, he thought he was finished with the Beagle. In October, he wrote to Henslow, "You cannot think how delighted I feel at having finished all

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my Beagle materials. . . It is now 10 years since my return, and your words, which I thought preposterous, are come true, that it would take twice the number of years to describe that it took to collect and observe." In fact, there was one item left over from the voyage—a tiny cirripede, or barnacle, not much bigger than the head of a pin—and the study and classification of this species took up the next eight years of Darwin's life.

Now his interests stretched before him in ever-widening circles. He had so many ideas; he studied sheep, cattle, pigs, dogs, cats, poultry, peacocks, canaries, goldfish, earthworms, bees, and silk moths, as well as flowers and vegetables. He particularly experimented with pigeons, and joined two pigeon-fanciers' clubs; the men called him Squire, and he sat at their meetings in a cloud of tobacco smoke. One of his fellow-members wrote about a certain pigeon, "If it was possible for noblemen and gentlemen to know the amazing amount of solace and pleasure derived from the Almond Tumbler . . . scarce any nobleman or gentleman would be without their aviaries." Darwin completely agreed with him: "Pigeon raising is a majestic and noble pursuit, and beats moths and butterflies, whatever you say to the contrary." He had a great love for experiment—"I shan't be easy till I've tried it"—and much enjoyed what he called fools' experiments. Once, for instance, he asked his son Francis to play his bassoon close to the leaves of a sensitive plant; he fancied it might vibrate to the chords.

One does not readily believe that the pleasures of Victorian family life were as idyllic as biographers make out, but in the Darwins' case there is no doubt whatever; parents, children, relatives, friends, acquaintances—all have left undisputed evidence of a genuinely happy family. Maria Edgeworth described Charles' "radiantly cheerful countenance." Another visitor wrote that "when Charles is most unwell he continues sociable and affectionate." "More than any woman I ever knew, she comforted," said Mrs. Huxley about Emma. Darwin had an altogether exceptional devotion to his children, treating them with an affection and kindness that they never forgot. Perhaps this was in some part a reaction against the rather authoritarian treatment he had received from his own father; in any case, he dealt with them from the first as independent human beings—a rare approach to children in those days. Seven of the Darwins' ten children survived

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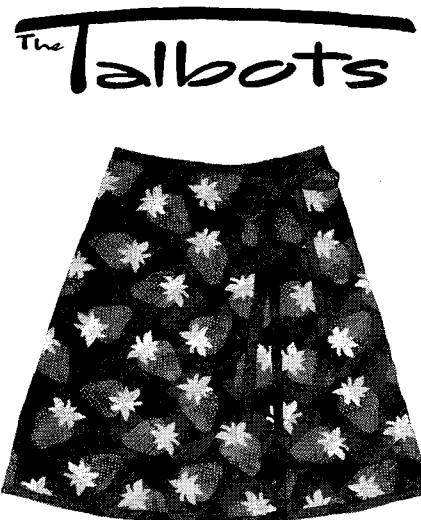
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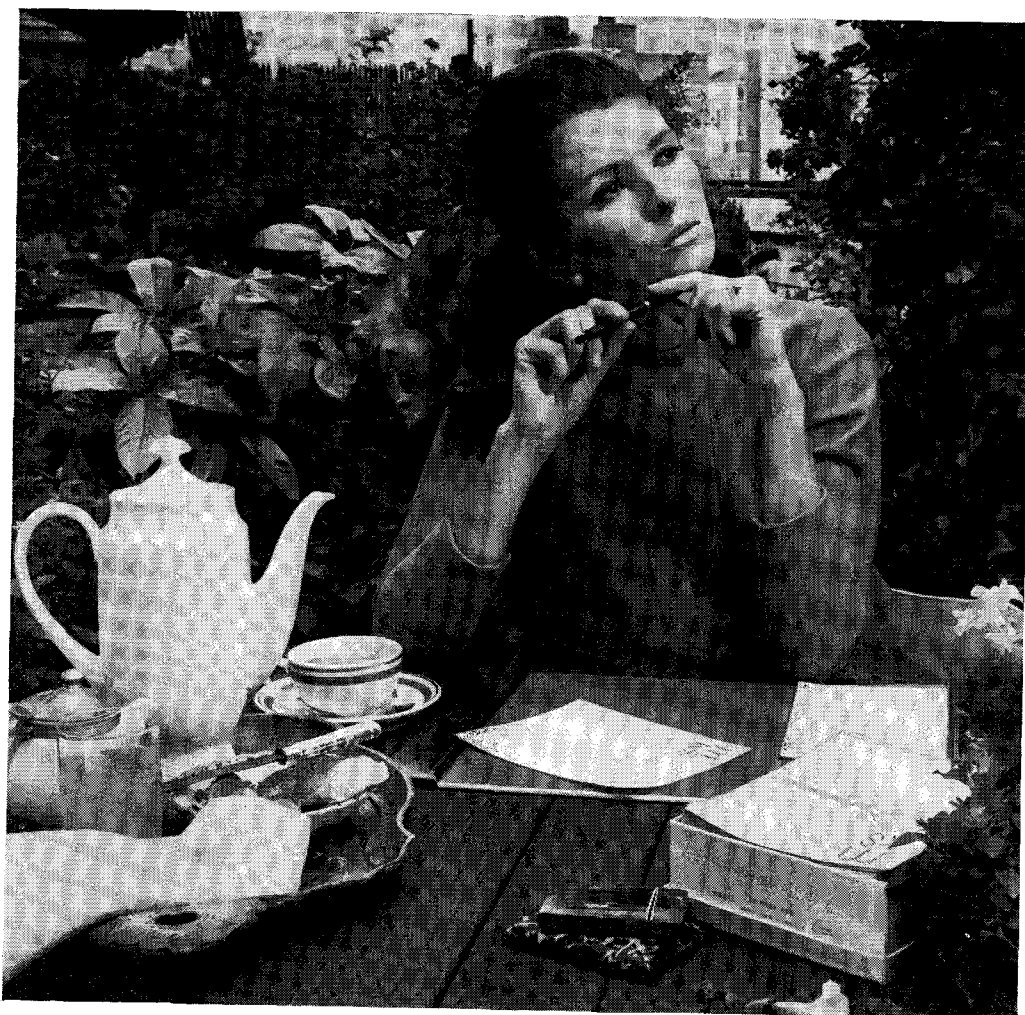
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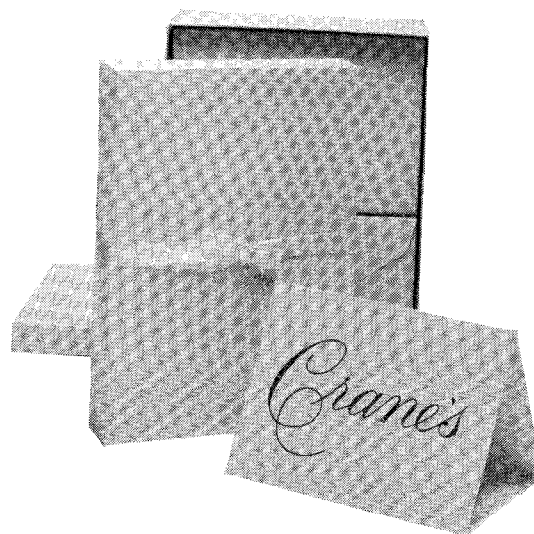
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childhood, and none of them ever had the least fear of their father. One of them, at four years old, tried to bribe him with sixpence to play with them during his working hours. A child who was ill might easily be found tucked up on the sofa in his study "for comfort and company." He wrote the most charming, warmhearted letters; when his eldest son, Willy, got a good place at Rugby, he wrote, "My dear old Willy, I have not for a very long time been more pleased than I was this morning at receiving your letter with the *excellent* news. . . . We are so very glad to hear that you are happy and comfortable. . . . I go my morning walk and often think of you." To his son George when he was appointed second wrangler at Cambridge: "My dear old fellow . . . Again and again I congratulate you. . . . You have made my hand tremble so I can scarcely write." He was present when his second child, Annie, died in Malvern at the age of ten (Emma could not be there because she was about to have her ninth child), and twenty-five years afterward tears still would come into his eyes when he thought about her. The Darwins were a comparatively wealthy family; when his father died, Charles inherited five thousand pounds a year. He was most liberal with money to all his children; he balanced his accounts at the end of each year and divided the surplus among them. Except for family visits, Darwin took few holidays; the only breaks were made when he had to go off for several weeks at a time to take the "water-cure," the one thing that seemed to improve his health. As his work took a deeper and deeper hold on him, other interests faded, and became even actively irritating. Writing in 1876, he said that he "could not endure to read a line of poetry [and] found Shakespeare intolerably dull, and music merely drove my thoughts to worry about my work." The one thing that really entertained him was listening to a book being read aloud—preferably a novel with a happy ending. This was the man who, at Cambridge, had organized Shakespeare readings in his room, who had taken the greatest pleasure in listening to Mozart and Beethoven, and who, on his inland expeditions in South America, had invariably carried a volume of Milton's poems in his pocket. He himself found this "curious and lamentable loss of the higher aesthetic tastes" very odd. But there it was; "My chief enjoyment and sole employment throughout life has been scientific work."

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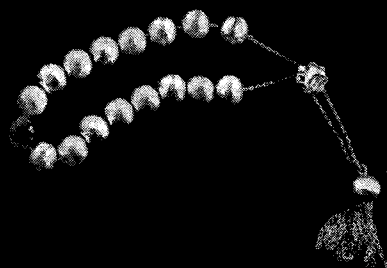
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bring him into much contact with FitzRoy; in fact, the two men did not often meet again once the voyage was over. In 1843, FitzRoy was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand, but his obvious partiality for the aborigines—no doubt his missionary instincts at work—made him unpopular with the settlers, and the government soon recalled him. Not much later, he retired from active service in the Navy, though he was later moved up to vice admiral. While the course of Darwin's life—always with the exception of his health—was a steady upward progression, poor FitzRoy's circumstances and character combined to frustrate and depress him. His first wife died in 1852, and four years later his eldest daughter also—a beautiful girl of sixteen. In 1856, he applied for the post of Naval Officer in the Board of Trade's maritime department, but it was given instead to Commander James Sullivan (later a knighted full admiral)—a man who twenty-five years before had been FitzRoy's second lieutenant in the *Beagle*. For a man of FitzRoy's pride this must have been hard to accept. He became a great expert on weather prediction—in fact, he was the originator of all the weather forecasts on which shipping now depends—but here again he came in for criticism, the *Times* going so far as to refer to "the singularly uncouth and obscure dialect employed by the Admiral in his explanations." This time, FitzRoy did not have the support and loyalty of his comrades in the *Beagle*, which had brought him out of the same sort of lowness of spirit so many years before.

Gradually, as their views diverged—Darwin becoming more and more engrossed in his scientific theories, FitzRoy more and more convinced of the literal truth of every word in the Bible—they became less than friends, and their last meeting, in 1857, when FitzRoy went to stay at Down House for two nights, was not a success. FitzRoy was a man, Darwin wrote to his sister, "who has the most consummate skill in looking at everything and everybody in a perverted manner."

But now the great crisis—and glory—of Darwin's life was coming upon him. All these years—ever since he had seen the Galápagos Islands and had started classifying and correlating his materials from the voyage of the *Beagle*—he had been "haunted" (his own word) by the conviction that the various species of life on earth had diverged from ancestral lines. They had not been created complete and un-

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changing; heredity and environment had produced new forms. Far earlier, in 1837, he had started his first notebook on the mutability of species, and when, a year later, he read Malthus's book "An Essay on the Principle of Population," he felt certain that he was on the track of an idea of great importance—so much so that a few years later he made a rough outline of his theory and left it with a letter to his wife asking her to publish it in the event of his sudden death. He took no steps toward publishing it himself, however; he must have realized what a storm these heretical ideas would arouse. He tells us in his autobiography that as a young man, before going to Cambridge, he did not "in the least doubt the strict and literal truth of every word in the Bible," and he recalled that even later, while on board the Beagle, he had been heartily laughed at by several of the officers for "quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality." It cannot have been easy for him to accept his own discoveries; his religious upbringing must have put up a great fight against the conclusions he was forced to draw. But he knew he was right: "Disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress, and have never since doubted even for a single second that my conclusion was correct."

His conclusion, as he expanded it later, was this: "As many more individuals of each species are born than can possibly survive, and as consequently there is a frequently recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary however slightly in any manner profitable to itself . . . will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. . . . This preservation of favourable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious, I have called Natural Selection, or the Survival of the Fittest." The accumulation of favorable variations over long periods of time must result in the emergence of new species and the extinction of older ones. There was also the factor of sexual selection—selection operating through advantages in the struggle for reproduction. "Beauty," he wrote later, "is sometimes better than success in battle."

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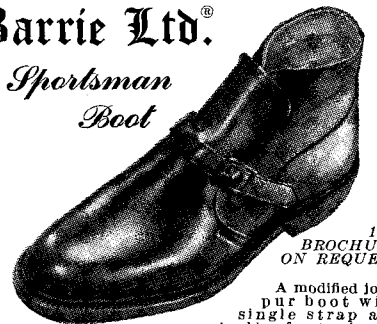
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Sunday, October 23, 4004 B.C.—and this extraordinary pronouncement was printed with all the authority of the Gospel itself in many copies of the Bible that were in circulation at the time. There was much theological argument about the exact interpretation of the Bible, but the facts of the Book of Genesis were sacrosanct: the world had been created by God in six days, man had been made in His image, all the creatures of the earth had sprung into existence at the same instant, and they had survived the Flood only because Noah had taken two of each species, a male and a female, aboard the Ark.

It might be argued, of course, that many people still believe these things today, but in Victorian England they were at the very heart of nearly everyone's consciousness; they were as definite and unchallengeable as night and day. If you took these foundations away, you destroyed society, you mocked God Himself. No wonder Darwin had delayed for more than twenty years before publishing his heretical theories of the origin of the teeming species on earth; in England he faced social ostracism, on the Continent he might easily have been arrested, a little earlier the Inquisition would certainly have had him. He would have waited even longer had he not been in danger of being forestalled by another naturalist, Alfred Russel Wallace, who was thinking along the same lines as himself. In June, 1858, there had arrived out of the blue a letter to Darwin from Wallace, enclosing an essay and asking Darwin—if he thought it good enough—to send it on to Lyell. The essay was entitled "On the Tendencies of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type." Darwin, as usual, behaved admirably. Faced with the prospect of his years of work being rendered worthless, his brilliant new theory anticipated, he did not hesitate for a moment. He sent the essay on to Lyell with a warm recommendation. "So all my originality will be smashed," he could not help adding. Fortunately, both Lyell and Joseph Hooker, the botanist and Fellow of the Royal Society, knew of all the work he had already done on the subject, and had read his outline of his theories, and they persuaded him that he must not step aside; he and Wallace must act together. It was arranged that a joint paper be presented to the Linnean Society the following month.

A year later, Darwin published his book "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the



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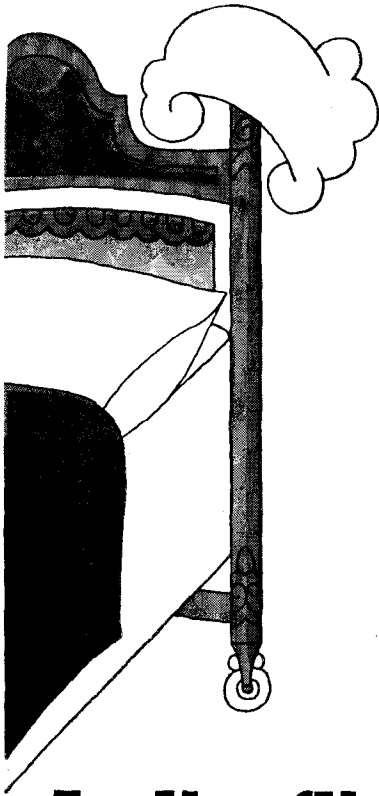
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Struggle for Life." It was put out by John Murray, and the first edition, of twelve hundred and fifty copies, sold out on the day of publication. Surprisingly, there was not a great deal of fuss at first. Most scientists sniffed at the theory cautiously and, except for a few who took sides, preferred to reserve their judgment; as Hooker said later, "the interest aroused was intense, but the subject was too novel and too ominous for the old school to enter the lists unarmed." But it was also too revolutionary an issue to lie dormant; it pushed at men's minds everywhere. What Darwin was saying—or, at any rate, suggesting—was that the world had not been created in a week, and certainly not in the year 4004 B.C. It was inconceivably older than this; it had changed out of recognition and was still changing; all living creatures had changed as well; and man, far from being made in God's image, may have begun as something much more primitive. The story of Adam and Eve, in brief, was a myth.

This was intolerable. People were furious at the idea that they might share a common lineage with animals. They thought, wrongly, that Darwin was saying that man had descended from an ape; in fact, what he did believe was that modern man and modern apes had diverged in prehistory from a common line of ancestors. As long ago as 1844, Darwin had written to Hooker, "At last gleams of light have come, and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable." Now the murder was out. It was not possible any longer for the Church to stand aside. By 1860, when Darwin's book had run through three editions, the clergy was thoroughly aroused, and it chose to come out and do battle at the meeting of the British Association that was held at Oxford in June that year—the meeting that was to bring together the great exponents of science and religion to debate the theory of the origin of species.

There is something anachronistic, even absurd, about the whole controversy; it seems to belong not to the last century but to the Middle Ages, and one has to make a conscious effort of the mind to believe that it really happened. There were, of course, many scientists—especially geologists—who had moved a long way toward the theory of evolution themselves: Darwin's grandfather Erasmus Darwin; Buffon and Lamarck; and others, such as Henry Adams, who felt

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"an instinctive belief in evolution." Nonetheless, most of Darwin's contemporaries were content to accept the theologian William Paley's theory that the form of every existing species of plant and animal bore unmistakable witness to the divine hand.

The clergy arrived at the meeting in strength; they were led by the formidable figure of Samuel Wilberforce, the Bishop of Oxford, a man whose impassioned eloquence was a little too glib for some people (he was known as Soapy Sam) but whose influence was very great indeed. Wilberforce announced beforehand that he was out to "smash Darwin." He was supported by the anatomist Richard Owen, who was a rabid anti-Darwinist and who probably supplied the Bishop with scientific ammunition for his speech. Darwin was ill and could not come, but his old teacher Professor Henslow was in the chair, and he had two ardent champions in T. H. Huxley and Hooker. Things got off to a slow start. Through Thursday, June 28th, and Friday, the discussion droned on among minor scientists in a desultory way. By a coincidence, FitzRoy had come to the meeting to read a paper entitled "British Storms," and this he did on the Friday. By Saturday, it was known that Soapy Sam was ready, and so many people crowded into the meeting—undergraduates as well as the clergy and the scientists and their wives—that it had to be moved from the usual lecture room to the library of the New University Museum.

The proceedings opened quietly, not to say dully. For an hour or more, a Professor Draper, from America, rambled on about the "intellectual development of Europe considered with reference to the views of Mr. Darwin and others," and he was followed by three speakers who were hardly more inspired. But by now Wilberforce had entered the hall, with his attendant clergy about him, and he created something of a stir with his priestly clothes and his air of confident episcopal authority. Henslow called on him to speak, and he plunged at once with a fine flow of words into ridicule of Darwin's "causal theory." Where were the proofs? Darwin was merely expressing sensational opinions, and they went flatly against the divine revelation of the Bible. This was no more than had been expected, but the Bishop, on rising to the height of his peroration, went too far. He turned to Huxley, who was sitting on the platform—an arresting figure in his topcoat and his high wing collar, and with his leonine

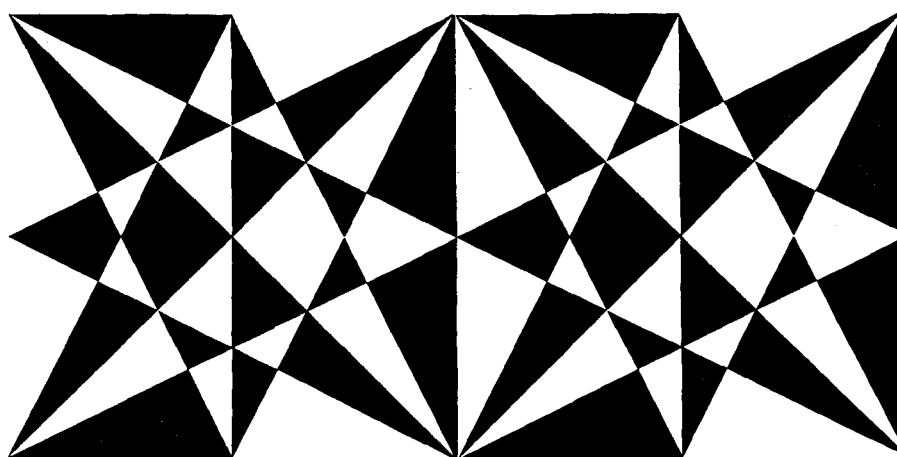
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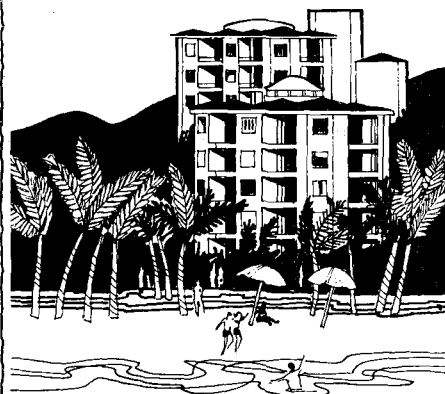
black hair—and demanded to know if it was through his grandmother or his grandfather that he claimed to be descended from the apes.

It was not really the moment for heavy sarcasm, and Huxley was not a man to provoke. (Years later, when Samuel Butler attacked Darwin in a series of pamphlets and periodicals, Huxley quoted Goethe's lapidary phrase "Every whale has its louse.") It was by chance that he was at the meeting at all; he had met a friend in the street that morning who had persuaded him to go. Now, when he heard how ignorantly the Bishop presented his case, ending with his "insolent question," he said in an undertone, "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands." He got up and announced that he would certainly prefer to be descended from an ape than from a man like Wilberforce, who prostituted the gifts of culture and eloquence to the service of prejudice and falsehood. The Bishop, in short, did not know what he was talking about.

One did not lightly insult the clergy in the eighteen-sixties. Uproar ensued. The undergraduates clapped and shouted, the clergy angrily demanded an apology, and the ladies in their seats under the windows fluttered their handkerchiefs in consternation. One of them, a Lady Brewster, collapsed from shock and had to be carried out.

And now something intensely interesting intervened. Amid the hubbub, a slight gray-haired man got to his feet. His thin, aristocratic face was clouded with rage, and he waved a Bible aloft like an avenging prophet. Here was the truth, he cried, here and nowhere else! Long ago he had warned Darwin about his dangerous thoughts. Had he but known then that he was carrying in his ship such a . . . He was shouted down, and the rest of his words were lost. There were those in the audience who recognized Admiral Robert FitzRoy, and it must have been a disturbing thing to hear him so passionately denouncing his old shipmate. Indeed, it was both disturbing and a little shocking, for it carried the memory back to the beginning of this whole affair—to the days when FitzRoy and Darwin were eager young men in their twenties, both delighting in one another's company, both utterly engrossed in their great adventure. Now, thirty years later, it must have been a bitter experience for FitzRoy to stand up in this noisy, crowded room and hear Darwin's name acclaimed. It was turning white into black. How had it happened? How had these satanic thoughts prevailed? Hurt, bewildered, and furi-

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ous, he went out, and less than five years later, in a spasm of annihilating and righteous despair, he committed suicide. "I often doubt what will be his end," Darwin had written to his sister Susan as long ago as 1836. "Under many circumstances I am sure it would be a brilliant one, under others I fear a very unhappy one." FitzRoy cut his throat on a Sunday morning, April 30, 1865; he was fifty-nine years old.

Darwin lived on for another twenty-two years after the Oxford meeting, and his health somewhat improved. "The Origin of Species" was published in many editions all over the world, and he wrote eight more major works, including the preëminently important "The Descent of Man." His reputation grew steadily; he was given an honorary Doctor's degree at Cambridge, and when he attended a lecture at the Royal Institution the whole assembly rose to its feet and applauded him. Down House is now a museum, and there are Darwin museums and libraries in cities all over the world, including Moscow; a mountain range—the Cordillera—has taken his name. On the Galápagos Islands, there is a biological-research station maintained by the Charles Darwin Foundation.

Charles Darwin is now recognized as the man who, as Julian Huxley says, "provided a foundation for the entire structure of modern biology," but during his lifetime he received no official honor from the state (though three of his sons were later knighted). The Church was strong enough to see to that. He never stopped working; "when I am obliged to give up observation and experiment," he said, "I shall die." He was working on the seventeenth of April, 1882; he died on the nineteenth. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, with Huxley, Hooker, and Wallace among the pallbearers.

—ALAN MOOREHEAD

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Leading Back to Renoir

ARTHUR PENN's "Alice's Restaurant," with Arlo Guthrie playing himself, comes from Guthrie's beautiful best-selling ballad, the talking-blues story called "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." The film has the comic mood of the song, which is wry, light, staunch, and sweetly ironic about an America that rains blows on the heads of its dissenting young and also says that they can have the world. (Song: "You can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant. Exceptin' Alice.") The Arlo of the film is one of the gentle middle-class radicals who seem to be changing America. To avoid the draft, he first thumbs a ride to "an institution of higher learning." But higher learning disappoints him—or the institution does, maybe—and he leaves it, staring the draft in the eye, for a cheerful communal life led by Alice (Pat Quinn), which is going on mostly in a deconsecrated church. Perhaps only people living in America will be able to recognize his precise social background. It is rather important. His hippie clothes and his swinging locks of hair might give the wrong clues. Arlo's peculiar mood, mixing an imperishable sense of farce and a docile obduracy, is moving because it is a matter of choice. When he says no, he has other options. He has the money to take himself off to his institution of higher learning, and he leaves it again in the full knowledge of what will happen next. He comes not from a ghetto full of rats but from a middling-well-off family with its own private troubles. His father is ill with a disease that Arlo, in a single line spoken through a car window, shows himself to be very frightened of inheriting. Earlier, after seeing the fine-faced old man in hospital, he has spoken alone to his mother: "He's got a lot worse since I saw him." "Well, let's say no better," she answers. The incident is unemphatic, as the ballad would have made it. It comes piercingly in the narrative line of the film, which continues with a hippie gathering in the deconsecrated church on Thanksgiving Day and a feast with Alice, a soft-voiced woman who dispenses a welcome to anyone coming up the aisle. Ray (James Broderick), her older, coachman-faced husband, likes dressing up as a squire of other times and has a

core of secret fierce nostalgias, like a Russian.

The Thanksgiving gang do what they can to say thank you for Alice's trouble, in a mood of farcical housewifery. ("We decided it would be a friendly gesture to take the garbage to the city dump.") Her garbage. But,

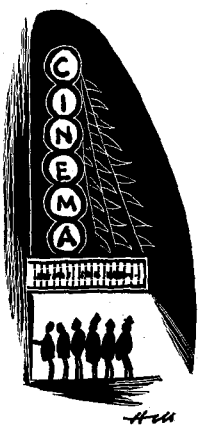
from then on, officialdom is more and more befuddling. The dump pompously says of itself that it is "Closed on Thanksgiving Day." ("We had never heard of a dump closed on Thanksgivin' before, and with tears in our eyes we drove off into the sunset.") The gang cart the garbage to another possible place and offload it onto a suggestive-looking small start of a pile of junk, casually including an envelope addressed

to Arlo. The merry slip of identification brings revenge, and the law descends. A charmingly portrayed cop called Officer Obie (William Obanhein) goes doggedly after a conviction for littering. He behaves as if he were on to a major crime. The stinking dell of old cans begins to buzz with solemn doings. Aerial photographs are taken. Police dogs snoop. Cubic areas of garbage are measured. And Arlo is hauled off to the night clink. ("I don't think I can pick up the garbage with these handcuffs on.") Officer Obie finally fails to get the conviction he has trudged after. There is a shot of a blind judge walking out of the courtroom with his dog after imposing a minimal fine, and after it the sight of Obie's dignity crumbled. I can't think of a more endearingly shown cop-enemy in the American cinema.

Then the foreseen happens and Arlo has to go for his physical. The draft-board scenes are a slapstick routine of cheated urine tests and hollow psychiatric catechisms. Because of his littering offense, Arlo is clapped into a room of inductees labelled Group W—benches of father-murderers and mother-rapers, fingering jackknives and despising a mere garbage offender. After this farce sequence—the film has been very beautifully cut, by Dede Allen—the picture goes into its last stages, which are full of a pagan sobriety that seems to belong uniquely to the hippies. There is a strange funeral scene for one of the gang, held in a snowstorm while a girl

whose nose is red with cold sings "Songs to Aging Children." And then Alice and Ray marry again, at a better, hippie wedding, with flowers and festivity, unlike their previous one, which was dull and at a J.P.'s office; and when the young hippies decently leave them alone together they get sad, because they wanted to live in a family free of departures, like the people on some huge, warring Russian estate where old friends might quarrel over pickled cucumbers and at the same time find one another indispensable. "Alice's Restaurant" is a purely conceived film, clownish and sad, beautifully put together, with a haunting affection for the American face which reminded me of the shot of the Midwestern mother's expression in Penn's "Bonnie and Clyde" as she stood in the middle of the dust bowl after a picnic and told the two romantics that they weren't going to be seeing her soon at all, that they were going to have to keep running.

"BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING," which was made by Jean Renoir in 1931 and is soon to be shown at Lincoln Center in a festival of his incomparable work, has Michel Simon in the part of Boudou, the haywire tramp whose vision of the way life should be anticipates the hippies' by nearly forty years and gives it an odd benediction through the grace of Renoir's filmmaking genius. At the beginning of the film, Boudou has lost his dog. A policeman brushes aside his request for help. Boudou is not a lovable tramp. He is nothing like Chaplin. When he attempts to commit suicide by drowning, a bookseller saves him and tries to rehabilitate him in his own house, but there is nothing doing. The bookseller's kindly aim is to turn the unruly man into a good bourgeois like himself, but Boudou prefers to be left alone. He doesn't want to be saved. There is no place in society that he covets. If this is the world, he would rather be out of it. He does his best to impel the move, by saying with a chorle that he doesn't absolutely need an offered necktie, by pursuing the bookseller's mistress (who is the housemaid), by seducing his wife, by saying that the sheets make him sweat ("I get sick"), and by taking firmly to the bookseller's floor. The film, written by Renoir and Albert Valentin from a minor play of the time, is a lyric and riotous account of a dissident who escapes by a system of mayhem. He wants none of the things that respectability wants him to want. While the wife grows petulant



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in the kitchen, he lies down on his shoulder blades and props up a door-jamb with his carpet slippers, says he suspects that the bookseller fished him out of the drink because he needed a servant, and spits genially onto a first edition of Balzac. The wife, dusting herself with talcum powder, mutters distractedly that her nerves are going to crack. It is obvious that one should rescue only people of one's own class. Michel Simon's loose, doggy face, visible in typical Renoir shots through a spiral staircase and in distant rooms as he concocts worrying schemes, incites the wife to spite: "I can only shun the man who spat on Balzac." To her horror, he not only makes love to her, which stays well within the bounds of what she finds socially acceptable, but goes as far as to call her by her first name. Her husband is slightly mollified by getting a medal for the rescue. Meanwhile, Boudu intones "Fleurs du Mal" in the doorway and smokes an obviously smelly cigar. The film comes full circle when he marries the maid and sets out in a bowler hat with his bride in a boat. Nearly trapped in a social act, he throws himself into the river. Not suicide. Not despair. An escape from what is expected of him. Barking and rolling like a sea lion, he floats slowly down the river, and eventually he hauls himself up onto a bank, staggering drunkenly and embracing a scarecrow as though it were a colleague. There is a three-hundred-and-sixty-degree shot of the free world regained, and then the camera sinks down to the grass and the white dust raised by a breeze in the summer heat. You can have seen the film fifteen years ago and still remember that grass, that dust, that freedom.

IN 1934, Jean Renoir made "Toni," photographed by his nephew Claude Renoir, which is also to be shown in the festival. Viewed historically or not, it is still one of the most remarkable achievements of realism in the cinema. Renoir never beats the drum. His method of shooting and of directing actors is always to leave air around them. He is interested in people's actions less than in their reactions, interested in scenes less than in the actors moving about in them, interested in whole scenarios less than in scenes. He shot this film in the Midi, without makeup, studio sets, or stars. It began as a dossier on a *crime passionnel*. The story is about Toni, an Italian immigrant who comes to France to find work (your country is where you can eat), and about the two women who

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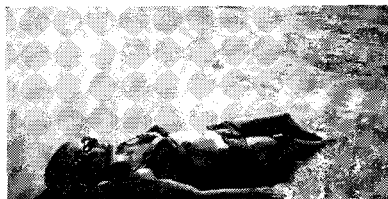
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love him. He has a long-lasting affair with his landlady, Marie, and a thwarted one with a Spanish girl called Josepha, who marries a Belgian farmer from the quarry where Toni works. The composition of the shots of men working the quarry looks very like Bruegel's "Tower of Babel." The film is full of wonderful things—the sense of a dying relationship in bedroom scenes between Toni and Marie, a baby howling during a quarrel about money in a poor kitchen, the sounds of motor-bike engines and a funeral bell and a guitar intervening disconnectedly on the track. "Toni" is a monument to Renoir's undying preoccupation with meetings and intruders. How to enter, how to belong. Again and again, in many different films, he has asked the same question: What happens to strangers in milieus that are not theirs? And alongside this question, which must lead always to explosions (in "Rules of the Game," for instance, and even in "Diary of a Chambermaid," the finest film of his Hollywood exile during the war, though it is constrained by the presence of stars, the then alien language, and the even more alien studio sets)—alongside this there is the pacifying effect of the details of side-life in Renoir films, which have the balm of all true prodigality.

THERE exists a rare old Russian screen record of Gorky's "The Lower Depths" as it was played long ago by the Moscow Art Theatre, with the great Kachalov, now dead, as the Baron. The Lincoln Center Festival has Renoir's marvellous "Les Bas Fonds," of 1936, and it compares interestingly. The Moscow Art picture is entirely Russian in the wit, the buffoonery, the richness of idiosyncrasy, the profusion of swollen, hallucinated faces, dreaming and condemned. Renoir's version has Louis Jouvet in the Kachalov part and remains entirely French, where any other director would have tried to confect Russianness. "Bresson has said that originality is when you try to do the same as everybody else but don't quite make it," Renoir once remarked to me, apropos of something quite different. The flop-house in his "The Lower Depths"—built around one of the courtyards he loves—is unconsciously just as much Renoir's original issue as Gorky's. Renoir's character is all there in the film: in the response to a story about a dandy who has been stripped by the bailiffs and fallen among guttersnipes who recognize and fear his class; in the minute social details; in the bitter

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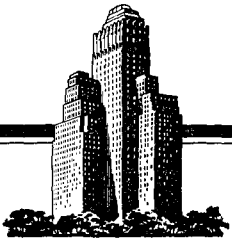
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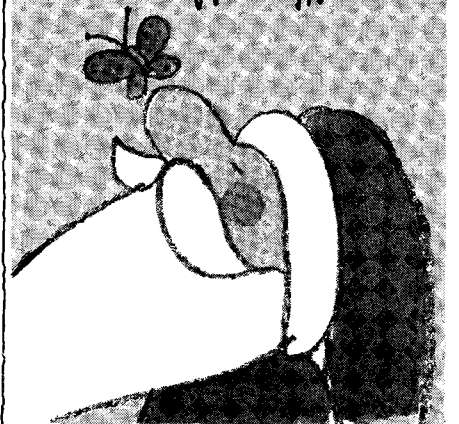
tenderness; and in the breath of temperament and curiosity that fills the frames of any Renoir film with unmistakable flickering life. He begins with a long shot on Jouvett, the debonair Baron in military uniform, hearing out a voice-over lecture from a superior officer about debts. The shot is held daringly, as Godard often holds one now. In the Baron's palatial home, run by a sadly grateful, class-conscious servant who is never going to get his back wages, a burglar played by Jean Gabin comes in to pinch the valuables and sits down with the Baron to a comradely glass of champagne on tick. The Baron knows what is going to happen to his life, like everyone else in his circle. He has squandered a fortune. In the gambling rooms, his unamiable friends can always tell when he has lost: he walks out calmly enough with a cigarette, but it is unlit, whereas he unconsciously lights it if he has won. The slope now leads only downward, and he already knows himself to be in Gabin's shoes. When he gets to the flophouse, after leaving his empty mansion and his unpaid servant with an air, he finds himself at an irreparable distance from everyone else there. Gabin leans on an elbow in a field and talks to him in a way that he can't quite recognize, about being fed up. "The mattresses... saucepans... every word that is spoken is rotten to the core," Gabin says, talking beside a river with a grass-blade in his mouth, in one of the interludes that Renoir directs as no one else can. The Baron and the burglar have escaped for the moment from the flophouse—from the girls desperate to get married as a way out, from the jammy-mouthed government inspector promising to make a princess of one of the down-and-outs if she will have dinner with him, from the crazed alcoholic actor who sees visions of a cure. The Baron has disabused the drunk of those visions, and the drunk has hit back: "You're a real baron. Even with holes in your shoes, you're destructive." Lying with Gabin on the bank, the Baron says that everything in his life has seemed like a dream, consisting mostly of changing clothes—beginning with being a schoolboy, then being married, then a government official—and he looks down at his tramp's coat, the sleeves ending four inches above his wrists.

"The Lower Depths" is unmistakably Renoir's. He shot in deep focus long before Orson Welles and Gregg Toland, because he wants to see everything in motion at the same time and because he prefers not to commandeer

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your eye. He always likes to see what is going on in the next room, through half-open doors, or across a courtyard, so his compositions often have the tunnelling perspectives of the great Flemish interior paintings. The scenario of the film was presented to him by Jacques Companeez and Eugène Zamiatine, and he responded to it at once. The adaptation and the dialogue are by Renoir himself, with Charles Spaak, who later collaborated with him on "Grand Illusion." He seems always to have been interested by the idea of a beggars' kingdom, like Gay, Brecht, and Weill before him. More than this, his version of the Gorky play becomes, through his temperament and intellect, a heartrending poem about the loss of caste. The delicate comprehension it proffers to the resolves and wounds of class that are often made light of now by progressive film directors puts it thematically with "Rules of the Game" and "Grand Illusion," his two masterpieces. (And, indeed, with practically every other film he has ever made. He said to me recently, about another director, "Probably everyone makes only one film in his life, and then smashes it into pieces and makes it again.") Renoir's feeling in "The Lower Depths" for the fop deposed, for the grandee who has lost his birthright in high style and will always be mistrusted by his new familiars for that very stylishness, expresses the ideas and the love that led him to his greatest works.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

Photo above shows artist's concept of Boston's new 32-story Keystone Building, a uniquely designed office tower in which all tenants will have bay windows.—*Photograph caption from a public-relations firm in Boston.*

And not a case of Fresca in the joint.

DEPARTMENT OF COINCIDENCES: The combined number of members in the US Senate and House of Representatives is 535—which happens to be the street number of the AMA headquarters address in Chicago.—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Makes you sick just to think of it.

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[From the Cortland (N.Y.) Standard]

"Whatever has happened to the Loyal Circle of Cortland, a member of the International Order of King's Daughters and Sons?" is a question frequently asked since the Children's Home on Port Watson Street, which was founded and operated by the group, was closed in 1958.

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THE RACE TRACK

Back to Belmont

IT'S not amiss, I feel, to report that the start of the Long Island autumn season at Belmont Park last week was hardly the pleasantest that devotees can remember. Most of the races were of the sort likely to be forgotten a month from now, unless you were in on the action (a horseplayer never forgets a bet he's lost), and for lagniappe we had a heat wave on opening day.



However, there was a smasher of a contest in the Fall Highweight Handicap, with the Tartan Stable's filly Ta Wee winning by three-quarters of a length over the Wheatley Stable's King Emperor, who seems to be coming into top form again. Joseph Roebling's Gaylord's Feather was third. King Emperor showed early speed, but Ta Wee caught him halfway from home and they went on together, hammer and tongs, until she drew away in the last furlong. Ta Wee, who is Dr. Fager's little half sister, was saddled by Scotty Schulhofer, a former steeplechase rider and the Tartan Stable's new trainer of record. Johnny Nerud, its former trainer, who now directs the establishment's racing and breeding operation and its stud in Florida, was there, too, wearing as gay a yellow-and-black plaid sports jacket as I've ever seen. He gave Rotz the leg up on Ta Wee.

What with riders' being set down all over the place for one thing or another, Belmont may find itself with a jockey shortage. Cordero, who has been the leading rider hereabouts for several seasons, is down for ten days for failing to keep an engagement at Saratoga; Hernandez has been given a ten-day holiday by the stewards for careless riding; Fishback, who rode in the first steeplechase of the meeting, was set down five days for his tactics; Tartaglia and Ruane have each been grounded for ten days for violations in separate races; and Mrs. Tuesdee Testa got ten days (a first for her sex in this state) for careless riding on something named Bargain Counter. Cordero rode two winners on opening day, before his suspension began, bringing his season's total of winners on local tracks to a hundred and forty-one.

THIS will be the longest meeting at Belmont Park in some time. The Matron Stakes is to be run this weekend, and Meritus, the winner of the Spinaway, may have a go at it as a

prep for the richer Frizette, for two-year-old fillies, later in the meeting. The Beldame, for older fillies and mares, comes up the following Saturday, and no doubt Gamely, who won it last year, will try for two in a row. The Futurity, the blue ribbon of two-year-old racing (in my book, anyhow),

will have its eightieth running on September 20th, and my pick is Pontifex. Since Saratoga, I've asked a number of horsemen about him,

and they all agree that he was the best horse in the Hopeful, although he finished third. Also, I have a hunch that history may repeat itself. Jamestown won the Flash and the Saratoga Special, was beaten in the Hopeful, then won the Futurity. Pontifex won the Flash and the Special, was beaten in the Hopeful, and ... well ...

EVERY Monday, Joe Hirsch, the roving staff correspondent and columnist, has a department in the *Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form* in which he answers questions on racing. Recently, he selected three hundred and fifty of the questions and answers, and Trident Press has put them in a book, which is as fascinating and informative as any I've come across lately. Neophytes will find that it contains valuable hints on handicapping and what to look for before and during a race, and what to remember afterward—all this from leading trainers, jockeys, and racing officials, for Joe has passed many of the questions along to the experts. The title is "A Treasury of Questions and Answers from *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*." Of books on how to beat the races there is no end. You'd do better to buy tip sheets. An exception is "The Education of a Horseplayer" (Hawthorn), by Sam Lewin and Frederick C. Klein. Lewin has been around the track for forty years and is known as the Genius (a genius, he says, is the man who bet on the last winner), and he offers sound advice on the inexact science of betting—how to win more and lose less, even with the take from the tote against you. *Nobody* can beat the take.

—AUDAX MINOR

You don't have to be born to love the taste of cooked asparagus.—*Foxboro (Mass.) Reporter*.

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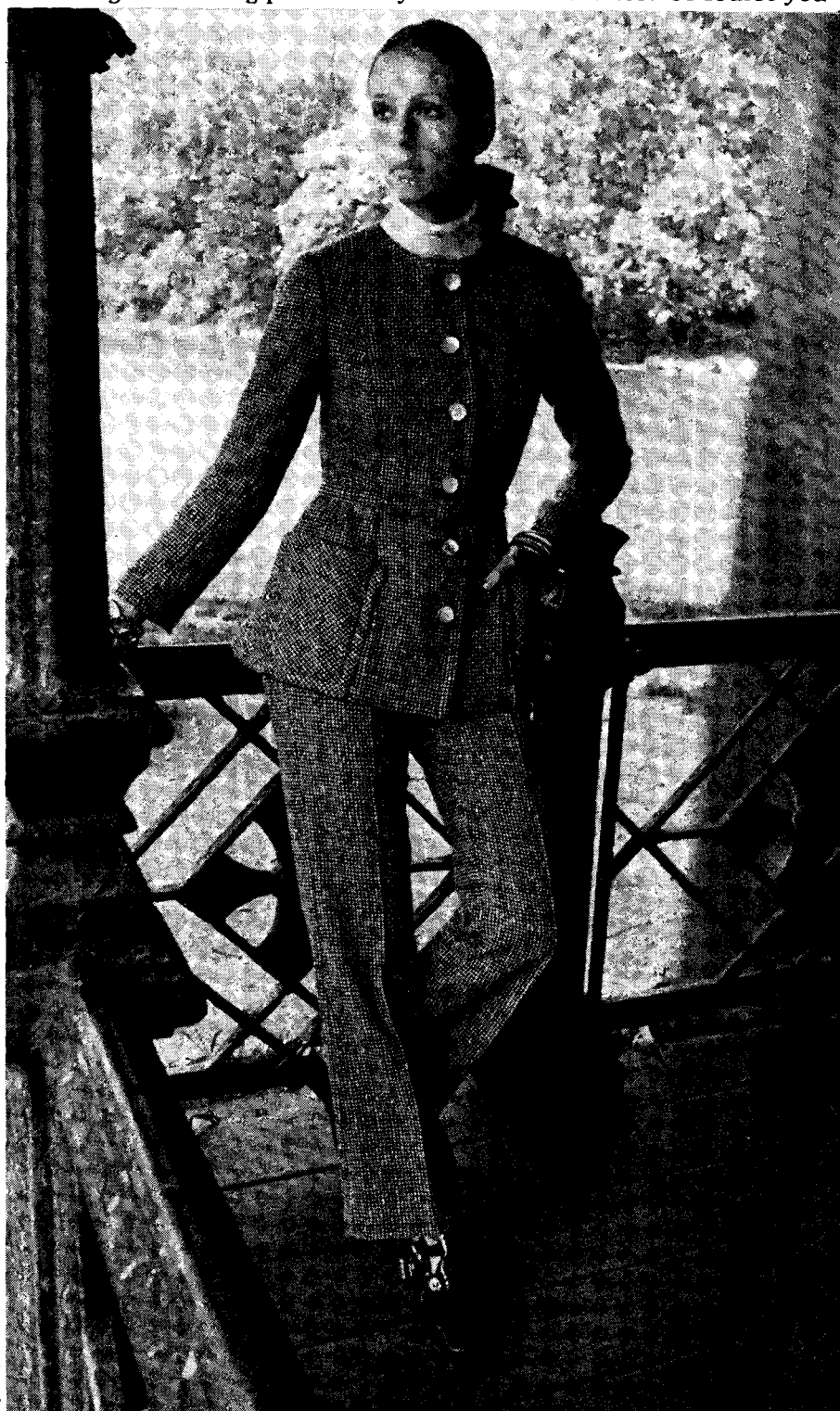
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LETTER FROM BUCHAREST

AROUND 1675, in what was unquestionably the first international recognition of the immense diplomatic talents cultivated by the Rumanians during more than a millennium of coping with the Romans, the Turks, the Greeks, the Russians, the Poles, the Hungarians, and the Hapsburgs, Czar Alexis of Russia sent a Rumanian aristocrat, historian, linguist, and superb political juggler named Nicolae Miclescu to be his ambassador to the Peking court of the Manchu Emperor Hsüan-yeh. I first became aware of Miclescu when I visited Bucharest this summer to see how Communist Rumania and its President, Nicolae Ceausescu, were faring in their acrobatic dealings with the Soviet Union, and how, in view of the complexity of those dealings, they would handle the trip by President Nixon, whom, to the obvious annoyance of their Moscow neighbors, they had invited to visit Rumania. This visit, the first by an American President to a Communist country since Franklin D. Roosevelt went to Yalta in 1945 for a conference that most Eastern Europeans and many Americans recall with regret, fitted neatly into the subtle historical pattern that the Rumanians have developed through the centuries in dealing with the successive waves of conquerors struggling over their homeland, which controls the vital lower course of the Danube, the southwestern approaches to Russia, and the northern approaches to the Balkan landmass. Ever since the tough Dacian tribes inhabiting what is now Rumania were subdued by the Roman Emperor Trajan in 106 A.D., Rumania has been a battlefield, and the Rumanians have been perfecting ways of solving the problems created by their more powerful and predatory neighbors. In the end, Rumanian national interests have always seemed to prevail. It was while I was discussing this diplomatic acumen of the Ru-

manians with a young Bucharest historian of my acquaintance that the name of Miclescu came up. Miclescu, who spoke at least five languages, emigrated to Russia because of a feud with a fellow-noble, and the Czar soon sent him as envoy to the Chinese court. Relations between Russia and China had never been better than during his tenure in Peking.

Now that President Ceausescu's Rumania is attempting to mediate between the Soviet Union and China—or, at least, to remain diplomatically equidistant between them—my historian friend thought it would be a good idea if Miclescu could be resurrected as the Soviet ambassador to China or else as the Chinese ambassador to the Soviet Union. From the Rumanians' point of view, it could work either way. But this was in the realm of historical fantasy, and meanwhile the Rumanians this summer went on practicing their contemporary brand of Miclescu diplomacy. Mr. Nixon had been gone only three days before the Rumanians, having barely paused to shift their ideological gears, began holding the quadrennial congress of their Communist Party, at which President Ceausescu unveiled *his* concept of modern Marxism-Leninism.

I was particularly interested in

Nixon's visit to Bucharest because eleven years ago—on May 13, 1958—I was with him in Caracas when Venezuelan Communists and other leftists nearly lynched him for being Vice-President in the Eisenhower Administration and thus representing all the things that Latin Americans found objectionable about "Yankee imperialism." I was curious now to see how the Rumanian Communists and Rumanians in general would react to Mr. Nixon in his capacity as President of the United States. From the moment the invitation was issued, Mr. Ceausescu's problem was how to keep the Nixon visit in a low key, though, as it turned out, nobody's heart was really in this effort. For the record, at least, the Rumanian regime preferred not to see the Nixon visit turn into a pro-American demonstration, which the Russians would inevitably, and probably not incorrectly, equate with an anti-Soviet outburst. In Communist Eastern Europe, there is always a simplified polarization in such matters.

The Rumanians are hungry for Western technology and avid for Western culture, and they make no bones about the attraction the West has for them, even while they maintain Communist structures for reasons of domestic power and ideology, and to avoid provoking the nervous Russians.

Ceausescu, walking a tightrope even more daringly than his predecessor, Gheorghe Gheorgiu-Dej, did until his death, in 1965, continues to open his Communist society more and more to the West. TAROM, the Rumanian airline, has bought British BAC-111 airliners so as not to expose much wanted Western tourists to uncomfortable Soviet airplanes. Negotiations are under way with a Canadian firm for an industrial nuclear-power reactor, because the Rumanians do not think highly of Soviet reactors. A Rumanian government planner who is familiar with Western technology told me one evening, "We want the best there is in the world, and we're going to get it, no matter what it



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costs." A new refinery at the great oil center of Ploesti has a catalytic-cracking plant built in the United States, and the Rumanians have obtained licenses from Corning Glass to produce television picture tubes and from Pepsi-Cola to set up a bottling works.

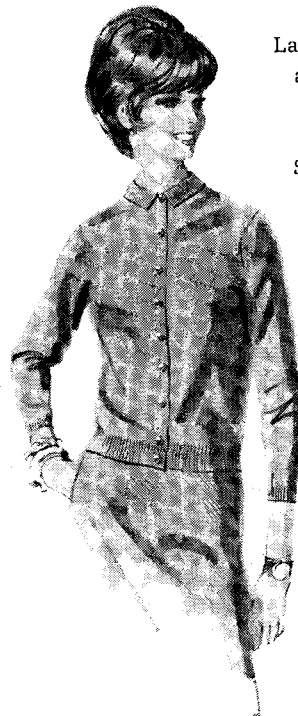
All these manifestations of independence, embarrassing as they are to Moscow, arise from a sense of national unity and from pride in Rumanian nationalism. Ceausescu, the chief spokesman for the nationalist cause and its principal exponent, is a cool and usually unemotional man of fifty-one who has become probably the most popular Rumanian national leader since Vlad IV, called the Impaler, who successfully fought the Turks in the mid-fifteenth century—or at least since Michael, called the Brave, who re-created the Great Dacian Realm in 1599. Vlad, a rough man, also earned the sobriquet Dracul (which means "devil" in Walachian, and from which Count Dracula's name doubtless derives), and though Michael the Brave was a gentler sort, he nonetheless succeeded in defeating both the Turks and the Transylvanians and in creating the first Rumanian national state since Trajan's time. This lasted only a few years, however, and the next time Rumania won national independence was in 1880, following innumerable Russian and Turkish incursions and occupations. During the Second World War, the Rumanians had the bad luck to be dragged in on Hitler's side against Russia, but in August, 1944, displaying their usual prescience, they staged an uprising and threw the Germans out in time to welcome the oncoming Soviet armies. (The twenty-fifth anniversary of the uprising is the occasion for still further ceremonies in this busy month.) Now, in the context of the nineteen-sixties, Mr. Ceausescu is bent on again consolidating Rumanian independence. Most Rumanians, therefore, think of him as a national leader first and a Communist second—something that has had a parallel in Communist Eastern Europe only in the cases of Czechoslovakia's President Ludvik Svoboda and now demoted Premier Alexander Dubcek.

WITH all this in mind, I was not surprised to find when I arrived in Bucharest, four days before President Nixon, that there were no external signs of the imminence of anything as momentous as the presence of the American President. The Rumanian newspapers were full of laudatory articles about the forthcoming Ru-

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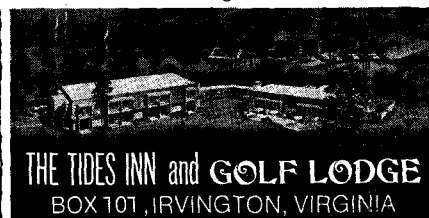
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*Or how a certain time of day led to Guerlain's creation of, perhaps,
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Twilight on the Seine: 1911.

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Common to all great art, however, is that moment, or event, which compels the artist to attempt to preserve it forever. (Who amongst us has led such a shallow existence that he was never moved to say "I wish I could paint that," or at least, "I wish I had a camera with me"?)

A moment such as this is the story of L'Heure Bleue.

A man pauses to reflect on his walk home from work. The year is 1911. It is summer. There is nothing spectacular about the scene. No vivid sunset. No heavenly rays penetrating dark clouds.

To the contrary. The air is dark blue. The

sky has lost the sun but not yet found the stars. And yet it is as if all the elements were conspiring to say something.

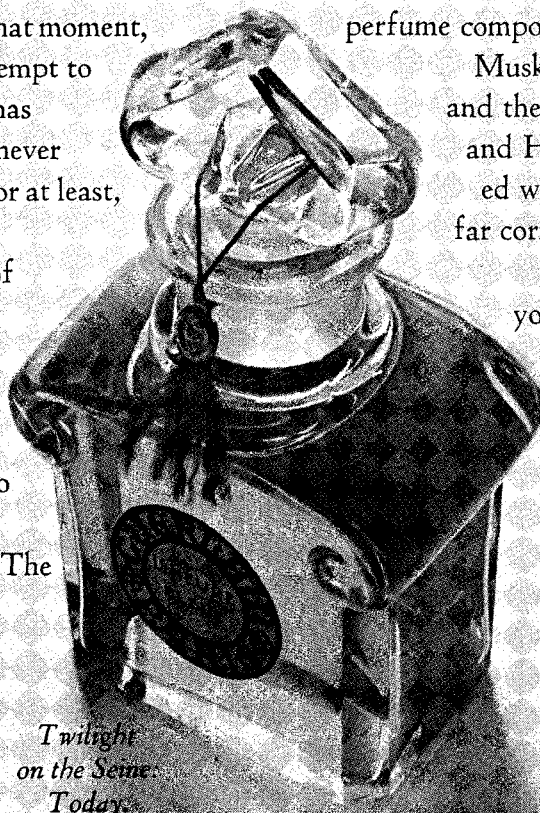
Something infinite. Something . . . tender. Something that simply cannot be translated into words.

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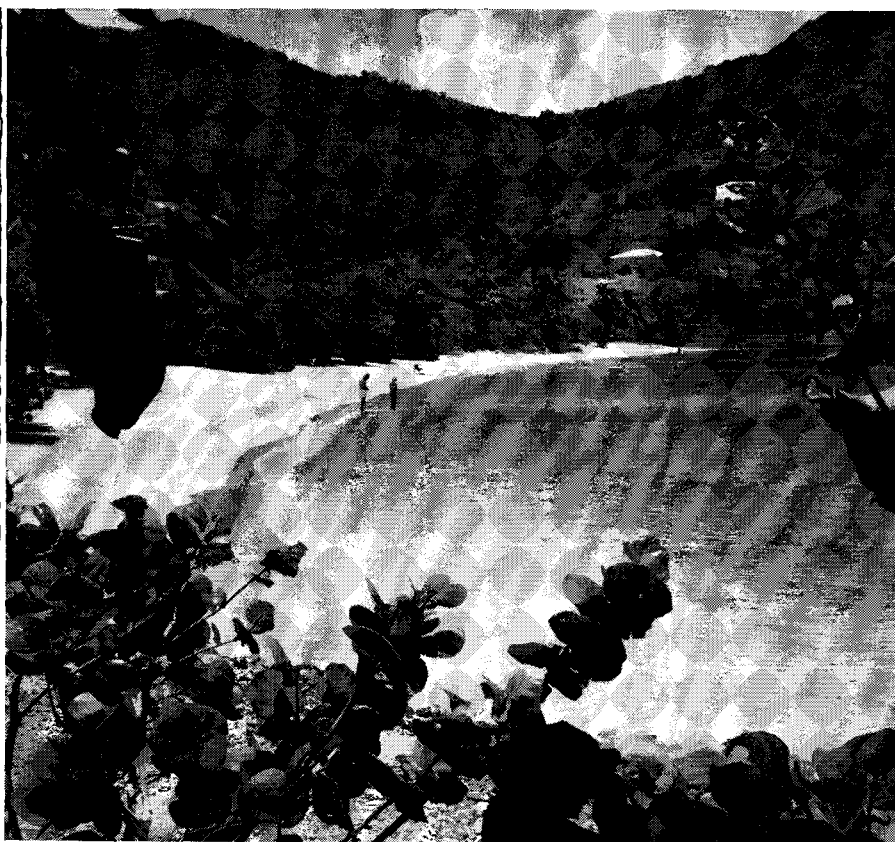


*Twilight
on the Seine:
Today.*

manian Communist Party Congress, which had been postponed for two days so that Mr. Ceaușescu and his associates would be spared from welcoming Communist delegates from abroad within hours of President Nixon's departure. The principal news story on Thursday, July 31st, was an account of a ceremony at which President Ceaușescu celebrated the birth of Rumanian Citizen No. 20,000,000—a baby boy named Daniel Marius Stănculescu. The accompanying front-page photograph showed a beaming Mr. Ceaușescu cradling a five-week-old baby in his arms in a baptismal gesture. The importance of the ceremony was that the Rumanian regime is intensively encouraging a higher birthrate, because the country badly needs people to push its economic development. The former liberal abortion laws have been repealed, and the rate is now the second-highest in Europe.

As for Mr. Nixon, the newspapers devoted no more than two paragraphs a day to his travels across Asia. Having briefly announced early in July that the American President was coming to Bucharest, the Rumanian press ignored him almost completely for weeks. When I asked a Rumanian editor why so little space was being given President Nixon's Asian activities, he replied, "Our public is not interested in *that* part of his trip." The only indications that the American President was to arrive shortly were the invasion of Bucharest by hordes of Western newspapermen and their breathless battles for rooms at the Athenée Palace Hotel, where a press center was being installed for them, and at the Lido Hotel, which has Bucharest's only hotel swimming pool—which, in turn, has Rumania's only artificial-wave-making machine. With the temperature in Bucharest in the nineties, the Lido swimming pool and its poolside restaurant were big attractions for the reporters—particularly since they had nothing to do for days except interview each other, all Rumanian officials having staunchly refused to discuss any political aspects of the Nixon visit. The Athenée Palace, where I stayed, offered an air-conditioned restaurant with electrically operated sliding doors and excellent Rumanian caviar, which appeared on the menu two days before Mr. Nixon arrived and vanished the day after he left. The Athenée Palace also had a basement night club, with a floor show reminiscent of the worst days of Minsky's.

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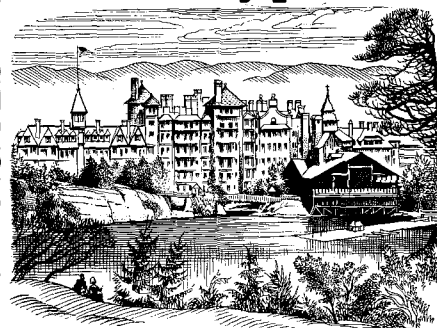
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shady parks, spacious plazas, and beautifully designed boulevards, and never seems crowded. But, with summer vacations on, it seemed much emptier than usual; the white-uniformed policemen majestically directing traffic in the immense plazas rarely had to deal with more than one car at a time. "I can't imagine where they will get the people to greet Nixon," a colleague of mine remarked on the first of August. The President was arriving the next day, and the local press had not printed either his schedule in Bucharest or the route of his motorcade. But the question of public participation in the welcome for the President was candidly explained by an official of the Rumanian Foreign Ministry who briefed the foreign press on that Friday afternoon. "Those who must greet the President will know exactly where to go," he said.

ON Saturday morning, all the newspapers published identical front-page articles, consisting mainly of Mr. Nixon's biography and accompanied by a bad photograph of him. Though the Presidential route was still not given, a box announced that, beginning at noon, Rumanian television would broadcast the arrival. And early-rising Bucharest citizens could not help realizing that Mr. Nixon would be in town within hours. During the night, thousands of newly made American flags, crossed with Rumanian tricolors, had been put up on lampposts and specially erected poles along the twelve-mile route between the brand-new Otopeni Airport and the midtown Palace of the Republic. The Athenée Palace Hotel is on Republic Square, facing both the Palace of the Republic and the Communist Party's Central Committee headquarters, a white boxlike structure, and, happening to look out of my window at eight o'clock that morning, I saw a long column of marchers crossing the wide square. They were obviously being led to assigned posts along the route of the motorcade. As I discovered later, each industrial plant in Bucharest was ordered to supply a quota of greeters, and, as is customary with such "spontaneous demonstrations" in such countries, attendance was taken. In this instance, though, I was told, the quotas were overfilled and the number of volunteers far exceeded that called for on the attendance lists. Just as the first marchers appeared on the square, a succession of sixty-one black limousines—Mercedes-Benzes and Opels (Russian-built Volgas are used only by lower-ranking officials and by taxi-

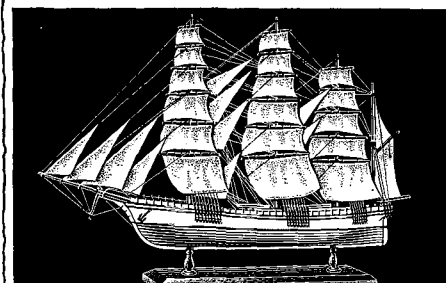
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drivers)—halted, one by one, in front of the Palace of the Republic. They were to take the regime's top personages to the airport.

I reached the airport about an hour before Air Force One, which was to be the first jet arrival at Otopeni, was due to touch down there after a non-stop flight from Lahore. By this time, tens of thousands of people were lining the streets, and they were being handed small paper American and Rumanian flags. It was a holiday crowd, waving at the passing press buses, and obviously anticipating an unusual experience. The people did not look regimented and did not seem to mind standing in the hot sun. The Rumanians were in a more than usually pro-American mood, partly because two weeks earlier Rumanian television had carried the entire Apollo 11 moon-landing transmission live—something that no other Communist-bloc country had done—and thousands had stayed up all night to watch the astronauts. A mischievous pleasure was evident in Bucharest over the fact that the Americans had made it ahead of the Russians. The American Embassy distributed a quantity of Apollo lapel buttons, and these became the most precious gift an American could make to a Rumanian friend that week. The Rumanians wore them proudly, not to say defiantly.

The security arrangements for the Nixon visit were so tight that a member of the advance party of the United States Secret Service was heard to say that the President would be safer in Bucharest than in Washington. It was said, for example, that two days before Mr. Nixon's arrival the Rumanian Securitate, or secret police, had gently persuaded a number of North Vietnamese and Arab students at Bucharest University to spend the weekend out of town, so as to remove any possibility of hostile demonstrations. Along the route, white-gloved soldiers, with sub-machine guns held across their chests, stood twenty feet apart. Between every two soldiers was posted a gray-clad militiaman, and every thirty feet there was a Securitate agent, in civilian clothes but in full view. This last gave a tangible index of the enormous size of the Rumanian secret-police force. Several thousand of its men were on duty in the streets that day, while, presumably, Securitate was not scanting its duties elsewhere.

At Otopeni, some five thousand greeters had been assembled on a corner of the tarmac. The buses that brought them (they became known as

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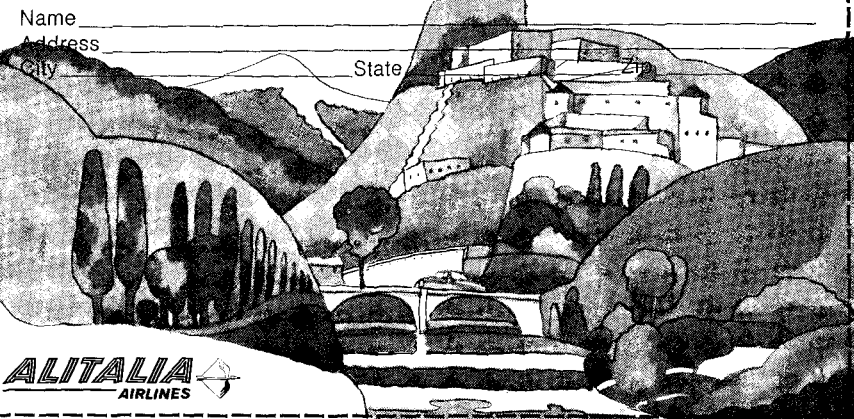
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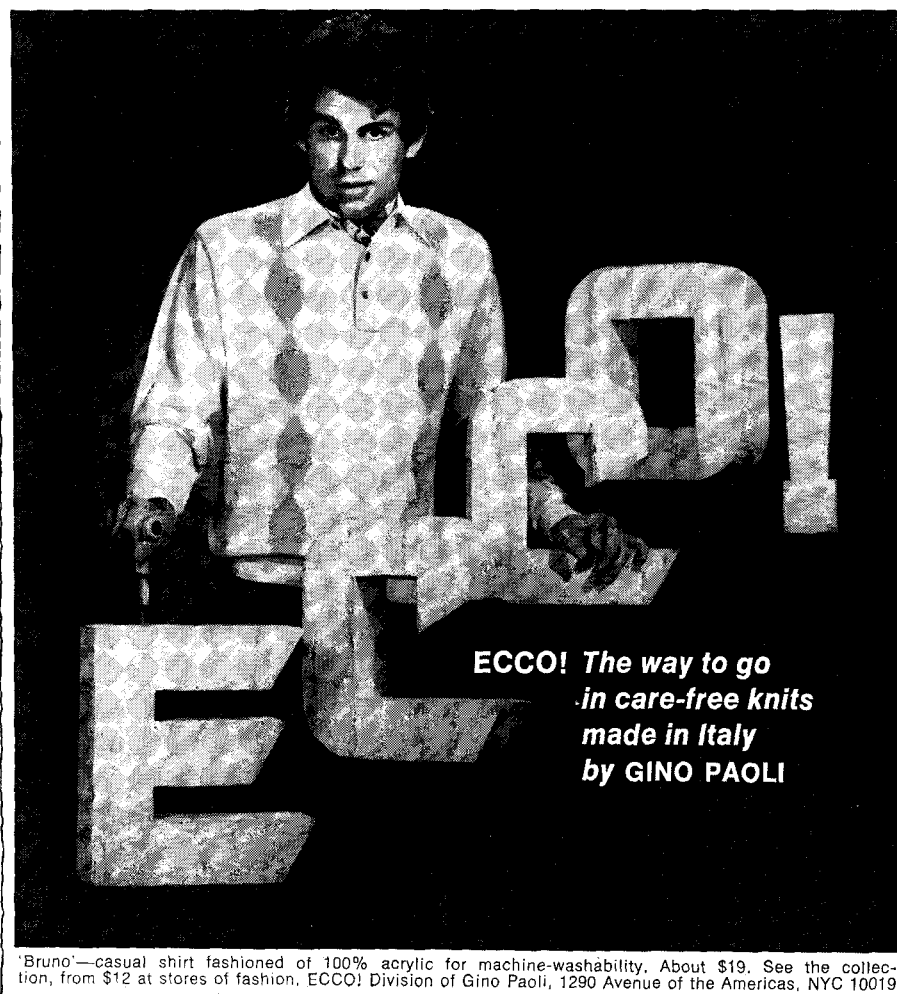
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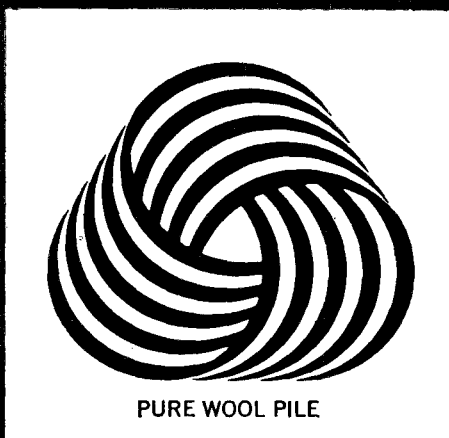


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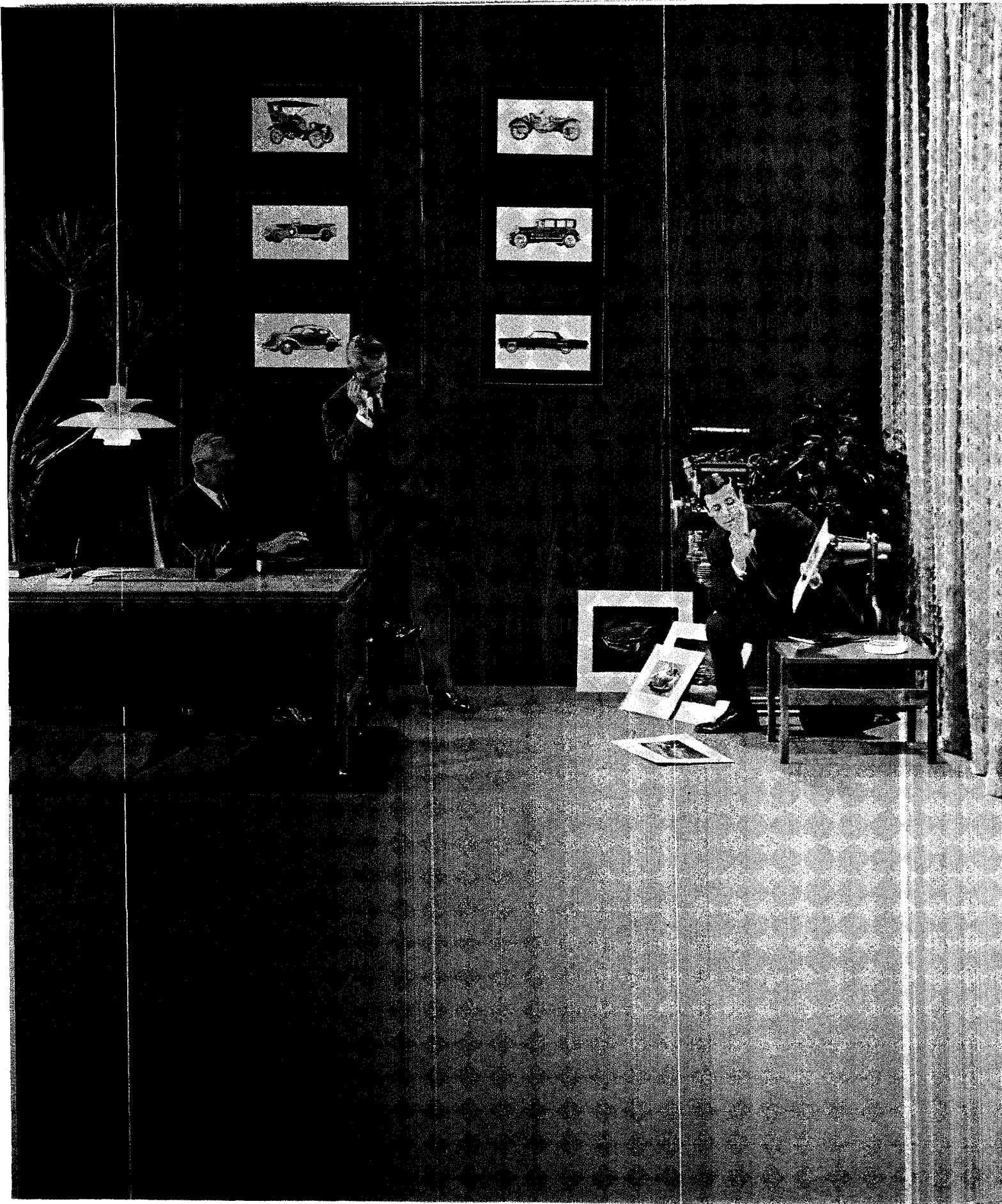


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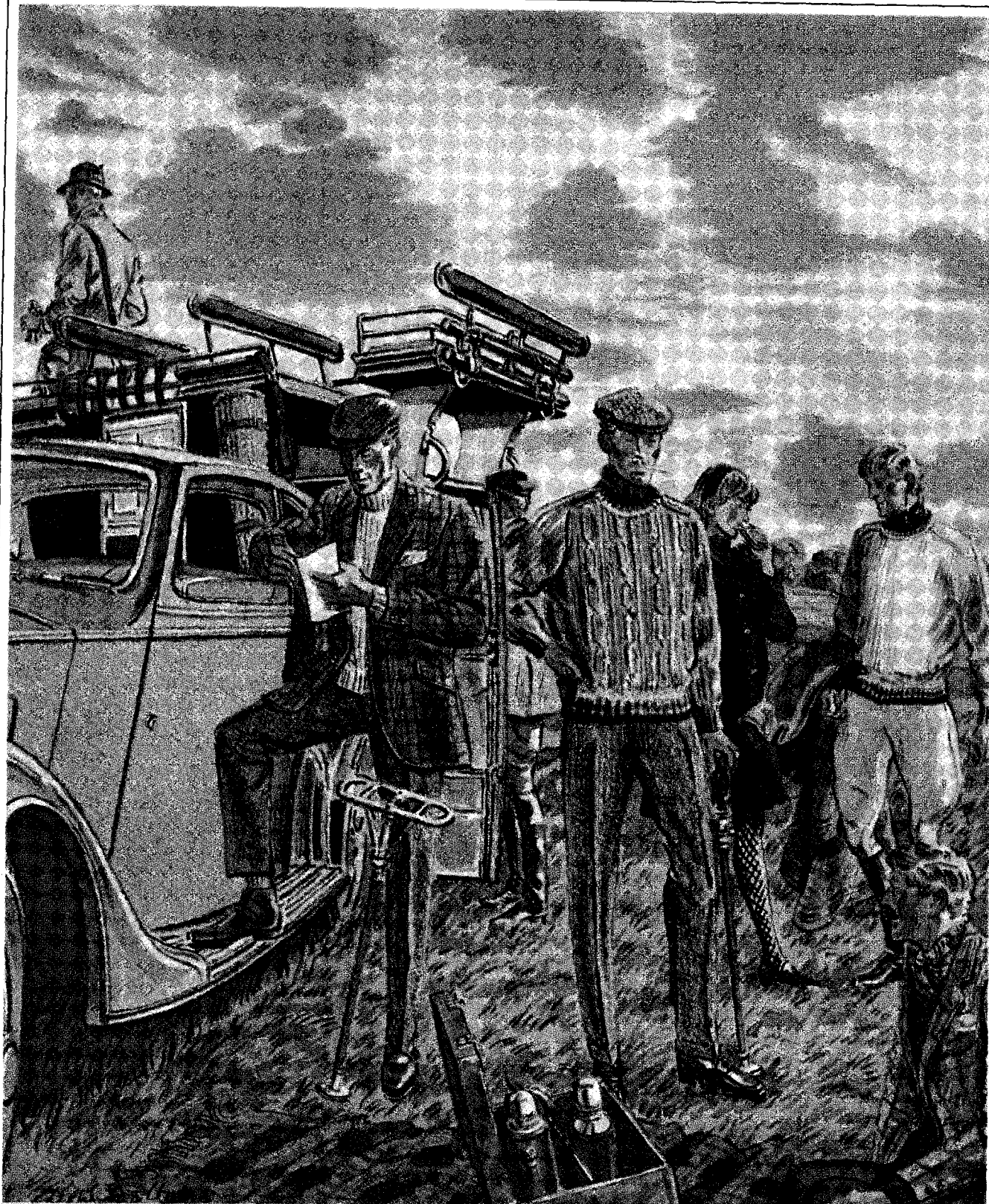


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"spontaneous buses") were parked on a nearby highway. Signs in English and in Rumanian hailed the "Friendship Between the American and Rumanian People." Immense portraits of President Nixon and President Ceausescu rose side by side atop the roof of the partly completed terminal. The portraits made the two Presidents resemble each other strikingly, which they do not in real life. Mr. Nixon, however, was given a deep five-o'clock shadow by the Rumanian artist (who may have seen some old Herblock cartoons).

Mr. Nixon looked tanned, fit, and unshadowed as he stepped down from his jet. He was not allowed to shake hands with Mr. Ceausescu—who seemed diminutive beside him—until elaborate greetings had been exchanged by their chiefs of protocol. Rumania is unquestionably the world's most protocol-minded country, and in my earlier Bucharest rounds I had discovered that every organization, ranging from the Communist Party newspaper *Scinteia* to the Ministry of Machine Construction, has a chief of protocol. As the first American President to touch the soil of a Communist capital, Mr. Nixon seemed totally at ease. In accordance with the prescription of the protocol men, he shouted, in Rumanian, to the military honor guard, "Good day, soldiers!" and they, also according to protocol, shouted back in Rumanian, "Good health to Your Excellency!" Brief, protocolary speeches were delivered by both Presidents, national anthems were played, cannons boomed a twenty-one-gun salute, and then Mr. Nixon's twenty-seven-hour adventure in Rumania began in earnest.

Standing in President Ceausescu's huge open Mercedes, President Nixon delighted the crowds with open-arm salutes reminiscent of an American election-campaign tour. Mr. Ceausescu, who tends to be a bit shy, presently joined Mr. Nixon in this exercise. It was all quite different from, say, a visit by Leonid I. Brezhnev, and the Rumanians responded with wild enthusiasm. By this time, the fact that the contingents of government-ordered greeters had been swelled by tens of thousands of voluntary ones was obvious to everyone. Estimates put the crowd at figures as high as a quarter million—a more than merely respectable number, considering how many Bucharestians were on the Black Sea coast or in the mountains. Mr. Nixon repeatedly got out of the car to shake hands in the crowd—another action that is not normally associated with a Brezhnev visit—and

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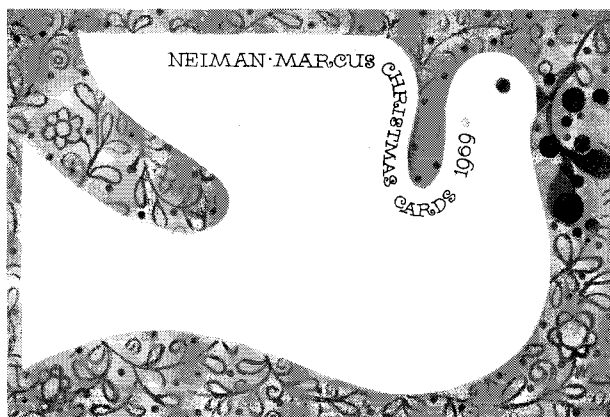
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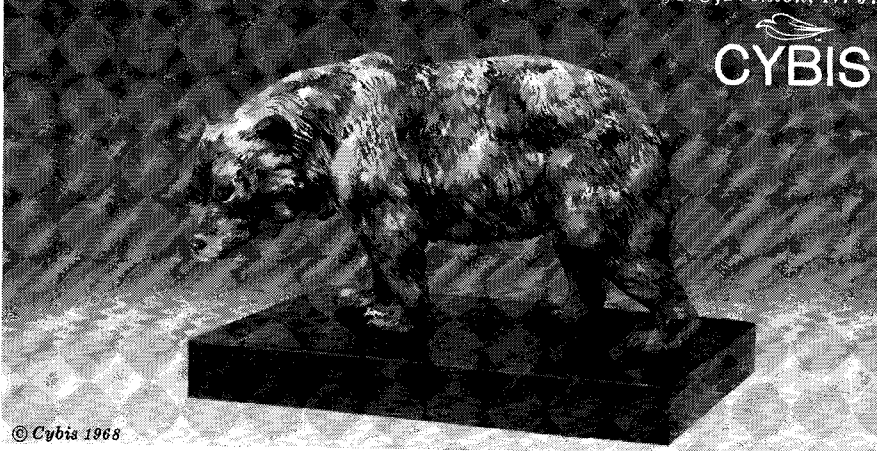
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President Ceausescu followed him, somewhat timidly at first. Then he got into the spirit of the occasion as the motorcade proceeded toward the luxurious government guesthouse where the Nixons were to stay, and it was quickly forgotten that the Nixon visit was supposed to be kept in a low key.

After afternoon talks between the two Presidents, followed by a state dinner, Mr. Ceausescu presented the Nixons to the Rumanian elite at a sumptuous reception in the salon of the Council of Ministers. The guest list included every ambassador in town who was politically in a position to accept the invitation—and the East German ambassador as well, whose government is not recognized by the United States. The Soviet ambassador, Ivan Bashev, was prominently present, and had an apparently cordial chat with Mr. Nixon under President Ceausescu's watchful scrutiny. Dignitaries of the Eastern Orthodox Church, in their ecclesiastical robes, and Rumania's Chief Rabbi, also in rich ecclesiastical attire, were presented to Mr. Nixon, as were all the ambassadors, the Rumanian Cabinet Ministers, and everybody else of official importance in Bucharest. As the two Presidents and their wives proceeded slowly across the crowded room, I found myself face to face with Mr. Nixon, whom I had not seen since the 1958 events in Venezuela. The encounter seemed to bring to Mr. Nixon's mind the contrast between Caracas and Bucharest, and he introduced me to President Ceausescu as the companion of a trip that "we both prefer to forget." Mr. Ceausescu smiled pleasantly.

The next morning—Sunday—Mr. Ceausescu changed the program and took the Nixons to see the Obor Municipal Market, in a Bucharest working-class suburb. This was an unannounced visit, but when the people saw rows of soldiers and policemen taking positions along the streets at 6 A.M. word that the American President was coming spread swiftly, and when he came, shortly before nine o'clock, crowds were out again in force, displaying even more warmth and enthusiasm than had been evident the previous day. Inside the Obor market hall, a modern red brick structure, a vast crowd was awaiting the Nixons, and for forty-five minutes the Nixons and the Ceausescus were pushed, jostled, and embraced by thousands of people. Each time the President and Mrs. Nixon stopped at a produce stall, there were cheers and applause from the eager Rumanians,

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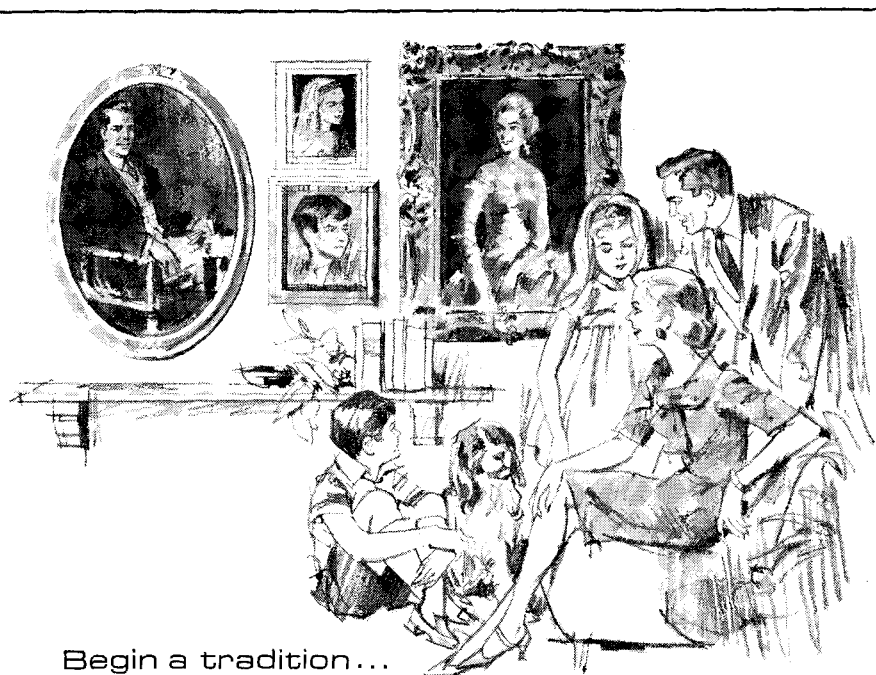
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and again the spectacle bore little resemblance to the stilted reception of visiting Communist Party chiefs. The rest of the morning was devoted to visits to a new housing development and to the Village Museum, which consists of life-size replicas of houses and churches of various Rumanian regions. With Henry A. Kissinger, the President's Assistant for National Security Affairs, and other top American officials watching benignly, President Nixon and President Ceausescu briefly joined a group of Carpathian folk dancers for a round of the hora, which is a Rumanian national dance. (There is a scholarly argument over whether the Rumanian hora predates the Hebrew hora or vice versa. A diplomatic Rumanian-style answer is that both are of Mediterranean origin, the hora having been brought to Rumania by the Roman legions.)

Prior to their departure, on Sunday afternoon, the Nixons entertained the Ceausescus—who by then had abandoned their usual reserve—at lunch in the guesthouse. The Americans had flown everything, from the food to the name cards and matches, in from the United States, and Mr. Nixon introduced an American Air Force band from the Wiesbaden Air Force base, in West Germany, which played selections from "My Fair Lady." Before boarding Air Force One for the flight home, President Nixon assured his host that this had been the most "memorable" of all his foreign visits. Given the context of the occasion, he probably meant it. Then Mr. Nixon startled Mr. Ceausescu by putting an arm around him and raising the Rumanian President's arm in a prizefighter's victory salute. A moment or so later, Air Force One was hurtling down the runway, and Mr. Ceausescu was left to ponder the effect of the Nixon visit on his relations with the Soviet Union. He must by then have read a lengthy *Pravda* editorial emphasizing the "internationalist" duty of the Communist countries to stick together come what might.

BEFORE nightfall, Bucharest was once more transformed. The American flags vanished, to be replaced by red hammer-and-sickle banners in honor of the Rumanian Communist Party Congress. A Western diplomat remarked that flagmaking must be Rumania's fastest-growing industry. More than flags, however, illustrated the gap between Rumania's independent-minded Communism and the Soviet



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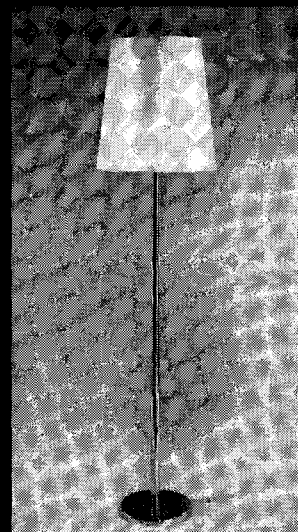
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Union. Whether as an indication of annoyance over the Nixon visit or for broader reasons, the Russians decided to send a rather low-ranking delegation to the Rumanian Congress, although Brezhnev himself had attended the Polish Party's Congress the preceding November and had been at the last Rumanian Congress in 1965. The chief Russian delegate in Bucharest was a tight-lipped, bespectacled secretary of the Soviet Communist Party named Konstantin F. Katushev. On Thursday, August 7th, the day after Mr. Ceausescu made a five-and-a-half-hour speech stressing the need for the independence of national Communist Parties and for "peaceful coexistence" with the non-Communist world, Mr. Katushev delivered a terse address reminding the Rumanians that the Soviet Union was prepared to fight for Socialism as its foremost "internationalist duty." This, of course, was the justification for the Czechoslovakian invasion a year earlier. Mr. Ceausescu listened impassively and, at the end, politely applauded Mr. Katushev. Mr. Ceausescu had made his principal point when he told the assembled delegates during the previous day's speech that Rumania's People's Militia, created immediately after the Czechoslovakian invasion, would not be disbanded but would go on defending Rumania from "imperialism." He did not say what "imperialism," but the delegates' wild applause at his announcement made it obvious that it was not the imperialism of the United States that he had in mind.

In general, speeches at Communist congresses are somewhat less than exciting, but at this one I was fascinated to watch and listen to Spain's Dolores Ibarruri, La Pasionaria of the Spanish Civil War, who has lived in Russia ever since, deliver an address. I had never seen her before, and I was impressed by the fire in her delivery. A black-clad

woman of well over seventy, she had sat virtually motionless during the congress proceedings, seemingly lost behind dark spectacles, but when she was called to the rostrum her voice was loud and clear. A Rumanian friend of mine who had served in one of the International Brigades and had met her at that time remarked in amazement, "You know, she sounds just the way she did in 1938. When I close my eyes, I think I'm back in Spain." La Pasionaria's speech was all the more interesting to me because, as it happened, I had been in Madrid in mid-July to see Generalissimo Francisco Franco anoint the young Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón as his successor. This supposedly meant that little, if anything, would change in Spain after the aging Generalissimo died, so it was striking to hear La Pasionaria, in Bucharest, make the point that the new generation of the Roman Catholic Church is the best ally of Spanish democracy. She was referring to the role that young Spanish priests had played in support of the rebel students, workers, and intellectuals. Here were the past, the present, and the future of Spain being summed up by an old Communist revolutionary addressing a Rumanian Communist meeting about seventy-two hours after Rumania had played host to an American President.

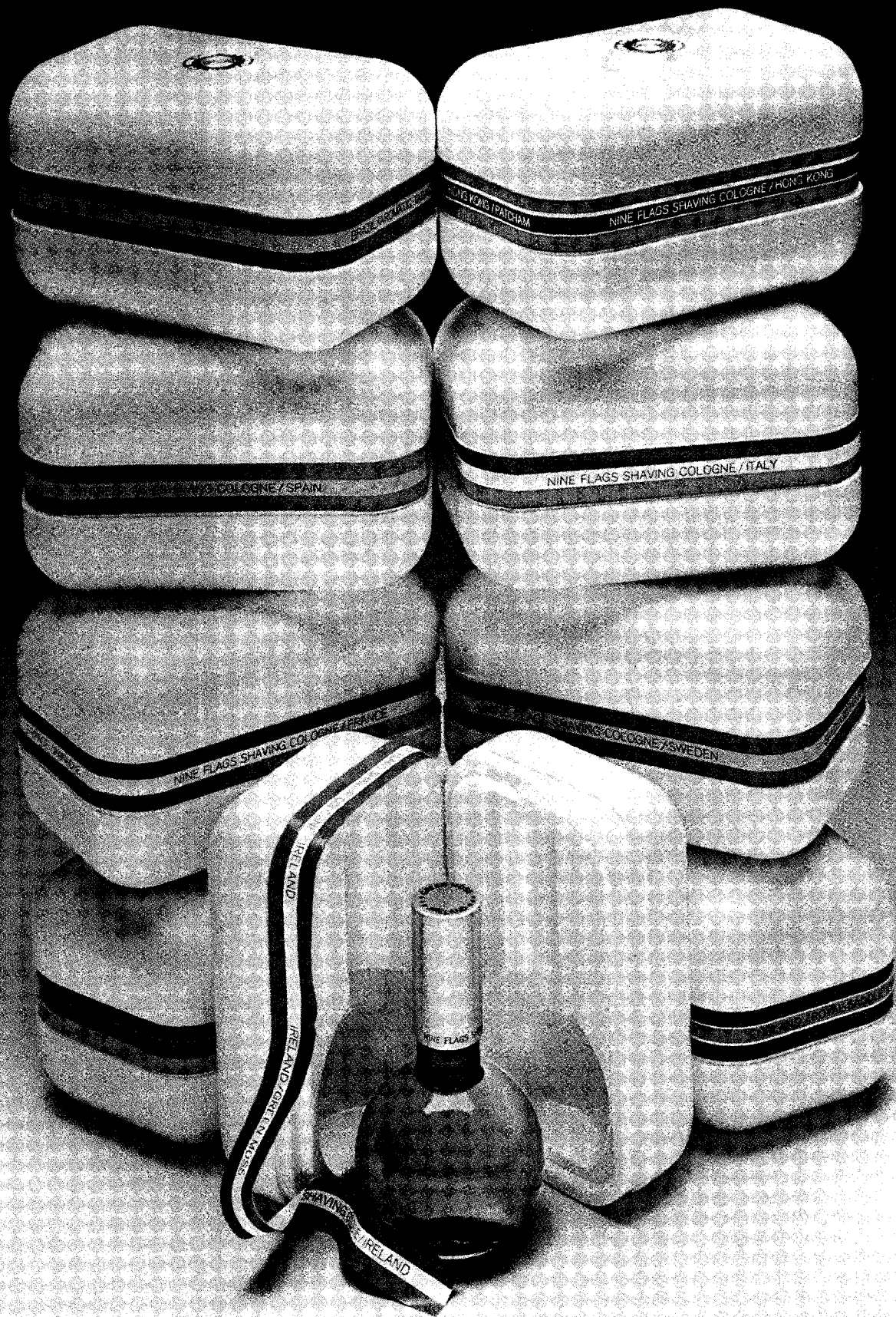
A few days later, I left Bucharest for Tel Aviv aboard an Israeli airliner taking scores of Israeli tourists—nearly all former Rumanians—home after a visit to their native country. This seemed the final touch of the improbable. While the Soviet Union leads the political battle against Israel, Rumania maintains diplomatic relations with the Israelis—it is the only European Communist nation to do so—and the relations are quite cordial. It all seemed perfectly worthy of the memory of Nicolae Milescu. —TAD SZULC

A DEATH

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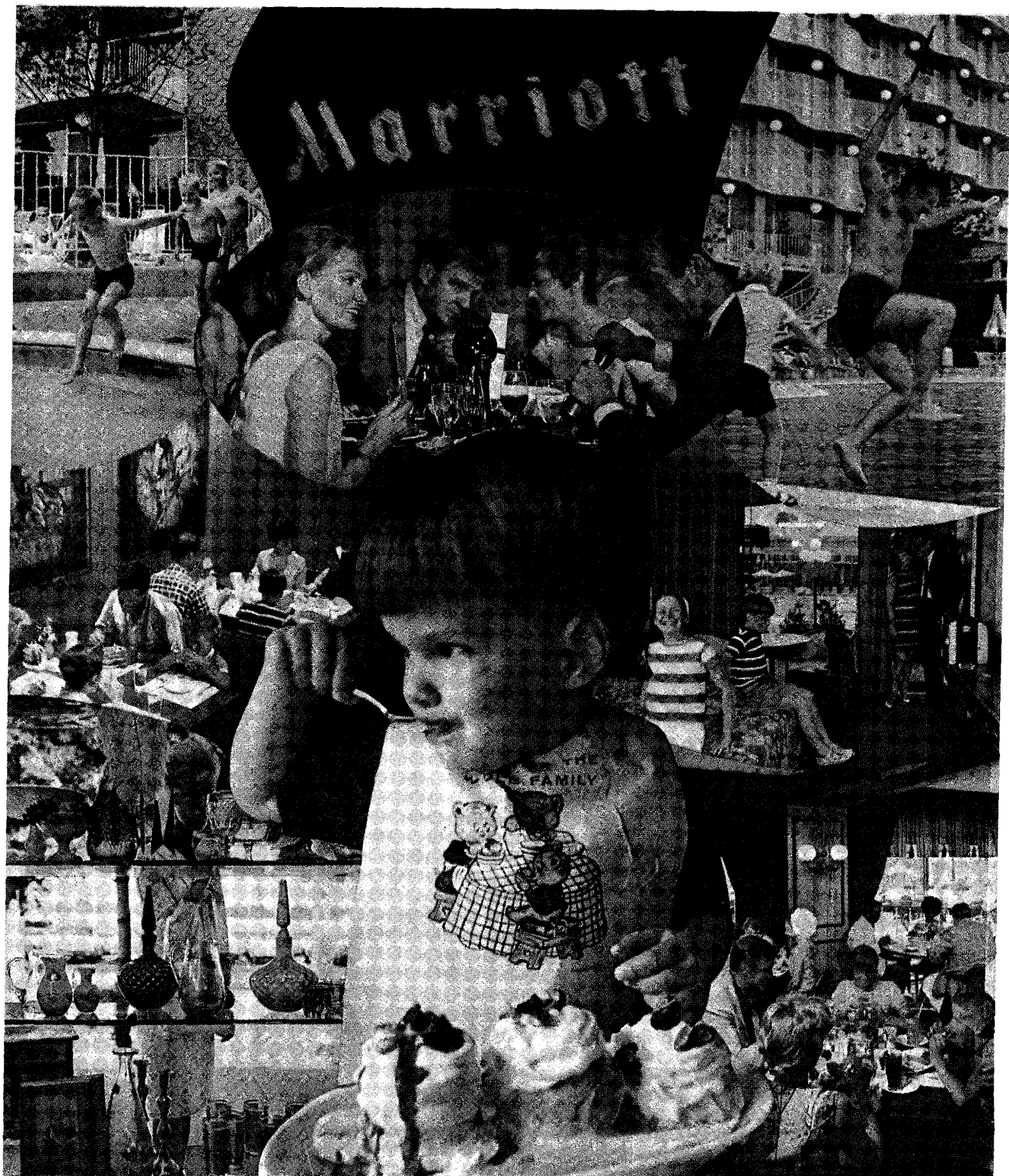
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Rock, Etc.

YOU have to give the producers of the Woodstock Music and Art Fair this much credit: they are pulling off a great public-relations coup. They have apparently succeeded in creating the impression that the crisis in Bethel was a capricious natural disaster rather than a product of human incompetence, that the huge turnout was completely unexpected (and, in fact, could not have been foreseen by reasonable men), and that they have lost more than a million dollars in the process of being good guys who did everything possible to transform an incipient fiasco into a groovy weekend. Incredibly, instead of hiding from the wrath of disappointed ticket-buyers and creditors they are bragging that the festival was a landmark in the development of youth culture and have announced that they plan to hold it again next year. But before history is completely rewritten, a few facts, semi-facts, and strong inferences are in order.

For at least a month before the festival, it was obvious to everyone involved in the music scene—industry people, writers for both the straight and the underground press, radicals, and hippies—and also to the city fathers of Wallkill, New York, that the crowd was going to be enormous and the facilities inadequate. The four under-thirty backers of Woodstock Ventures seemed to be motivated less by greed than by sheer hubris: the ambitiousness of the project was meant to establish them as *the* pop producers, kingpins of the youth market. Their promotion was pervasive. On July 18th, a month before the festival, the *Times* reported that the management expected as many as two hundred thousand people and had already sold fifty thousand tickets. At that time, they were planning to hold the festival in Wallkill, on a three-hundred-acre site—half the size of the grounds in Bethel—linked to civilization by three country roads. When a Concerned Citizens Committee warned that Wallkill's water supply could not accommodate the anticipated influx and that festival officials had not made realistic plans to cope with traffic, health, or security, the producers vowed to fight the town's attempt to exclude them and implied that the opposition came from anti-youth rednecks. When the change

of site was announced, just twenty-four days before the scheduled opening of the Fair, there was a lot of speculation that it would never come off at all. An experienced promoter told me, "It'll happen, but only because they've got so much money tied up in it. They can't afford to back out."

But they'll never finish their preparations in three weeks. Monterey took three months. It's going to be complete chaos." Alfred G. Aronowitz, of the *Post*, one of the few journalists to cast a consistently cold eye on the four young entrepreneurs, wrote witty on-location reports giving them the needle and adding to the general

pessimism. Meanwhile, back on St. Marks Place, Woodstock was rapidly evolving into this year's thing to do. A "Woodstock Special" issue of the underground weekly *Rat*, published the week of the festival, featured a page of survival advice that began, "The call has been put out across the country for hundreds of thousands to attend a three-day orgy of music and dope and communal experience." I left for Bethel in much the same spirit that I had gone to Chicago at the time of the Democratic Convention. I was emotionally prepared for a breakdown in services and a major riot. If I enjoyed the festival, that would be incidental to participating in a historic event. The actual number of people who showed up was a surprise. The only other real surprise was that there was no riot. The extra numbers could not excuse the flimsiness of the water pipes (they broke down almost immediately), the paucity of latrines (about eight hundred for an expected two hundred thousand people) and garbage cans, or the makeshift medical facilities (the press tent had to be converted into a hospital). One kid reportedly died of a burst appendix—an incident that in 1969 should at least inspire some questions.

Although it is possible that the Fair lost money, many knowledgeable people are inclined to doubt that the loss was anywhere near the one and a half million dollars Woodstock Ventures is claiming. The corporation should open its books to the public. The thousands of ticket-holders who were turned away from the site because of traffic jams (while other thousands of contributors to the traffic jams got in free)



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deserve some consideration. So far, the management has said nothing about refunds, and there has been talk of setting up a group suit to demand the money. One complication is that since no tickets were collected there is no way of distinguishing those who made it from those who didn't, but rumor has it that the state may sidestep this problem by suing the producers on the ground that they had no serious intention of taking tickets at the fairgrounds.

If the festival succeeded in spite of the gross ineptitude of its masterminds, it was mostly because three hundred thousand or more young people were determined to have a good time no matter what. The accounts of the peacefulness and generosity of the participants are all true, but they have tended to miss the point. The cooperative spirit did not stem from solidarity in an emergency—the “we all forgot our differences and helped each other” phenomenon that attends power blackouts and hurricanes—so much as from a general refusal to adopt any sort of emergency psychology. The widespread conviction that the Lord (or the Hog Farm, or the people of Monticello, or someone) would provide removed any incentive to fight or to hoard food, and the pilgrims simply proceeded to do what they had come to do: dig the music and the woods, make friends, reaffirm their life style in freedom from hostile straights and cops, swim naked, and get high. Drug dealing was completely open; kids stood on Hurd Road, the main thoroughfare of the festival site, hawking mescaline and acid. But the most exhilarating intoxicants were the warmth and fellow-feeling that allowed us to abandon our chronic defenses against other people. As for the music, though rock was the only thing that could have drawn such a crowd, it was not the focal point of the festival but, rather, a pleasant background to the mass presence of the hip community. Few of us got close enough to see anything, and as the music continued for seventeen hours at a stretch our adrenalin output naturally decreased. (On Sunday, a boy who had driven in from California commented, “Wow, I can't believe all the groups here, and I'm not even listening to them.” “It's not the music,” said another. “It's—all this!”) The sound system was excellent, and thousands listened from camps in the woods, dozing and waking while the music went on till dawn. Everyone was so quiet you felt almost alone in the dark, but you couldn't move very far with-

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THE festival site was like the eye of a storm—virtually undisturbed by the frantic activity behind the scenes. Once the nuisance of getting there was over with (I eventually got a ride in a performers' police-escorted caravan) and the Lord had provided (I just happened to bump into some friends with a leakproof tent and plenty of food), I found the inconveniences trivial compared to the pleasures. But then I did not have to sleep out in the mud for two nights, and by Sunday I couldn't help suspecting that some of the beautiful, transcendent acceptance going around was just plain old passivity. It was a bit creepy that there was such a total lack of resentment at the Fair's mismanagement, especially among those who had paid from seven to eighteen dollars. People either made excuses for Woodstock Ventures ("They couldn't help it, man; it was just too big for them") or thought of the festival as a noble social experiment to which crass concepts like responsible planning were irrelevant. For the most part, they took for granted not only the discomforts but the tremendous efforts made by the state, the local communities, and unpaid volunteers to distribute cheap or free food and establish minimum standards of health and safety. No one seemed to comprehend what the tasks of mobilizing and transporting emergency food, water, and medical personnel, clearing the roads, and removing garbage meant in terms of labor and money. Ecstatic heads even proclaimed that the festival proved the viability of a new culture in which no one worked and everything was free. And in the aftermath anyone who has dared to complain has been put down as a crank. It should be possible to admit that the people created a memorable gathering without embracing those who botched things up. (A letter writer in the *Village Voice* went as far as to say, "Woodstock Ventures should be congratulated and not chastised for giving us smiles, peace, music, and good vibrations." All those paying customers might disagree about being "given" music; personally, I don't see why Woodstock Ventures should get credit for my smiles.) But maybe it isn't. And maybe there is a lesson here about the political significance of youth culture. From the start, the cultural-revolutionary wing of the radical movement saw Woodstock as a political issue. The underground papers made a lot of noise

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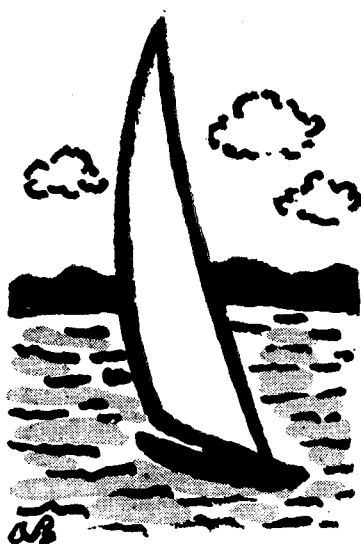
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about businessmen profiting from music that belonged to the community, and some movement people demanded and received money to bring political groups to the festival and set up an enclave called Movement City as a center for radical activity. If the festival staff had been foolish enough to try to restrict the audience to paid admissions, the movement might have had something to do. As it was, Movement City was both physically and spiritually isolated from the bulk of the crowd. It was not the activists but a hundred-odd members of the Hog Farm, a Santa Fe-based pacifistic commune, who were the most visible community presence, operating a free kitchen, helping people recover from bad acid trips, and setting up a rudimentary communication system of oral and written survival bulletins. A few radicals talked hopefully of liberating the concessions or the stage area. Abbie Hoffman interrupted the Who's set on Saturday night to berate the crowd for listening to music when John Sinclair, a Michigan activist, had just been sentenced to a long prison term for giving some marijuana to a cop. Peter Townshend hit Hoffman with his guitar, and that is more of a commentary on the relation of rock to politics than all of *Rat's* fuzzy moralizing.

What cultural revolutionaries do not seem to grasp is that, far from being a grass-roots art form that has been taken over by businessmen, rock itself comes from the commercial exploitation of blues. It is bourgeois at its core, a mass-produced commodity, dependent on advanced technology and therefore on the money controlled by those in power. Its rebelliousness does not imply specific political content; it can be—and has been—criminal, Fascistic, and coolly individualistic as well as revolutionary. Nor is the hip life style inherently radical. It can simply be a more pleasurable way of surviving within the system, which is what the Pop sensibility has always been about. Certainly that was what Woodstock was about: ignore the bad, groove on the good, hang loose, and let things happen. The truth is that there can't be a revolutionary culture until there is a revolution. In the meantime, we should at least insist that the capitalists who produce rock concerts charge reasonable prices for reasonable service.

—ELLEN WILLIS

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BOOKS

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EVERY now and then a shout goes up (mostly from David Susskind, it turns out) lamenting the disappearance of Big Novels about Big Men and absolutely Huge Events. These cries are aimed, of course, at the Big Talents—not at the little men who type in rickshaws and on the backs of camels and bat out two Big Ones a year. P. H. Newby's new novel, "Something to Answer For" (Lippincott), is in fact a rarity—a first-rate novel about a major political subject. And a close look at the problems it has to crawl around and under may help to show why such books *are* rare.

Just consider the focus problem. Ever since the eye of God was preempted by the hacks, the serious novelist has been obliged to take all his pictures with a Brownie. If your subject is politics, you can use the fashionable smaller lens on individual politicians, but politicians are by now incommensurate with their effects; Dean Rusk does not nearly match Vietnam, so a novel about him would probably lean too hard on irony. Or you can tackle the great events themselves, à la Stendhal, from a single point of view, miss most of Waterloo, and make up the difference with . . . irony. If you get greedy and try to have your central observer see too much, you wind up with the Lanny Budd syndrome ("Franklin spluttered, 'You can tell your friend Joe...,'" while if you divide the work among too many observers, you lapse into panorama and travelogue. You may well get a best-seller out of it, but you will end your days muttering "Yeah, yeah—so-called critics." A third choice, satirical fantasy, in the vein of Barthelme and Vonnegut, gets you not only around the difficulties but almost out of the Novel itself (not

necessarily a bad idea). The tactics for this are metaphor, distortion, and unlikely juxtaposition—devices more proper to poetry than to traditional fiction. Such writers give you a way of looking at politics, a consciousness, but not politics itself. Surrealist cartooning may indeed be the only way left to do justice to modern history. A Barthelme truth is certainly more to the point than a C. P. Snow truth.

But Newby has managed to combine the cartoon method with conventional storytelling in a sort of third force. Actually, he has been working on this method for some time, but in a series of miniatures, using small events to parallel large ones. In "Something to Answer For" he wheels out the large events themselves—a breakthrough that, like the juggler's sixth plate, might spell disaster.

Newby's text is the Suez snafu of a few years back. He is content to use a single consciousness, although he splits it with an introductory blow on the head. So we cannot, after the first chapter, be sure when his hero, Jack Townrow, is hallucinating and when he is seeing things straight. A sane head and a mad one—simple props.

The mad head can be used as a recording device and an agent of illogic; it can get its owner into scenes that are barred to a sane man. The sane head must meanwhile plug through a sane plot that complements the crazy one, which complements Sir Anthony Eden and Suez. Better make that three heads. For Townrow's troubled spirit includes a lost child who keeps trying to learn what kind of adult he has fetched up in. In his more lucid moments, Townrow defines himself as a scoundrel, because he regularly finds himself behaving like one. He has come to Egypt to exploit a Mrs. Khoury, a rich old widow. But his intentions are as muddled as the British Empire's—the other vague, *de-facto* scoundrel of the novel. Townrow's performance abroad has all the planned drift of a one-man Colonial Office: he is, in turn, predatory, random, self-righteous as the sun plays over his cracked skull. In perfect time with the political situation, he comes unstuck, piece by piece. By the end, he isn't even sure that he is a scoundrel. Deep down, he may really be a Boy Scout. For instance, one of the fixed points by which he has always measured his scoundrellhood has been



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the contrasting rectitude of the British government, but that is the kind of mistake a Boy Scout might easily make. While the bombs fall on Cairo, he mulls the problem thus: "He just wanted to go on being a bastard... but, for Christ's sake, how could he if Eden was one too?" As his patriotism recedes, he becomes a more decent man (a gloss on that phrase about patriotism's being the last refuge of scoundrels). His villainy has always been circumstantial and arbitrary—like a nation that behaves well in one country and badly in another. Townrow with his Empire gone can afford to behave decently; Townrow with his certainties gone, too, feels he had better. His depredations have always depended on a fixed order.

It is interesting at this point to see how far Newby can push the symbolism of Townrow without damaging any vital organs. The plot line seems at times suspiciously compliant. As Townrow-England's designs on old lady-colony go astray, he turns to helping her instead, but on terms he thinks best for her. On the way, he has an affair with a girl who could very well be Israel—an obsessive, abrasive affair, which ends with Townrow drifting off on his own, free of both his women and determined to live his own life. His dream of sturdy independence and improvised decency sounds about right for a post-Imperial power. But the symbolism does not crush the life out of the novel, partly because it is sketched in so tactfully that it is nearly unnoticeable, and partly because Newby has chosen a field—financial exploitation—in which individuals do sometimes behave like institutions. Townrow is never asked to do anything as England that he wouldn't do as himself. Where the needs conflict, the story wins and the cartoon loses. The old lady can stop being an exploited nation any time she feels like it and turn into a vinegary aggressor, proving the relativism of power on all levels.

However, the distinction of "Something to Answer For" does not lie in its being a psychologically plausible story that happens to contain symbols—a virtue that is commoner than one might suppose. Newby doesn't just want a story running alongside his politics, with gunfire in the distance; he wants it thrust right inside his politics. This means double duty for poor Townrow, who spends the book in a chronic state of fatigue. For while he is miming England in the private sphere, he is being a victim, kicked around mercilessly, in the public sector;

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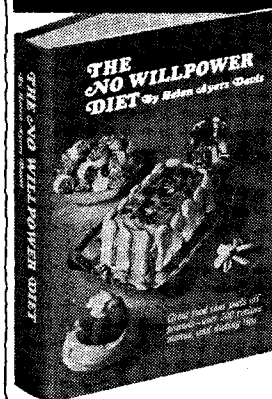
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this being the only active relationship a private citizen is likely to have with Great Events anyway.

In the course of his delirium, Townrow manages an almost encyclopedic involvement with the Suez crisis. Egyptian police and rioters, Greek gunrunners, English airmen go pounding through his life as though it were the Marx Brothers' stateroom. And when they don't come after him, Townrow goes after them, because, as an arrogant English visitor, he insists on making his own trouble wherever that is possible. The result is a form more difficult than plausible symbolism—that is, plausible farce. Newby has introduced intimacy into great events, made Egypt a bedroom with three doors and a fire escape, and made it believable. Yet even this would not quite be history, any more than "Charlie Chaplin at Waterloo" would be history, even if Charlie were captured by both armies and got locked in Napoleon's bathroom by mistake. It would be, again, irony. The historical connections would have to be provided by the audience.

To avoid the mere piling up of episodes, Newby has taken a large risk and allowed his hero to combine in himself the connecting overview of a reader with the particular confusions of a character. This sounds impossible, and it probably is: Newby has lived in Egypt, and he reminds one at times of a local gully-gully man pulling birds out of his fez. But by conjoining hallucination, dream, sharp observation, and the ordinary newspaper reader's sense of fact he concocts in Townrow's mind a montage of the Suez crisis that is both panoramic and specific, that sees all and yet is not the eye of God. This marshalling of all the resources of the human psyche to produce a universal historical consciousness is an enterprise worthy of Joyce. But although Newby does pick his way dexterously among Townrow's thoughts to find the stream of consciousness he needs, and although Townrow spends half the time thinking he might be an Irishman, the result is not really Joycean. Townrow's psyche is specifically devised for his situation, and exists only in relation to it. With Newby, the novel comes first.

What is interesting to us is never just Townrow but Townrow in Egypt. His hallucinations have a humdrum matter-of-factness, like the dreams in recent English movies, so they are not only hard to detect but the most informative hallucinations ever recorded; at his most farfetched, Townrow is always reporting. Newby's language has a



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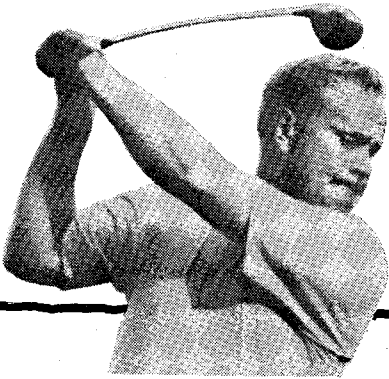
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small, persistent lilt, like the gently lapping sea that he uses as an image, and he is able to mesmerize the reader within seconds, or wake him, as need be. In short, he has mastered his particular method and can now juggle that sixth dish with ease.

The book is marred very slightly, as other Newby books have been marred, by a gruff, bashful moralizing at the end. "It was amazing . . . that a lousy crook like himself should creep into middle age thinking of honor . . . If he really wanted to reach some point he could call the heart, maybe this was as near as he would ever get." Newby has taken the chance of writing obscurely, but now he seems to feel he must make it up to the reader with a last flurry of explanation. The effect is weakening. "Some point he could call the heart" is the circumlocution of a public schoolboy afraid of sounding soppy. It is not right for Townrow or for Newby, who, besides being a highly gifted writer, is now, increasingly, an audacious one. —WILFRID SHEED

With proper preparation and cooking methods, up to 55 percent of DDT residues in fish taken from Lake Michigan can be removed before the fish are eaten, the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR) has found.

DNR biologists, working with an Oshkosh restaurant chef, prepared meal-sized portions of Lake Michigan rainbow and brown trout by several cooking methods. Fillets, with skin removed, were deep fried, broiled, baked and pan fried.

Each cooked portion was paired with a similar uncooked portion of the same fish, and the samples were tested for DDT content at the DNR fisheries laboratory in Madison.

Deep frying was shown to reduce DDT residues by 55 percent, when portions cooked in this way were compared to similar but uncooked portions. Broiling removed 36 percent of the DDT, pan frying 25 percent, and baking removed only 11 percent.

The best methods for preparing Lake Michigan fish for the table, the DNR men feel, is to fillet and skin them, and deep fry the fillets. After each batch, they suggest, the cooking oil should be discarded.—*Press release from the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources.*

Just dump it in the lake. *Bon appétit!*

CINCINNATI (UPI)—The Cincinnati Reds recalled eight-hander Gary Nolan, 21, from their Indianapolis farm team Friday so he could start one of the games against the New York Mets in Monday night's scheduled doubleheader.—*Dallas Times Herald.*

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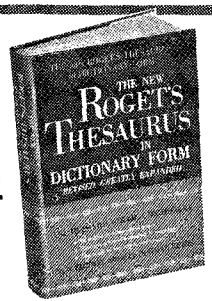
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